PICTORIAL REVIEW

AUGUST
1930

TEN CENTS
per copy

"JINGLE-BELLS" *by* RADA BERCOVICI

Winner of the second prize in the short short story contest

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

"HOW PHILADELPHIA RESPONDED" *by Ruth G*

ST ALBANS VT
RFD 4
MRS L C RYEA
12 27 1080 MC DE30

Read your washday fortune in your hand...

YOU don't have to be an expert palmist. Just study the hand shown here and see how frankly it reveals its washday story.

The strong, capable palm indicates an energetic, self-reliant woman—the kind who directs her own housework. The shapely fingers show a love of the beautiful—pride in having her clothes a little cleaner than any one else's. The unbroken life line predicts many years of happiness because she gets things done with the least exertion. And the well-defined head line tells that she's thrifty—that she knows a bargain in value when she sees it.

You would expect a woman like this to use Fels-Naptha. And if you could actually see her hand, you would *know* she does!

For her hands haven't that in-the-water look. That's because Fels-Naptha washes clothes clean without hard rubbing, and because it does this so quickly, that she doesn't have to keep her hands in hot water so long.

The reason Fels-Naptha works so quickly is that it is good soap and naptha. *Plenty* of naptha—you can smell it. These two cleaners, working hand-in-hand, remove even stubborn dirt, swiftly and easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is one soap you don't have to pamper. Naturally it works best in hot water—all soaps do. But Fels-Naptha also works beautifully in lukewarm or even cool water. So wash any way you please—you can be sure that Fels-Naptha will give you extra help.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's. Use it for household cleaning, too. Then your hands and home and clothes—and *you*—will all proclaim your good fortune!

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Send only a two-cent stamp to cover postage, and we'll mail you this chipper without further cost. Write today!

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. P. R. 8-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

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VOL. XXXI. No. 11 AUGUST, 1930

WHAT IS BEHIND THE "JUST AS GOOD"?

Two sorts of products are offered to women when they do their shopping. One is the advertised product.

You know its merits because the manufacturer has published them. He has put himself on record in the pages of newspapers and magazines. He believes in his quality so thoroughly that he wants to tell you about it.

As a matter of good business judgment, as well as conscience and pride, he jealously guards that product's purity, its honest value and accurate weight, for priceless good-will is at stake.

The names of such products are household words in millions of homes, from the lowest to the highest. The sale of these products is unrestricted to any community or to any group of stores.

On the other side of the picture is the private brand, the "just as good." Its name is strange to you. Its merits are unknown. Its advantages are seldom published.

It came into being because women spend twenty-three billion dollars a year for foods alone, and billions more for other articles. The simple and obvious fact is that certain selling organizations and retailers want more of this money for themselves. And so the anonymous substitute was born.

Back of this "just as good" is usually the desire to make a greater profit on every unit sold—and it stands to reason a greater profit per unit for the vender is likely to mean a smaller value for you.

Too often the private brand is devised to confuse you between value and price. Because you do not know its quality you have no way of knowing what it is worth.

It may be offered to you as a "bargain"—at less than the advertised product it seeks to supplant. It may sometimes be offered to you at prices higher than you would pay for advertised brands—with a claim that it possesses some magic quality higher than your favorite brands have given you!

Pictorial Review believes that women should have their eyes opened to this situation. The editors of Pictorial Review have every reason to know the high standards of excellence which the makers of advertised products can offer you, because this, and other great publications, will advertise only products which are known to be good.

This magazine, issued with the interests of more than two and a half million homes at heart, can see no sound reason for dropping the known to buy the unknown and untested. Pictorial Review advises you to stick to the brands of published quality—the products which offer honest merit as well as fair price.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

A Table of Contents for this issue will be found on page 88

HOW PHILADELPHIA RESPONDED

BY

RUTH G. K. STRAWBRIDGE

Editor's note: Mrs. Strawbridge, a member of an old Pennsylvania Quaker family, is one of the leaders in Philadelphia's social life. She has long played a prominent part in civic and welfare work and is noted for her many activities. In the following article Mrs. Strawbridge describes an interesting experiment she recently conducted.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"I HAVE UNBOUNDED FAITH IN THE AMERICAN SOCIETY WOMEN, MANY OF WHOM HAVE A RICH AND SPLENDID HERITAGE OF ANCESTRY"

RESPONSIBILITY for the future of prohibition rests to-day on the shoulders of society.

If the fashionable element will uphold prohibition, observance of the law eventually will reach all strata of society, for current customs usually begin with what is known as Society. Altho it has been denied vigorously in some quarters, most young girls *do* imitate the *débutante* of the season in an effort to appear smart.

It was this belief which inspired me to correspond with thousands of society matrons, urging them to join in a movement to make dry social entertaining popular.

Since circularizing numerous groups of society women, I am convinced that our first families will take, and are taking, the lead in setting the vogue of liquorless affairs.

My appeal was addressed to the society element because wealth and position clothe people with the power of example. If by precept and practise society people abstain from drinking together, they can be of inestimable value in encouraging nation-wide law observance.

In an effort to start such a fashion I appealed to 2,300 society matrons and civic leaders of Philadelphia, my home city. This letter was sent out on May 28, 1929, shortly after the famous dry breakfast-party sponsored by Mrs. Edward B. McLean of Washington, D. C.

At that time, I will confess, I had no idea what attitude of mind the replies to my letter would reveal. The return mails were awaited with much curiosity and some few mild misgivings, and then one day the mailman began to bring the answers in stacks!

Before July 1st, within a month, I had received 1,584 replies. Of these 1,337 favored the plan, and 247 disapproved. Before September 1st, last year, more than 1,839 replies were received and filed. Of these 1,454 favored prohibition and dry entertaining, and 385 were opposed.

From these figures it does not seem that society is flowing with liquor.

The letter, which was sent to people in the "Social Register" without any knowledge of their stand on prohibition, read as follows:

I am taking the liberty of addressing myself to you as a representative Philadelphia woman, to inquire confidentially whether in your judgment it would be possible to constitute a committee of women of your own standing in the social world who would interest themselves in creating sentiment for observance of the prohibition laws within their own circles.

There has no doubt come to your attention the notable example set by Mrs. Edward B. McLean of Washington in this respect. I am sending you herewith a photostatic copy of the newspaper article which was published about Mrs. McLean's Easter breakfast-party.

I have every reason to believe that her courage in making this innovation in Washington society met with the hearty approval of President Hoover, and of all others, like himself, who are trying to inculcate in our people at this time a more lively sense of their individual obligations as American citizens.

I am moving in the direction above indicated in my own community. My eventual desire is to form a national committee comprised of local groups all over the country. We plan no spectacular crusade, no public meetings, no newspaper publicity—nothing of that sort at all.

My thought is simply that if people whose wealth and position clothe them with the power of example can be induced to set an example, as Mrs. McLean is trying to do, we could be of inestimable value to the President in carrying out his program for law observance and law enforcement by the people themselves.

May I reiterate that anything you are good enough to write me or to suggest will be treated in strictest confidence?

This letter was sent as a challenge to the sportsmanship of which society boasts. It had been said that society was "wringing" wet. Having seen no evidence of this myself, I decided to sound out sentiment among other society matrons. Their replies, on the whole, were frank and reassuring.

I proceeded on the premise that unless there is a wide-spread willingness to eliminate drinking at social functions there is small hope that our so-called better-class people can ever be inspired to observe the liquor laws.

Shortly after a conference with the late Chief Justice, William Howard Taft, a close personal friend and always a beloved adviser, the letter was drawn up and sent out.

It was largely through Mr. Taft's influence and encouragement that I began my campaign to aid in making dry social affairs popular.

The response to this letter on the part of society matrons was immediate and gratifying. Instead of finding an overwhelming majority in favor of the liquor-drinking fad at private gatherings and entertainments, I found that most of these society women regarded the introduction of bootleg liquor as a personal affront to their social good taste.

A great majority of society matrons to-day regard the serving of liquor at society functions as an unutterable nuisance, and their only anxiety concerns how most effectually to free themselves and their families of it. This is especially true of mothers with young daughters who are just "coming out."

Society mothers almost everywhere are eager to support President Hoover loyally in his appeal for general law observance. A favorite theme in their response is that of the expense of the drinking custom and the disgrace of maintaining relations with bootleggers in order to keep up with the reputed style of the day.

In my opinion society is on the eve of abolishing alcohol *in toto*. There are exceptions, of course, but they are in the minority.

Parties at which cocktail-shakers are the only source of entertainment are *passé*, and the smart hostess now follows the vogue of allegiance to the law.

Many letters have been received from young matrons who complain that it is impossible for them to keep up with the economic strain of wet social entertaining—the eternal pace of keeping up with the wet Joneses of society.

These young matrons are just beginning to get into the social swirl. Many of them are initiating their first social affairs, and they have pleaded with me to help change the style on the basis that their husbands' incomes are not nearly commensurate with present bootleg prices.

Almost without exception the young matrons favor the abolition of alcohol.

IN VIEW of these statements, and countless others in similar vein, I feel confident in prophesying that the clink of the cocktail-glass is fast being banished from exclusive dinner-parties.

One matron whose affairs always have been marked with the flowing cup gave her first dry party upon receipt of my letter. That letter gave her a new idea, and, being a woman who is always ready to pioneer, she seized on the novelty of the idea and tried it out. She wrote me later that her party was a huge success, and she plans many repetitions!

Many times the question has been asked how matrons can break away from habit and start dry parties when they have previously served liquor.

Society guests usually are well-bred and will accept what is offered. In such instances one can rely on one's guests not to comment.

I do not think by any means that the fashionable luncheons and dinner-parties of the land are going to go absolutely dry all of a sudden as the result of this movement, but at least it is bearing extensive fruit in spite of its youth.

Once the vogue catches it will spread through the social system from coast to coast. Society has been awaiting leaders who will set the pace. These leaders have now arisen, and the fashion of dry entertaining is being followed as enthusiastically as the latest modes from Paris.

Dry parties *are* becoming more and more fashionable and cocktail-less dinners are becoming the vogue.

While the bulk of my replies have come from Philadelphia, I have had many letters from all parts of the country. Altho more than a year has passed since the start of the movement, the ratio of favorable replies remains virtually the same.

There are more than 200,000 similar letters being circularized at the present time. The letters are being sent to prominent women leaders in the larger cities all over the country. It will be interesting to compare the sentiment according to geographical divisions.

Counting my responses, I discovered that in what had been thought to be one of the wettest of all cities—Philadelphia—social leaders in great majority were in favor of abolishing the custom of serving drinks to their guests.

Society is learning slowly but surely to turn a literal "cold shoulder" to the bootlegger and his wares. The bootlegger "crashed" the drawing-room for a brief time, but society now is putting him in his place.

Fortunately the women who compose American society are for the most part more keenly conscious of their public responsibilities and social influence than ever before.

Society has found it possible to obey the law and still be amused. This is a big step forward toward the ultimate success of prohibition.

THIS quiet campaign is being carried on locally rather than directed from any central headquarters. It is preferable to have friend appeal to friend than attempt a gigantic and stilted campaign.

The work is being carried on quietly and unostentatiously, without blare of trumpets. We are merely asking society's most prominent leaders to co-operate with their friends in setting personal examples in some concerted fashion.

All favorable replies are not from prohibitionists by any means. Many confess that they are not, and have not hitherto been, prohibitionists.

A number of women explain frankly they are ready to abolish liquor as soon as the practise of doing so becomes more general. They hesitate to do so now, they explain, as "everybody in their set" is serving cocktails and what goes with them, and they explain further that they do not feel themselves in position, for the present at least, to become conspicuous exceptions. They express the hope, however, that this movement will eventually gain many followers. They seem anxious to be among them.

Please turn to page 65

Glory on the cheek.. Sparkle in the eye... Health

How a saline helps as much or more than the finest creams

FAITHFUL as they may be to their creams and cosmetics, many women still meet their mirrors with displeasure. Blemishes mar their beauty. Charm is overcast.

Yet it's folly to frown on beauty jars and boxes when they bring no loveliness that lasts. For the fault most likely lies in the failure to keep internally clean. Without internal cleanliness no complexion can approach perfection. And the way to it is safe and simple—the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

Yet not as a competitor does this famous laxative enter the lists of beauty aids—but as a potent champion of their effectiveness.

Sal Hepatica sweeps away the poisons that bring blemishes to the cheek. It banishes the shadow of acidosis. It brings, instead, a skin of flawless fineness and the sparkle of brilliant health.

Seeking loveliness by the saline method is not new. For generations physicians, both here and abroad, have urged this natural means to beauty and well-being. The famous saline spas—Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—regularly draw the fashionable and distinguished people from the four corners of the earth to "take the cure".

Under the saline method, constipation, colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches and auto-intoxication disappear. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom. For salines, by purifying the bloodstream, do generous good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better it makes you feel, and how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

★ ★ ★ ★

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H80, 71 West St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

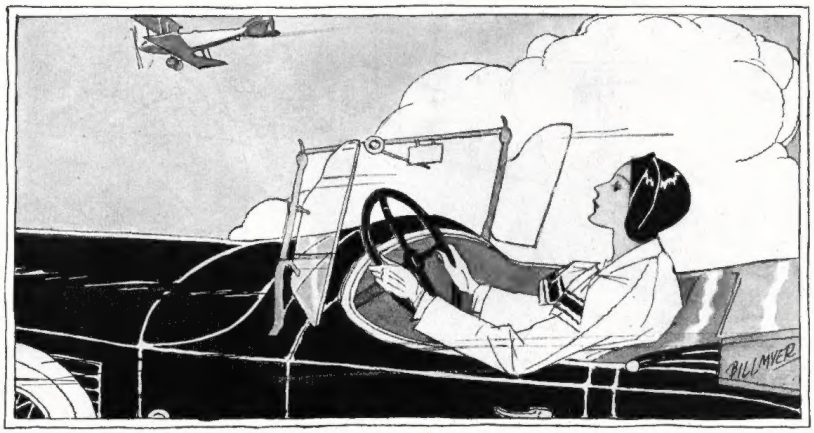
*City*_____ *State*_____

★ ★ ★ Sal Hepatica ©1930

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

BY CORINNE LOWE



To Hear with Eyes

THERE is a lady in Iowa who seems to be as enthusiastic about my work as I am myself. I wish to thank her publicly for the nice letter she wrote me. It's pleasant to think that now there are two of us instead of just one.

I also wish to thank her for the suggestion she made me regarding those who are hard of hearing. Let me pay herewith my tribute to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, an altruistic body with offices at 1601 35th Street, Northwest, Washington, D. C., which, through its numerous agencies, is dealing with every problem of deafness—employment, hearing-aids, self-expression, and so forth.

One of the outstanding achievements of this organization is found in classes of lip-reading conducted by local branches. Learning from such classes how to "hear" by watching a speaker's lips, many a person thus conditioned finds horizons lifted. Social encounters once dreaded resume their old rightful aspect. Gone is embarrassment, the old cruel sense of being an outsider. What is more, the hard of hearing who need employment find proficiency in lip-reading tremendously helpful in their efforts.

Take Thought of Your Food

THE die may be cast, but the diet is likely to be cast iron. What one means is that more and more inflexibly shaped by the mold of medical authority is this question of what we eat. Nothing could better indicate this than the recent decision of the American Medical Association to stamp with approval all nationally advertised food products. It goes without saying that such products as do not win the seal of the Committee on Food of this august organization will find themselves decidedly handicapped.

Times have changed during the past twenty-five years. In that Age of Innocence we were not much more likely to challenge our apple pie than is some dusky savage to the banana he has just shaken down, "Have you vitamin B, old fruit?" We ate anything, and if it did not agree the doctor gave us something out of a bottle. Practically the only disease fundamentally treated by diet was diabetes. How very different from to-day, when physicians concentrate so largely upon diet as a source of preserving health and correcting disease!

Thanks to this new era, Diet has become the handmaiden of both Commerce and Medicine. To many young women, for example, four-year college courses in dietetics have spelled business opportunity. Coming out into the world, these trained young women have affiliated themselves profitably with various organizations. Among the latest to fall under the spell of the diet specialists are architects, some of whom retain these as consultants in planning hospital and sanitarium kitchens.

Ladies of the Jury

IF PETTY larceny, why not also petty murder? The latter term would be reserved, of course, for all those child-eyed, long-lashed, impulsive young women who, in a moment of jealousy or revenge, aim too well with their revolvers. That these comely young slayers seldom pay the extreme penalty is too notorious to need further emphasis. But it is always opportune to mention that they usually owe the "Not Guilty" sentence to twelve good and sympathetic men.

I hasten to say that I am unreservedly against capital punishment. I consider it a perpetuation of a savage state of society. But so long as it is a law, there is certainly no reason for discrimination based on youth, the feminine sex, and an appealing smile. I am not for having petty murder entered on our statutes.

Here is just one situation which is likely to be improved by an extension of women's duties on the jury. At the present time only twenty-one of our States have mandatory jury service for women. Among those which lag is the great and powerful Empire State. It is no wonder that determined pressure is brought from time to time upon the New York Legislature to change this condition.

Upon the occasion of the latest attempt to bring women's jury service to the attention of Albany, Miss Gail Laughlin, only woman member of the Maine Legislature, asserted "California judges testify that jury service has been helped by a high type of women in the jury-box."

Why, indeed, should jury service not be helped by the women of a country? For one thing, our restricted lives throughout generations have made us patient with detail, and we are therefore ideally equipped to listen to the minute evidence of a trial. As to conscience—but enough said. Somebody might consider me prejudiced.

Work at Concert Pitch

SHALL we soon be having the typewriter-tuner coming in to look us over? Shall we be speaking of our secretary's beautiful legato-phrasing in that famous passage, "We are sending you f. o. b."? Shall we be referring ultimately to the commercial instrument as the typewriter-forte?

Such surmises are prompted by a recent demonstration at the Boston University's College of Practical Arts. Here a class in typing clicked their keys in time to a phonograph-record. Such musical teaching of the typewriter claims two advantages. One is greater accuracy. Another is increased interest in the subject.

What Patents Prove

I HAPPENED to go to a coeducational college. The only members of my division of the freshman class passing in trigonometry were girls. A few of these got through brilliantly, whereas the men all failed.

I often wonder about those vanquished knights of the sine and cosine. Was their view-point affected by feminine supremacy, or do they still believe that no woman can be interested in either mechanics or mathematics? Probably the latter surmise wins. For there is only one other theory embedded so deeply in masculine consciousness. This other is that all modern cooking is done with a can-opener.

The doubting Thomases must yield, however, before recent statistics. Out of five hundred-odd patents granted to women every year only about half relate to domestic and personal appliances. The rest include the most intricate mechanical and electrical devices.

A Plea for the Old

KING LEAR, immortal symbol tho he be of homeless old age, did not, after all, taste the bitterest portion of his lot. What if, instead of addressing the elements, he had been obliged to address forty or fifty other homeless old gentlemen? What if, in fact, he would not have dared to speak at all for fear of disturbing his fellow inmates of Cornwall's Home for the Aged?

In its annual report the New York City Visiting Committee of the State Charities Association makes a plea for privacy in the case of aged inmates of homes and hospitals. This committee found that the elderly men and women in every public institution regarded dormitory and sitting-room life as the crown of affliction.

To be exposed every instant of our lives to human society is a hardship which would crush the young and buoyant. Subjecting the dependent aged to such unremitting companionship represents a harshness for the alleviation of which most of us would willingly pay increased taxes. With these taxes could be launched a cottage system, inaugurated by Farm Colony in five private abodes.

The "Torea-Dora Song"

IF CERVANTES were alive to-day he would have to change the name of his immortal novel to "Donna Quixote." If Bizet were alive he might have to juxtapose "Carmen" and the "Toreador." For feminism has struck Spain at a vital point—that of the bull-fight. Señorita Elseneda, first and only woman toreador in history, is to-day the great thrill of Spain.

Not content with the combat itself, this pioneer of her sex is quoted as saying that she hopes to sing the toreador's rôle. Could the most ardent feminist ask more than the prospect of an arch, capricious gentleman *Carmen* succumbing to the swaggering, insouciant *Torea-Dora?*

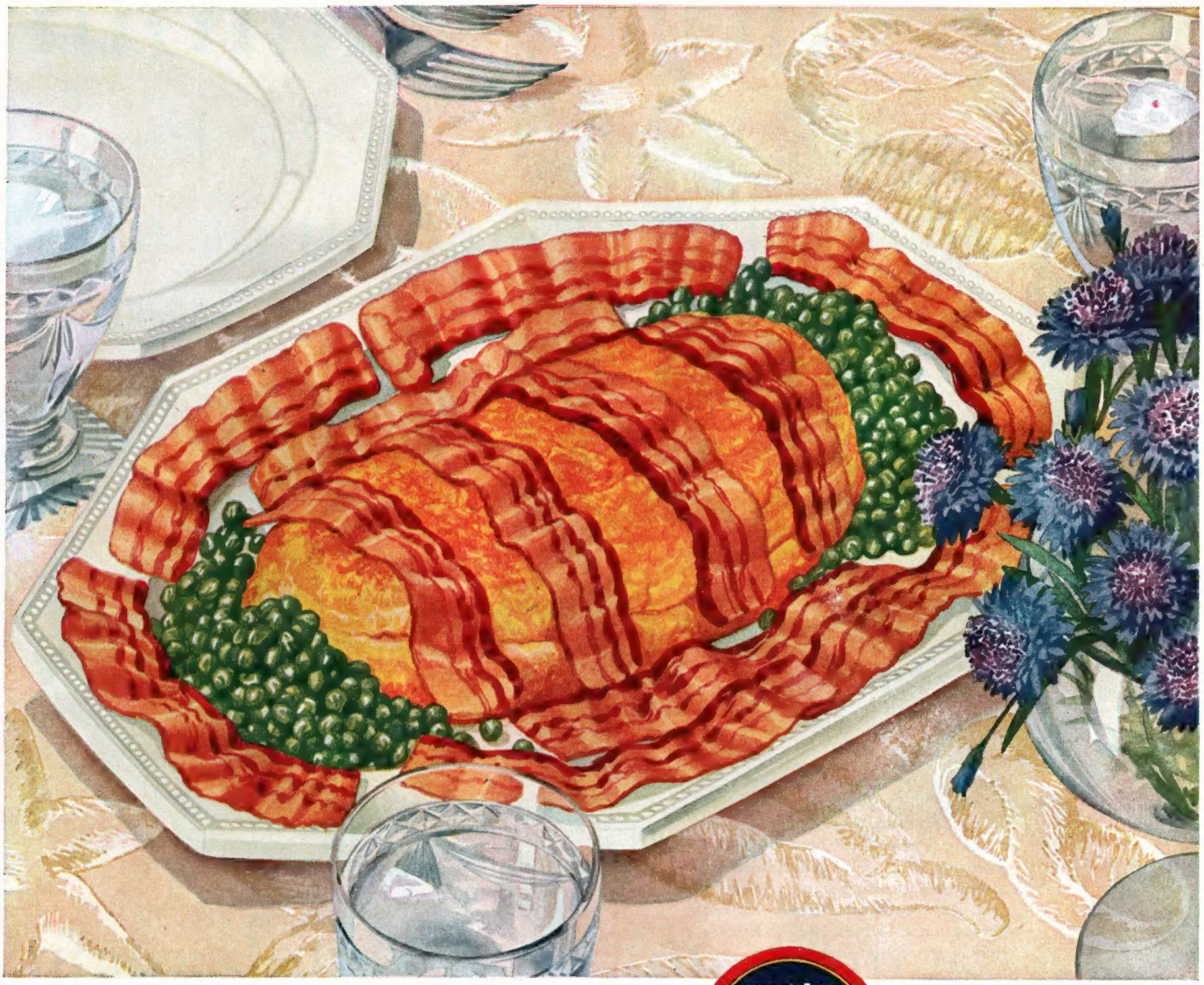
There Is No Sex in Industry

MISS FRANCES PERKINS, New York State's first Commissioner of Labor, should be a wall-motto. Whenever any of us women are down-hearted, whenever we sigh, "Oh, well, after all, men have a much wider grasp of affairs," our spirits would be fortified instantly by a glance at Miss Perkins's name. For this woman commissioner's life has been given to various important posts, all of which have contributed to her present broad and noble outlook. To-day there is nobody in America who knows more about the industrial situation than does Frances Perkins.

In a recent article contributed to a contemporary journal Miss Perkins lays the ghost of that old question, "Should women take men's jobs?" In this she points out the fact that woman's old traditional work in the home has been taken away from her very largely by men. Nothing illustrates this better than some figures taken from the 1920 census. For example, as against 353,237 men preparing food at that time there were only 93,133 women. Other statistics—such as those relating to the manufacture of soap—are equally electrifying.

"The result has been," declares Miss Perkins, "that woman, being a conscientious person who likes to pay her way in the world, has had to take another job in place of that which has been taken from her." She concludes that, instead of bickering as to whether a job be man's or woman's, we had all best get down and, independent of sex, decide on the work for which we are best fitted.

Savory Premium flavor . . . perfect with omelets



THE omelet's a lady of fashion, airy, light, and charming . . . but at her best only when in good company. Good company for an omelet may include tender little buttered peas, or chopped, aromatic parsley. But it must include one special kind of bacon—Swift's Premium. Premium's aristocratic distinction of flavor, its subtle, barely perceptible salty tang are just what my lady Omelet needs.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium seal—whichidentifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Your

Lace frocks are colored like French bonbons
Even the conservatives are wearing silken beach pajamas
. . . and sweaters can be woolly or as thin as lace
The new "sheenless" silk stockings look very sheer indeed
Printed cottons are decidedly in the mode
and who could get along without one informal chiffon dress?

When salespeople in the leading shops of 30 large cities were asked about washing fine things—they advised Ivory without reservation for everything from baby woolens to printed silk frocks. They quoted their own experiences. They described tests made in the stores. They reported the recommendations of manufacturers—all with one conclusion—"Ivory is safest for fine things."

" . . . and *Ivory is safest,*"

They were thirty girls who went "fashion-scouting" in the best shops. East, West, North, South, they went into the leading department stores and the small exclusive shops in 30 cities—finding out about clothes.

And information! They came back with tons of it . . . "It's a good season for——" "You ought to see" . . . and they all had their favorite fashion items—pastel lace frocks, or sheenless silken hose, or frocks made out of striped shirting, or the new rayon fabrics.

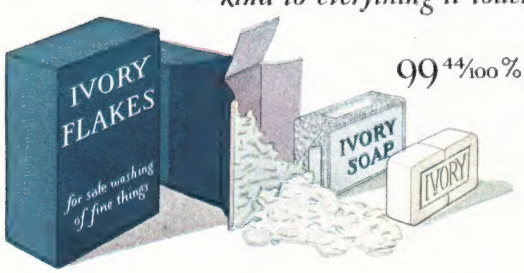
But they all agreed upon one important point. Salespeople, when asked about washing these new things said, *"Use Ivory—it is safest for all fine things."*

"Almost everything is washable this year," salespeople said, "if you use the proper care and—Ivory." Or—"Even when

IVORY

– kind to everything it touches –

99 44/100% *pure*



Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

summer clothes . . .

and what 30 girls learned about them in the country's leading shops

for washing these fine things, salespeople said everywhere

fabrics are plainly marked 'washable,' don't be careless about washing. Use Ivory. Then you are sure of good results."

Everywhere, all over the country, salespeople urged Ivory to protect the lovely things they were selling.

Why salespeople recommend Ivory

Salespeople gave many reasons for advising Ivory—As was said in a smart Washington specialty shop, "Ivory is the only soap to use for these pastel dresses. We are constantly getting complaints from customers who use other soaps. You will never have any trouble with Ivory, because it is mild and yet cleanses perfectly."

And in one of New York's leading department stores—this advice, which was typical—"This sweater is a silk and wool mixture. When you wash it, use Ivory—it's the only soap to use for woolens. It is so much milder."

And in San Francisco—"Ivory is best for all silks. It is safest for the pastel colors so popular this year."

And in Dallas—"To get the greatest wear out of silk stockings, use Ivory. A stronger soap injures the silk."

Why a discouraged wardrobe before the summer is over?

Salespeople in the fine shops of your own city will tell you that Ivory tubbings will keep your own gay fluttery summer things fresh through the whole summer. Your silks and rayons, woolens and bright cottons—Ivory will guard their light-hearted colors and delicate textures as carefully as it protects the sensitive skins of the millions of babies it bathes every day.

¶ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*

How Mississippi river boats put new pages in our cook books

The last time I was in St. Louis, gathering together some Crisco recipes, I met an old settler who "remembers way back when" Mark Twain was a river-boat pilot. And he told me how Mississippi river towns came to have and keep their enviable reputation for good cooking.

Most of the river packets that used to swish-swish up and down the Mississippi carried passengers—but no kitchens. So they pulled into shore around mealtime at towns where the best food was served. Rivalry that existed between the towns produced some of our choicest American recipes—young fried chicken, corn fritters, huckleberry muffins—recipes so good that I've brought back several for your Crisco files.

What modern chefs know about flavor

The river packets and river-front eating houses have passed—but in a St. Louis hotel I ate fried chicken that was as good as Mark Twain ever ate in the "old days." Every piece was wrapped in a coat of golden crunchiness, sweet-tasting and crisp, and covered with creamy, rich chicken gravy.

I knew instantly that that chicken had been fried in Crisco. No other fat I've ever used wraps fried food in such a brown appetizing crust. The best chefs everywhere, and fine bakers, too, know what Crisco does for food. That's why so many of them use this sweet, fresh shortening in their cooking and baking. If *you* want to make a vast improvement in your fried chicken, make this simple change—fry it in Crisco. *Anything* that's fried will taste better fried in Crisco.

This St. Louis fried chicken was accompanied by a corn fritter that the chef told me could be pan-fried or deep-fried. But it has to be fried in Crisco or I can't promise that it will have the delicate flavor that a good fritter *should* have.

A recipe from Huck Finn's town

Then there was a huckleberry muffin recipe given to me by a woman in Hannibal, Missouri, which I think you'd like to know about. Perhaps you call them "blueberries." But anyway—in Huckleberry Finn's town, this muffin is a huckleberry muffin. If you like you can use other fruits in this same batter. I wouldn't use any other fat but Crisco in the batter, though. For I've found, after all these years, that I always have better baking results with Crisco. Crisco's quality is so uniform. It's always sweet and pure—just like unsalted butter fresh from the churn.

And it's so easy to work with. You *never* need to cream Crisco separately, then add (oh so slowly) the sugar . . . then eggs . . . You can put Crisco, eggs and sugar into the mixing bowl together and blend them with *one operation*.

I have a little cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes," I'd like to send you. Just write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XR-80, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

CORN FRITTERS

1 cup flour — ¼ cup milk — 1 teaspoon baking powder
2 eggs — ¾ teaspoon salt — 2 teaspoons melted Crisco
1½ cups drained, canned corn or fresh corn cut from the cob

Sift dry ingredients together; beat eggs well; add milk and combine with first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Add corn and melted Crisco. Drop by tablespoons into deep, hot Crisco, 360° to 370° F. (or when inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds) and cook from 4 to 5 minutes, turning occasionally. Drain on crumpled unglazed paper. If you wish to pan-fry these fritters add ¼ cup additional flour to batter.

HUCKLEBERRY MUFFINS

4 tablespoons Crisco — 4 teaspoons baking powder — 4 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt — 1 egg — ¾ to 1 cup milk
2 cups flour — ½ cup huckleberries (or other small, firm fruit)

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg together in one operation. Mix and sift 1½ cups flour, baking powder and salt and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Mix lightly. Don't try to smooth out the batter. Dredge berries with ½ cup flour and stir in gently. Bake in Criscoed muffin pans in hot oven (400° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. This recipe makes 12 muffins.

Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

THE SHORT SHORT STORY THAT WON SECOND PRIZE OF $1.500.00 IN PICTORIAL REVIEW'S CONTEST

"WITH A GLAD WHINNY JINGLE-BELLS TURNED IN THE STEPS OF THE WALTZ"

JINGLE-BELLS

BY RADA BERCOVICI

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUGLAS DUER

IN ALL of Spain there was not another circus horse that could waltz as well as Jingle-Bells, nor had there ever been; tho his own mother's feet had stepped to the sound of the cracking whip in a way which made the little children shriek with joy, and their mamas to clap their hands and to murmur. But it was not to the crack of the whip that Jingle-Bells plucked his proud feet, but to the music. And therein lay the graceful response of his whole shiny, well-groomed being.

His nostrils quivered as a whiff of elephant came to him in the wings. It was his act next. Soon, now. They were changing rhythms. A tremor shook Jingle-Bells's body as he waited for his cue. It was coming, it was coming; the sounds were more distinct. One pattern of melody came through the others, answering the tempo of his blood as it pounded against his ears.

Behind him he could feel the five men bowing. He must wait before he could begin. His feet felt light, light; around his head the melody was whispering. With a glad whinny Jingle-Bells turned in the steps of the waltz.

Colors played over him, like echoes of the song; red lights, golden lights. Threads of music catching at his breath; one, two, three.

Faces in the distance, white, featureless, like the ghosts of yesterday's song. A blue light swelling over the others, catching at the spangled harness, winking at the circle of bulbs below. One, two, three—one, two, three. A great happiness filled the heart of Jingle-Bells as the music drifted him from one turn to another.

It was in his twelfth year that the circus failed.

The younger horses were all taken over, as were the elephants and most of the show-people. But Jingle-Bells was too old. Twice, in the last month, he had stumbled in his dance, once almost coming down on one of the men. Somehow the word had gotten round. It was a Spanish farmer who finally bought him. The showmen didn't want an old leader. If he had been a rank horse it might have been different.

His heart heavy with foreboding, Jingle-Bells watched van after van of the dismantled circus being sent on its way to join the new caravan.

Twice, as he was led down the hill, he turned soft, reproachful eyes at the empty circus ground. The third time he was too far, and all he could see was a bull at pasture, pawing the ground as if to sharpen his hoofs.

Many times the moon had been full before he heard music again. The farmer was old and alone, and lived in a stone house as sad as he.

There was one window at the top, that Jingle-Bells could see from his stall. It used to light up evilly and disturb him with vague memories of music. Sometimes Jingle-Bells would forget, and start to his feet, but then the light would flicker and close, like a tired eye.

It was after he had been sold to the garbage-man that Jingle-Bells, passing by one of the *Casa Vesinantes*, heard the pluck of a guitar. But again he was cruelly fooled. This questioning sigh that cut through the air, and disappeared, without even an echo to mourn it, what had it in common with the melody he had danced to?

His tired tail drooped, his eyes deadened, as he ambled on to the next stop.

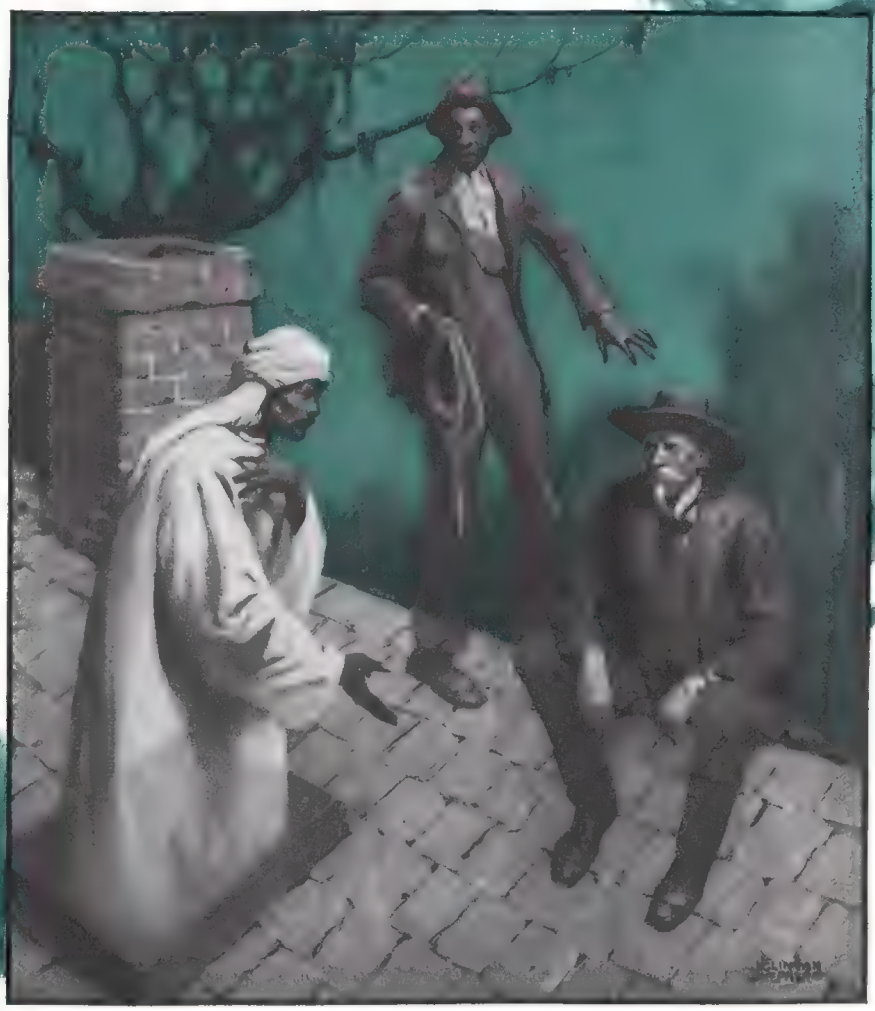
Please turn to page 62

CAN'T CROSS JORDAN BY MYSELF

Judge Legare finds great difficulty in convincing himself he isn't a ghost

BY
WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



"'AM I MISTAKEN? TELL ME, JUDGE LEGARE, HAD YOU PERHAPS ANOTHER SERVANT NAMED SAM?'"

THERE are ghosts in Charleston. At certain hours on some nights on the dwindling peninsula between the Ashley and the Cooper it seems as if there were more of the dead afoot than of the living. Doubt as you can, you can't doubt some of them. You can't doubt the one that, incorruptibly, at the hour of the rising of the moon on the first night of its final quarter, hangs by its neck from the Hanging-tree. There's too much evidence. They would never have left that solitary obstacle of a live-oak to rear its gray bole in the very center of the pavement of Ashley Avenue all these years if there hadn't been *something*.

The conscientiousness of that "haunt," by the calendar, is its most impressive quality. There are few of us nowadays who even know on what date of the month the half-moon comes up at midnight, for few of us ever really see the moon. That sort of spectral punctuality was to be expected in the days when the tree was still one of the twelve in the short oak avenue leading in to the stately mansion known as "Indigo Landing," and when the rise of the midnight moon, silvering open reed-lands and the farther river, marked a moment for weirdness, fit for spirit doings.

But now that the town is grown thick and new along that thoroughfare, and the midnight can no longer see the moon for the glows spread out from drug-stores and filling-stations and the headlights of automobiles wheeling from moment to moment over the trunk of that inconvenient and even dangerous oak, the fact that the shade of the hanged man can still manage to swing in noisy air there under city-bitten leaves (and so have been glimpsed through dazzled wind-shields by at least three several drivers, who thereupon piled up their cars against the dire tree) argues a strength of spectral character beyond the common run.

Indigo Landing, the house, is not to be seen from the avenue now. In the steep perspective even its tallest relic chimneys are hidden by the screen of early gingerbread and late stucco residences that have come in between. It is still there, however, and it can be reached through an alley at the north side of the Caroilco Service Station, on the corner of which, in fact, they have allowed Joanna to tack her modest business-card, "Readings and Séances; Lost Articles Found." For to so low an estate has come in her lean age the one-time secretary of the South Carolina Spiritist Circle, old Legare's "darn-Yankee" daughter-in-law, Joanna of Hartford—and to so paltry a business with her, no doubt, the still leaner shade of her famous "control," the Hindu mystic Bhundi Ras.

When Judge Legare was alive, forty-odd years ago, when Joanna held one of her "darn-fool table-tapping flimflams" in the house, he got out of it. Another man might have been futilely disagreeable about it. Seeing it was not only his home, but the home of the gentlemen of his blood for five generations gone, he might have been forgiven for flying into a Carolinian temper with the white-trash upstart and psychic carpetbagger that Joanna must have seemed to him.

In his younger days he would have. But now, turned in upon himself, first by the marriage and then by the demise of his only son (whom, since the Judge was a stalwart atheist, he had no hope of remeeting in a beyond, and of upbraiding, as he would have upbraided him, with a ferocious gentleness)—now Percy Legare did neither of these things.

Now, on such evenings as Joanna's coterie gathered in the drawing-room to scare each other with their silly slates and bells, if the aging rice-planter sighed as he beat his retreat out to the twilight peace beneath his scuppernong-vine in the rear, it was not in bitterness. It was a sigh compounded rather of the sardonic commiseration of the clear-eyed for the blind that lead the blind, and of relief at having to talk with, instead, two human beings as solid on earth, as richly sympathetic, and as comparatively aristocratic as old Sam, the coachman-gardener-butler of these lean days, and his sister, Venus, the cook.

Sole survivors of the Legare servant-body of slavery times, they were pulled two ways in their minds. The fiercer, of course, was toward indignation.

"How-come Mis' Joanna do t'ink dis house *she* house," Sam would protest with the license of one born into the family. "Wha'-foh you do a!ow dat Yankee-woman dribe you out you-own gentleman family house—wid dem sperrit an' t'ing?"

THE Judge would smile then his patient, clear-eyed smile. "You ignorant black swamp-darky, how many times have I told you there *are* no such things as spirits?"

"You mean tell me, suh, dey no sperrit, nor-so no ha'nt, nor no plat-eye or t'ing?"

Now Venus would come in, torn between loyalty and the fearful and obvious fact.

"How-come you too nerbous stay inside de house den, Maussa, night when Mis' Joanna do call de sperrit up?" And before the master could even snort in protest, her ear cocked in terror toward the windows through which the fearful sounds came seeping, the negress hurried on: "Hear dem ha'nt do holler now. Dat one wid de crack voice, Maussa——"

"You know who dat one, suh?" Sam would shiver. "Dat one de Indy sperrit, call um Bhundi Ras, an' he

bound obliged do Mis' Joanna's biddin' over yonduh in tudduh world."

"Hocus-pocus, Sam. There's only one world, the one you're standing in."

"Oh, Maussa! I'd t'ink you frighten some time Gawd hear you say dat an' strike you dead. What-fashion you gwine git across de Jordan, suh, ef you say such a t'ing?"

Then Venus, feeling the strain, would make haste to turn the conversation into a safer channel.

"*She*," she would mutter, glooming toward the house, "she t'ink she know eberyt'ing, but she don' know eberyt'ing."

They hated Joanna, these two. Why they had never left an employ where they must take orders from such a woman may seem strange. As a matter of fact, tho they had been free under the law to do so for twenty years, they had never actually realized it. Nor were they apt to, so long as "Maussa Percy" remained alive. Their own mother had been his "mauma," and tho other colored folks might think they could go gallivanting around like poor swamp-trash if they cared to, Sam and Venus were not of that kind.

It was unfortunate that Joanna was too Yankee-ignorant to appreciate this negro reasoning. In the end it was worse than unfortunate; it was catastrophic.

The Judge had been away a few days, visiting his Cousin James in Walterboro. The evening of his return was the evening the Spiritist Circle had chosen to hold its weekly "flimflam" at Indigo Landing, and the dusk out back was chill for old bones with the coming of November.

The moment he came into the yard Percy Legare knew something was wrong by the dismal note in Venus's singing. What chewing-gum is to the modern young woman, their "spirituals" were to Carolina servants. These folk-hymns Venus was accustomed to roll between her gums with an enthusiasm that robbed them of all their inherent mournfulness. But to-night there was mournfulness in plenty, where the black woman rocked on the sill of the "slave-house."

By myse'f—by myse'f—
Sometime my trouble make me trimble—trimble—trimble,
An' I can't cross Jordan by myse'f——

The Judge challenged her. "What's wrong, Venus?" A premonition made a hollow around his heart. "Where's *Sam?* Stop that yowling straightaway, and tell me!"

Venus stopped and told him. The pent-up grief and panic of days came pouring out.

The Judge was aghast. "You mean to tell me my daughter-in-law has *turned Sam off?*"

"Yes-suh, gib um he *dis*ch'ge, wha' she say. Tell um he good-foh-nottin', *git*."

"And he went? But—where?"

"Dat what I say—wheh? Dat poor old ign'unt nigguh, wheh *he* know to go? Mos'-like he got run-obuh in de street, or-so he starve to deat', or drowned in de ribbuh. Oh! Oh!"

"Hush up, you black baboon! Do you want me to give you a caning?"

VENUS, comforted, moderated her sobbing. The master was "mixed up in his mind," and that was a step in the right direction. As a matter of fact, the Judge was stunned.

"Now, this," he muttered, "is too much. I've tried to be patient. But *this*——"

Now that he was angry he was so angry that his old knees shook beneath him. He couldn't march into the house, remonstrate, that way, with knocking legs, and decided that a dram or two would do him no harm. So he started in the opposite direction, out back.

Venus's wail was sharp with a new alarm. "Wheh you gwine? You ain't gwine in dat-yah *smoke-house*, wid all dem ha'nt an' hag an' t'ing—*in de dark*—for de Lawd sake!"

"I am not a child," the Judge growled over his shoulder.

It was true that the floor of the abandoned wreck of a smoke-house out there was unsafe, and the walls so near collapse that any jar might bring one or more of the great rotten rafters crashing down. But now the fact that it was his daughter-in-law who had taken it upon herself not only to warn him, but substantially to *forbid* him (as if he were a child) to go near that "eyesore and death-trap," only set him in his purpose.

He had been there before, by stealth; that was why he was going now. Joanna was not only a Spiritist, but a militant teetotaler as well. The Judge might have continued to argue and quarrel, but essentially he hated haggling. So, instead, he had quietly removed his two-gallon keg of ripe corn whisky from the house-cellar and concealed it, on the day he left for Walterboro, under a heap of rubbish in that last of all places where Joanna might be expected to go snooping, the smoke-house.

It was as dark as seven nights inside the rickety shell, but Percy Legare needed no light to guide him as he moved on soles as discreet as ghosts' across the precarious planking. He knew where the rubbish was, and found it with his hands. But then at the feel of it, not satisfactorily swollen, as by a keg, but all rifled and flat, an involuntary deep groan broke from his lips.

What happened then happened swiftly. A wind and screech, like a bat's fright overhead. A crack of timber. Something falling. A stunning concussion. Momentary stars.

From the instant when Percy Legare picked himself up from the smoke-house floor, everything was queer. He wouldn't have known himself. A kind of cosmic terror; an enormity of panic. Where to go? Joanna? No! Of all human beings, not Joanna. In what seemed to him a perfectly silly way he thought of his nearest of blood-kin, Cousin James. What was still sillier, no sooner had he thought of Cousin James than he was over the back wall and bound at a run for Walterboro, fifty miles away. But what was silliest of all, there he was, presently, hardly panting, in Walterboro, on Cousin James's steps.

When he had set his clothing a little straight and smoothed his small but well-trimmed imperial, he pulled at the bell-rope several times. He had to go in finally, getting no response. Cousin James *was* napping before the fire; but his pretty granddaughter, Vi, playing cribbage with her beau at the center-table, should have heard the bell.

For all he could do, Percy Legare felt out of place and ill at ease. It showed in the way he rubbed his hands together and chuckled, when he felt so little like chuckling.

"Well, my good friends, you hardly expected to see me so—*James!*" he finished sharply.

"'IF I *DO* CROSS JORDAN BY MYSE'F, WHAT YOU GWINE DO FOH SOMEBODY LOOK OUT FOH YOU, MAUSSA PERCY?'"

The old gentleman in the easy chair twitched out of sleep and blinked around him.

"Here," the Judge directed him. "Right over here I am. Percy. Are you blind?" He appealed to Vi. "Is your grandfather blind, or—or what?"

The girl ignored not only his question but his very existence. "Fifteen-four," she counted on the board; then, to Cousin James, "Cold, Grandfather?"

"I thought I felt a draft," the old gentleman complained, his eyes as blank as a fish's, tho they were fixed directly on his cousin where he stood. "I guess, tho, it's just one of those—how do they say it?—some one stepping over my grave."

All this queerness was too much for Percy Legare: his mind mixed up and his heart heavy, he left the house and started back home. There was a great to-do there when he arrived; by the sound there must have been more people than were ever in the Spiritist Circle, milling around in the oak avenue out front. Too confused and too depressed to want to face them, he got in by the rear and up the back stairs. His bed was the one thing on earth he needed now.

Of all the bad business, tho, the worst was still in store. When he got into his bedroom, his cravat already half untied, he found it crowded with people, many of whom he did not even know. Red with confusion and resentment, he made haste to set his neck-gear straight again; then he did the only thing a gentleman can do: he stood and stared at them, his brow knotted with interrogation.

Fiasco. No one paid him any attention. All they were interested in was the bed, his bed, and the figure of some stranger with a broken pate they had laid there without even asking his permission. Joanna, down on her knees, was shaking with fearful, angular sobs. Doctor Hatton of Calhoun Street, who had been bending over, unbent with an air of lugubrious finality to say, "I'm sorry, there's nothing to be done: the Judge's death must have been quite instantaneous."

Percy Legare felt a sudden hollowness under his midriff as he craned over the encircling shoulders to study the shape on the bed.

"Why—why, darn it!—it's *me*."

He got out of the room. He wanted to be alone; wanted some solitude where he could sit down quietly and think this whole distracting business out at length. There was none to be had in this neighborhood; the crowd out front seemed to have increased rather than lessened, and with its numbers its turbulence. So, slipping out again by the river way, now by the light of a half-moon that had risen in the east, the poor fellow set his course in a bee-line across St. Andrews Parish.

How far he went he had no way of estimating. It was probably in northern Georgia that he stumbled upon exactly the kind of an abandoned house he was looking for, set in the midst of weed-grown acres. His satisfaction was not to last long, however, for no sooner had he got himself settled down to cogitation in the great, dank hall than footsteps on the stair behind him proved his mistake in imagining himself alone in the old mansion.

CONFUSED to find himself even an innocent trespasser, he was doubly so when he perceived that the woman coming down the stair was a lady. She was good enough to accept his apologies graciously, however, and when he made to mend his mistake by leaving she bade him by a gesture not to go.

"I am lonely here," she said with a smile, half wistful, half preoccupied.

The Judge was troubled. She was far from old and very far from uncomely, and if there was a certain awkwardness about her carriage, it should not have been enough to bother him. But it did. It wouldn't let him be. And when, by edging around, he made the discovery that the slight obliquity of her bearing came from favoring an ugly-looking butcher-knife whose handle obtruded from her back just under the left scapula, he was new enough in such things to be frankly uncomfortable.

The lady had marked the direction of his glance.

"I suppose you are wondering about—that."

"No—that is—no, no."

"I wonder if you would like to know the story of my——"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am, I—I—some other time——"

The Judge was out of the front door by that, and hurrying on faster than ever, west.

He had always wanted to travel, but since the war between the States he had never got much farther than Beaufort, because of the expense. Even upset as he was in his mind now, to find himself crossing the Mississippi gave him a thrill. His first sight of the Rockies gave him another. A veteran of the Tennessee campaign, he had thought he knew mountains, but here were mountains.

In a gulch in southern Colorado, beginning to tire a little, he took refuge in the timbered mouth of an abandoned prospect-hole. Here again he found himself an intruder, and he would have apologized and left immediately, had the owner's way of trying to scare him off by groaning from the darker end of the tunnel not brought out an almost forgotten streak of Carolinian obstinacy.

And after all, when the fellow found that that did no good, he turned out to be an almost pathetically sociable sort. He had struck it rich in this hill, it seemed, after a lifetime of indifferent luck, but unfortunately in doing it he had starved to death, and he showed it in his cadaverous cheeks, weedy whiskers, and rags, and possibly in the one bad habit he had, when interested or in absence of mind, of eating off a thumb or one or two of his fingers.

Otherwise, in the weeks the Judge spent with him at the mine, "Nebraska" Hillhouse proved an ideal companion, so far as his guest was concerned, spending most of his time at the far end of the drift, "in the vein," and so giving the Judge all the time he needed for thinking.

THE trouble was that he couldn't seem to think. He could reason to a certain point, and there, by the very logic of the thing, he was balked. "There is no such thing in existence as a disembodied spirit, so I am certainly not a disembodied spirit. What, then?"

Nebraska took him up on it one evening, when they were loafing at the mine entrance.

"If you ain't a ghost, then you must be o' these here second-sighters that can see 'em—spiriters, I guess they call 'em. Otherwise you couldn't see hide nor hair o' *me*."

"*Spiritist! I?*"

"All right, then, Judge, no two ways, ghost you be." Mistaking silence for acceptance, after a moment of rumination in which he consumed all but one of the fingers on his right hand, the prospector went on.

"What I can't see, Judge, I can't see what's holding you on earth all this while. With me, with this unregistered claim on my mind, it's one thing. But the way you tell me you've lived, you should've been over the river long ago."

"What river?"

"Why, you know, Judge." Nebraska had been reared in some minor Baptist faith. "Why, across the Jordan, like, to the Promised Land. If you was murdered now, and your murderer not found, that would be a horse of another color. But you wasn't, you say, murdered."

The Judge had to laugh.

"Or if you had a cache of something valuable somewheres about your place, or if there was somebody you should have forgive and didn't, I could understand your hankering to get back there so bad."

The Judge started, the wraith of a flush on his cheek. "What on earth ever put it into your head I'd want to go back *there?*"

"Well, if not exactly want to, feel kind of drawed like. Eh?" The challenge in Nebraska's eyes was touched with sadness. "I been watching you lately, Judge." And tho Percy Legare protested "Fiddlesticks!" he had to turn his own eyes away.

It was true, for upward of a week he had been aware of a deepening restlessness to be getting East again. He had tried to put it down to simple nostalgia (even with Joanna there), but it was not nostalgia. Nor mere curiosity. Nebraska had hit it; it was more nearly "feeling drawed like"; and as such, Legare, the rationalist, resented it bitterly.

He was so self-conscious about it that when he capitulated a few nights later, he refrained from awakening Nebraska, but, leaving a note of good-by thanks tacked on one of the timbers, stole softly out of the gulch and set his face toward Carolina.

Indigo Landing was all quiet when he came in by the rear way, everybody apparently fast asleep. If this was so, Venus must have had a hair-raising dream, for as the Judge passed the "slave-house" there burst out through the shuttered window a shriek so powerful that the mistress in the big house waked and called down to know what the matter was.

PERCY LEGARE had not seen his daughter-in-law for a long while. In the bloodless moonlight up there, in the nightgown with the stiff ruching tight around its throat, all the unpleasant qualities of her character were brought back strongly. He felt a chill up his spine as her scrutiny came to where he stood, and sighed when it passed on unseeing.

"Venus," she repeated, "*will* you open those blinds and tell me *what* is wrong with you?"

Venus did not open the blinds, but her yowlings grew coherent: "I hear um!"

"You hear *what?*"

"De maussa, Maussa Percy, he foot out dah in de yard. Hear um go *tromp, tromp*."

"Imbecile!" There was in it all the cold scorn of the professional for the amateur.

"You and your haunts, you wicked, superstitious old ninny! You hush now, or I warn you!" Retiring, Joanna left the negress to muffle her wails in her gunny-bag pillow.

The Judge, who had planned to go into the house and have a look around, thought better of it. With that miserable, inexplicable pull of the old home still on him, however, he found he couldn't go away. So, compromising, he shinnied up a drain-pipe, got over the eaves, and climbed the slippery slates, intending to sit and rest a while on the ridge-pole.

But there in mid-roof he was given a start that nearly dislodged him. He had not expected to find another before him in that peaked solitude between the sleeping chimneys.

"Who are you?" he demanded, "and what the devil are you doing here?"

The figure, jack-knifed in silhouette on the ridge-pole, stared, gasped, and quavered.

"Do-Lawd-in-hebben! Who dat do speak like my ol' maussa?"

Astonishment, relief, and happiness sang in the Judge's heart, and moisture prickled his lids.

"*Sam*, you black hound! So it's *you!*"

"Yes-suh, yes-suh, yes-suh; but how-come? Maussa—*is you dead too?*"

Percy Legare was too full of joy to go into that now; as he scrabbled on up, all he could say was "You thieving old no-account! You miserable scoundrel!"

Tears of beatitude rolled down Sam's face. "Glory to Gawd! I *too* sorry you dead, Maussa. Only tell me dat t'ing, Maussa—how-*come* you dead?"

The Judge flushed. He was still touchy on the score of that fiasco of the smoke-house.

Please turn to page 49

Photo by Blakeman & Shuter

RADA BERCOVICI

WINNER OF THE SECOND PRIZE IN PICTORIAL REVIEW'S CONTEST

Miss Bercovici, whose short story "Jingle-Bells," on page 9, won second prize of $1,500 in Pictorial Review's contest, is the daughter of Konrad Bercovici, the Roumanian novelist. She is twenty years old and wrote "Jingle-Bells," which was her first story, when she was sixteen.

Born in Jamestown, N. Y., she received her early education from her mother, and later attended Stuyvesant High School in New York city. She studied voice in Paris and New York, and sang in opera abroad. Recently she traveled through Roumania, collecting folk-songs and folk-lore. Miss Bercovici speaks Roumanian, French, and English.

POSTSCRIPTS

BY JUSTIN STURM

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES I. BILLMYER

Here is one instance where the course of correspondence runs smoothly

"THEN I SHOWED HIM YOUR PICTURE FOR THE TEN THOUSANDTH TIME, AND HE LOOKED AT IT FOR A LONG TIME, AND THEN ASKED ME WHO YOUR BARBER WAS"

New York,
January 3.

MY DEAREST, DARLING FRED: I'm so excited I can hardly write to you. I think I've got dad all won over. Of course he hasn't signed any papers or anything, and hasn't actually said that he would let us get married, and he still has a suite reserved on the *Majestic*, which sails next week, and he still thinks that he ought to take me around the world so that I can think you over from a longer distance.

But I've told him that I don't care a whit about seeing the world, and if I ever have to see the old thing I want to see it only with you. Otherwise I wouldn't even open my eyes. Besides I've seen enough of it already, and I know it's all alike, excepting the way you look at it, and it certainly wouldn't be quite fair to the world for me to look at it with dad when it would look so much better if I looked at it with you. It is with this kind of arguing that I've won him over.

Of course I really haven't got him entirely won over yet, because he's so full of old-fashioned ideas and a lot of new ones, too, and therefore such a problem! He thinks that two people should love each other before they're married. That's old-fashioned, I guess, but it's all right. But he also thinks that two people should not get married unless they have the same background, the same tastes, the same interests, and the same toe-nails.

I told him we were as one as to toe-nails, and then he became suspicious, forgetting that I'd been swimming with you, and then I told him that was where I'd seen your toe-nails, forgetting that I wasn't supposed to go swimming with you. So, after all, I guess it wasn't such a good thing to bring up.

But, by way of a stimulant and a big foul cigar, I got him into a better humor, and then I showed him your picture for the ten thousandth time, and he looked at it for a long time as if he'd never seen it before, and then asked me who your barber was. I think he was referring to your haircut, which *was* a little too short.

I *do* wish you had waited another two weeks before you had your picture taken, but, still, I know I was in an awful hurry for it, so I guess it was my fault as much as your barber's; but, after all, what difference does it make anyway?

After the picture business, I asked him again if he'd let me marry you, and he said that he hadn't even seen you yet, and I said that it was no fault of mine, because all I've been trying to do in the last month is to get him to let you come here for a week-end. He asked what your name was, altho I've told him six million times, and then he asked where you lived, and when I said "Philadelphia," he said he knew some one in Philadelphia and would write to him to inquire about you.

I don't begrudge any one a friendship in Philadelphia, but I worked for ten minutes to find out the man's name, because I thought it would be a good thing for you to know in case you felt like sending the man a box of something before he sits down to answer dad's letter. Or you might even want to threaten him—who knows?

SO, HERE'S the big secret—the man's name is Willetts or something like that. Of course, if it's Wilson he's dead, but I think it's Willetts or maybe Winston. At least it has two syllables and begins with "W." He and father are very good friends, and I think they fought together in some war or other. I guess it was the Civil War, if they were old enough at the time. Or, maybe, they just talked about it.

At any rate, it's up to you to see this man Willetts or Winston, or if you don't know him get some one who does know him to give you a good recommendation, and then we're all set. Of course father doesn't think there's any one in the world good enough for me, but that's his mistake, and you're the man to correct it.

So, if you can just fix up Mr. Winston or Mr. Willetts we'll be married very shortly, and that's all I want, because I love you and only you, and I know we'll be happy all our lives. A thousand kisses for you and at least a dozen for Mr. What's His Name, provided he does the right thing by us!

Yours forever,
HELEN.

P.S.

I just remembered that the man is a judge of some sort. Surely that will help to identify him because there can't be more than one judge in Philadelphia with a "W" and only two syllables. Remember—we've got to hurry because the boat sails next week, and I don't want to leave you.
H.

New York,
January 3.

The Honorable Thomas L. Winters,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

DEAR TOM: I regret very much that I have not seen you since we ended up our work in the Fuel Administration. I was pleased to learn that you had called at the bank to see me when you were in New York last August, and I was extremely sorry to have missed you. However, I sincerely hope that our friendship has not become weakened through lack of exercise, because I am about to ask you a very great favor.

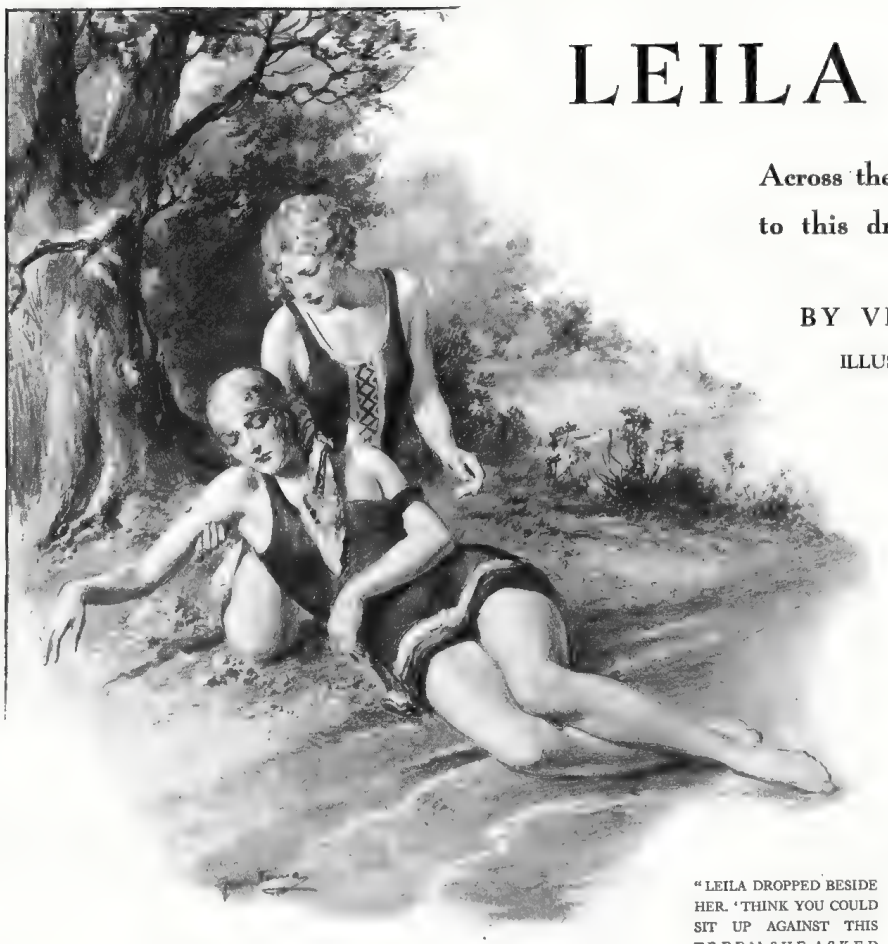
For the past year my daughter, Helen, has been interested in a young man, but I have never taken it very seriously because I always expected that her interest would lapse before she thought of marriage. However, she now says that she loves him and apparently she does, and she has urged me very strongly to give her my permission.

Of course it is my duty to see the boy and cross-question him as to his possibilities, but I shy away from that sort of an inquisition and, besides, if I depended on his opinion of himself I would be no better off than I am now.

When I learned that he lived in Philadelphia I immediately thought of you. Of course Philadelphia is a large city, but you are also a large man, and if you don't know every man in your city you at least know every man's cousin, and you should be able to give me the information I need.

The boy's name is Frederick McClure, and I would

Please turn to page 63



"LEILA DROPPED BESIDE HER. 'THINK YOU COULD SIT UP AGAINST THIS TREE?' SHE ASKED SHAKILY"

LEILA LEARNS

Across the footlights comes the climax to this dramatic Broadway romance

BY VIOLETTE KIMBALL DUNN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FORTUNINO MATANIA

PART TWO

THREE weeks later Diantha, after a telephone invitation from Jean Calder, packed a week-end bag, and settled into a corner of the big Calder car. The same day Leila, after a second bill from the Dilmore, with a curt request for settlement, dashed out and rented a grubby little apartment near Lexington Avenue. She paid her bill with an indignant glare, dumped her clothes and Peter's into a taxi, and started out to be as wretched as possible. Also, Peter, coming back footsore and dusty, took a part from his pocket with a triumphant flourish. He had landed a job.

Leila was pleased but absent-minded. She now had a career of her own. She was learning to cook. That night they celebrated at a restaurant, but the next morning, with Peter off to rehearsal, she bought five cook-books, food for a young army, and began to get Peter's dinner. Presently Peter's key was in the lock. She ran to him, her big apron covered with smudges.

"What is it? Oh, you haven't lost it?"

"Lost what?" He was grimy from his long rehearsal.

"Your job! I couldn't bear it! Didn't you have a rehearsal?"

"Say, what's the matter with you?" He caught her to him. "What time do you think it is?"

"I don't know."

"It's after six! What have you been doing?"

"Oh, Peter—getting dinner! Wash your face and come see the damage." She went back to the kitchen and stared around. It looked as if a cyclone had struck it. She herded all the dinner onto the table and shut the door. Canned soup, chops, a salad, and fruit; but Peter thought it was marvelous.

"Did you really do all this?" he asked.

"If you don't believe it, look at the kitchen. It will take all night to get it straight."

"No, it won't—I'll help."

"You study your part. This is my job. I'll do better to-morrow."

"I feel like an awful piker to let you do this. Can't we have just one maid?"

"Put her where, and pay her what? I'm a fool about money, but you can't get a darned thing without it. And we have no money, lamb."

"I'm *sure* mother——"

"Peter, I'll cook for you, go to the poorhouse with you, or even to jail, but if you ask your mother for money I'll leave you flat! I will! We've got to go through with it, that's all."

"Sure we'll go through with it," said Peter placidly. He hitched his chair out and pulled her onto his knee. "This is a peach of a part—almost as good as 'Jim.' I wouldn't wonder if it ran a year."

"Marvelous! Go and study while I wash the dishes."

She went off to the kitchen, and Peter sat down to toil over his part. If he could only see his mother! There were a dozen questions to ask her on every page. He began to see for the first time what her coaching had meant. His probationary days of rehearsal had just begun. What if he didn't make good this time— He got up shaking.

The clatter in the little kitchen had stopped. He put down his part and opened the door. Leila was sitting at the table, sound asleep, her head in a pile of freshly washed dishes. He picked her up and carried her into their narrow little bedroom. She hardly moved as he began to undress her.

OUT in the country in the Calders' cool guest-room, under a satin coverlet, Diantha tossed through the night, staring wide-eyed at the soft Summer dark. The heat in town had been stifling. Here a sweet wind from the Sound rustled the mauve taffeta curtains and blew gently across her face. Out in the dark night creatures hummed and droned, and in a tree somewhere on the lawn a hoot-owl mourned.

Diantha finally put the idea of sleep away, in order to think things out. What was Peter doing? Where would it all end? Faint streaks of dawn came through the windows before she finally slept. A maid with a breakfast-tray woke her, and she was surprized to find it was eleven o'clock. Rufus, crossing the big hall an hour later, smiled at the slim figure that ran down the wide stairs.

"'Morning, lady," he said. "How was your first night under our roof? Did you sleep well?"

"No, I didn't sleep at all. But it had nothing to do with that delicious room. Just sort of a waking nightmare. Ever have one?"

"Dozens. Is it anything special?"

"Yes. Peter's got a job—a wonderful chance. I'm frantic to get hold of him and whip him into shape. He just mustn't fail."

"Oh, he won't fail. He couldn't, and be your son. Had any breakfast?"

"A tray in my room—so good! All the things I love."

"Jean went to church. She said to find out what you wanted to do, and see that you did it. What's it to be?"

"I don't know."

"How about a swim?"

"I'd adore it—and everybody in the world has heard about your bath-house."

"I keep forgetting this is your first visit. We seem to have been friends so long."

He guided her down the steps, through the rose-garden and across the lawn to the water. She drew a deep breath.

"It's too beautiful! Did you plan it all yourself?"

"No, I just knew what I wanted, and tried to carry it out. The family still make fun of the bath-house, but I like it."

"Where is it?"

"Right there—that red-tiled roof. It's sort of a combination country-club, bath-house, and boat-house. In Winter we have an inside swimming-pool. Look out for the steps."

They went onto a broad veranda which took in three sides of a rough stone house that overhung the water. Through the wide doors Diantha saw a room with a great stone fireplace, low chairs, and tables littered with magazines. There was a hall at each end, flanked by dressing-rooms, and in the basement gleamed a white-tiled pool next to a court for squash. Steps ran from the veranda to a pier, with floats for diving.

Diantha slipped into her bathing-things in one of the luxurious little dressing-rooms, and knotted an orange-silk scarf around her head. Then she caught up her bathing-wrap and ran out. Shedding her cape, she disappeared into the clear green water in a long, clean dive. Rufus followed, and there Jean Calder found them, laughing in the sunshine. She almost had to drag them out to dry clothes and luncheon. Golf in the afternoon and dinner at the country club closed Diantha's day. When she slipped into bed that night, she was asleep almost as soon as she touched the pillows.

LEILA flung an arm into the sweltering night. It was stifling, breathless in the tiny apartment. A sliver of light came from the doorway, picking out lines of dust along the floor. She must mop the hall to-morrow. Feet plodded on the living-room floor. She switched on the light and looked at her watch. Three o'clock!

"Peter! Pe-eter!" She rubbed sleepy eyes and pulled herself up.

"Yes, honey." Peter's young bulk filled the doorway.

"Stop studying and come to bed."

"Pretty soon. Is there anything I can get you?"

"No-o-o. Peter, don't you love me?"

"Leila!" He sat down on the bed and gathered her up. He had played love-scenes so long, his technique left nothing to be desired. Leila relaxed against him with a sigh.

"That's better."

"But, darling, I don't know the last act."

"Oh, bother the old last act! You can't sit up forever to learn their silly play!"

"Yes, I can," said Peter; "and Dawson said letter-perfect to-morrow."

"But why should you pay any attention to Dawson? Who is he, anyway?"

"Only the director—with a third interest in the piece."

"Well, if he annoys you threaten to walk out. The part isn't so good anyway."

"Don't start that!" cried Peter. "Where will we go if I lose this part?"

"Over the bills to the poorhouse," she chanted, snuggling close.

"It's no joke. I've got to keep this engagement. It's a great part. Mother always says——"

"Oh, Peter, hush! You're free now—free to live your own life."

"I don't specially want to be free. I want to learn this last act." He laid her gently back on the pillow and kissed her. "Go to sleep, honey. I'm going to have another try."

Four hours later he stumbled out of his twin bed. Thrusting his feet into shabby slippers, he fished his part from under his tumbled pillow and carried it into the tiny bathroom. He tubbed and dressed quietly and, clinging to his part, stole into the kitchen. He attached the toaster and started the percolator. Free to live his own life! Who wanted to be free? As he watched the coffee the toast burned, and when he turned to snatch it from the toaster the coffee boiled over. Sighing he propped his part before him and began to eat his breakfast. Fifteen minutes later he was walking through baking morning streets to the theater.

A light burned palely in an iron standard by the director's table. For the rest the stage was dark. Listless men and women sat about on rolls of carpet and disused furniture. Peter picked his way across the stage and took refuge in a corner. He went on muttering his part to himself. He heard his name twice, before it registered. They were girls' voices.

"Wonder where he is?"

"Somewhere about. I saw him come in."

"Poor Carter—they say his wife ruined his career. Did you see him in 'Jim of the Hills'?"

"Did I? Three times! I was thrilled when I knew he was going to be in this show. But I'd never know him—except his eyes."

"Or that voice—peaches and cream—but act——"

"I thought it was because he was reading. But yesterday without the part—did you see Dawson's face?"

"Poor kid—I'm sorry, even if he is almost a star."

"Being almost a star won't help him when Dawson starts. There he is—just coming in. Come on—they're calling last act."

PETER crawled out of his corner. Eyes seemed watching him everywhere as he made his entrance. Eyes scornful, pitying, or sympathetic. But all spelled failure. Self-conscious and unhappy, the lines he had mumbled so glibly to himself vanished when he heard his cues. He blundered on desperately, but he felt sick and strange, conscious of his hands and feet. He made futile attempts to be natural and nonchalant, and he had to be prompted constantly. At lunch-time he was not surprized when Dawson followed him to his dusty corner.

"Not going to lunch?"

"No, sir—I—I'm not hungry."

The director pulled out a bench and sat down.

"Now, Carter," he said, "let's have a little talk."

"I'm awfully sorry about the last act," said Peter wretchedly. "I knew it at home."

"We all do that—that's not what I mean. It's all the rest. What's the idea?"

"I—I don't know what you mean."

"If you don't, we can call it a day right now. If you *do*, we may snap out of this thing yet."

"You mean you—you don't like me in the part?"

"I don't know you in the part! The only reason I put money in the show was because they told me they could get you! That's how good your name was with me. Then I hear you were let out of two things before they opened. Is that true?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"They said the parts didn't suit me."

"Let you down easy. Well, I'm not going to."

There was ice in Peter's heart.

"You mean you don't want me either?" he asked quietly.

"I can't tell you until to-morrow morning. How's your mother?"

"She's well. I—I don't see her very often."

"Got married, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wonderful woman, your mother," said Dawson, getting up. "Pity she left the stage. Wouldn't act any more, I suppose?"

"I don't think so," said Peter forlornly.

"Take a rest this afternoon, and come back in the morning. I'll let you know what I've decided." He gave Peter a searching look and was gone.

As Peter went out he saw him hail a taxi.

Ten minutes later Dawson drew up in front of Diantha's. He paid the driver, and gave his name to old Mary. If they opened in two weeks, things had to move. Sitting in the soft-toned drawing-room, he thought of Peter's mother. He rose to his feet, as she came toward him, holding out her hand.

"This is nice—" she said.

"But you wonder why— Well, if we open in two weeks, I've got to see you."

"But I gave up acting years ago."

"Too bad! I'd give you a job to-day if you'd take it. But that's not it. We're up against it, and if you can't help me—well, another good twenty-five thousand has gone wrong."

"Twenty-five thousand?"

"That's what I've tied up in this show."

"The one Peter is in?"

"The one he'll be out of to-morrow if you don't help me."

"Tell me what you mean."

"You tell me—what the devil happened to him while I was away. Six months ago when I left, half the managers in town were fighting to take him away from 'Jim of the Hills.' When they telegraphed me they could get him for this, I put ten thousand more into the show. It's a good play, and a great part. With him, and Elaine Harrison, it was a cinch. I came East and started rehearsals. The boy turns up looking like a Greek god and that's all! As an actor he's non-existent! He has no more magnetism than a spare tire! Forgive me—I've got to be frank."

"I—I don't mind. But why have you come to me?"

"Because I've done some sleuthing. I find you stopped acting just about the time Peter went on the stage. Putting one thing with another, I conclude you made up Blackwell Carter out of Peter's looks and your brains."

"I don't say it's true, but if it were, what then?"

"Put your cards on the table, Diantha. And get back on the job. You know the game. If he keeps on the way he's headed he won't be worth forty dollars a week this time next year. Be on the level with me."

Diantha sat very still. It had come at last.

"Well, what's it to be?" Dawson asked.

"I'll do it—on one condition: that you never breathe what you have found out."

"I give you my word. You're a wonder!"

"Tell him just what you've told me. Then give us three days alone. I think you'll be satisfied."

"I'm betting on it. Good-by."

"You—you might just give him my love, too, please."

Then as the front door slammed she went to the telephone and called up Rufus Calder.

AFTER two hours of hard thinking, Peter got up from the park bench and started home. He had only one idea—not to tell Leila—and he ached dully in mind and body. After all, to-morrow was another day—something might turn up. He stuck his key in the lock. There was no balm in the musty air that drifted out. He looked around for Leila and found her lying face down on her bed, her dress wrinkled and her face blotched. It was the last straw. Leila, tho hot and tired, burned and smudged, was always gay. She hurdled every setback and laughed at disappointments. It was all that kept him going. She lifted her head suddenly and sat up.

"THE GLASSES STILL GLUED TO HIS EYES, PETER GAVE A SHOUT, 'THERE—THERE!'"

"Great gosh," she cried, sniffling, "I didn't expect you for hours!"

Peter stared at her tear-stained face and her red and swollen eyes. Then he took her in his arms and set her on her feet.

"Say something!" he cried. "Are you ill? Shall I call a doctor?"

"A doctor! What do I want with a doctor? I'm just ti-tired—and h-hot—that's all."

"Leila—you've got to tell me what's the matter!"

"Go wash your face, and change, while I start dinner, and maybe I will."

"Now, tell me," he said later as they began their meal.

"Well, if you must know, I went to see my father." Her lip quivered suddenly.

"What for?"

"I—I just thought I'd like to see him."

"You didn't ask him for money, did you?"

'I did not."

"Because if I can't ask mother, you can't go running to him."

"I—I didn't even see him."

"Why not?"

"Because he—he wouldn't see me." She gulped down a sob.

"Wouldn't *see* you? Why not?"

"How do I know? I suppose he didn't want to."

"What happened?"

"I went down-town. That Simmons in the outer office asked me what I wanted, just as if she'd never seen me before. Then she said she'd see if my father would see me. I felt a bit edgy, so I told her where to get off. When I ran down she took the telephone and called dad."

"What did he say?" asked Peter.

"That he'd speak to me on the phone. And I'll say he did! Said he had nothing to add to what he said before, that he had an important conference, and some time when I could see straight he'd be glad to have me come down."

"He ought to see you cook," said Peter loyally. "Then he'd find out."

"Oh, Peter, I'll make him love me again—I will!"

THE next morning, as Leila vigorously mopped the hall, the door-bell rang. She opened the door, and came face to face with Diantha, cool in gray georgette, with a wide black hat. For a minute neither spoke.

"Come in," said Leila casually, "won't you?"

"If you'll let me," smiled Diantha.

"Look out for the mop." Leila shut the door. "This place isn't big enough to turn round in. That's the living-room—in there."

She made no apology, but Diantha longed to take the bristly little figure in her arms.

"Sit down," said Leila, tossing the mop into a corner. "If it was afternoon I'd show you what rotten tea I can make."

"Being morning, you're wondering what I'm doing here."

"I didn't know you knew where we lived."

"We all know, but you never asked us to come and see you."

"We don't ask anybody," said Leila flippantly.

"We wouldn't have minded."

"We would. We started to paddle our own canoe. It's pretty near the falls, but if it goes over, nobody but us will go with it."

"That's no great comfort to your parents—nor to me. But you'd probably like to know why I'm here." Leila cast an eye at the disordered room. "I know—I'm interrupting. But you and I are going to talk man to man for the first time. I didn't want to come any more than you want me. If I could have wished the job on anybody else, I would."

"Hot dog!"

"Oh, I can be frank too! And I'm afraid we'll have to meet without gloves."

"It's all right with me," said Leila, thoroughly antagonized. "I'm not looking for a scrap, but I can always go to the mat if I have to."

"I did my best to be friends, but you wouldn't have it."

"I'm perfectly friendly, Mrs. Gates—I just want Peter——"

"And you were afraid I'd take him back. Well, I wouldn't."

"Nobody can take Peter from me. But I want him to stand on his own feet—not be tied to your apron-strings."

"Do you think yours have improved things much?"

"Do we have to discuss apron-strings?" snapped Leila. "Peter's happy."

"Is he? He lost his job yesterday." Diantha watched her closely.

"Oh—" The color drained from the girl's face. "Oh—that's not true! You must be mistaken. He didn't say anything about it."

"He was afraid to. But it's true just the same." Leila's horror-stricken face smote her.

"Oh, well," the girl said, trying to laugh, "what's a job among friends?"

"Leila," said Diantha sternly, "stop bluffing. It doesn't fool anybody. Do you want to destroy Peter?"

"What rot! Destroy him!"

"Can't you admit you're wrong. Good Heavens, who do you think you are?"

Leila sprung up furiously. "Who do you think you are, if it comes to that?"

"Peter's business adviser. I'm not interested in your opinion of me. But it's time you knew the truth. I made Peter an actor. I got his engagements and taught him to play his parts. He's helpless without me."

"I can do everything for him that you have."

"You little idiot, what do you know about the theater? It took me ten years of grind to learn what I know."

"I don't agree with you."

"It doesn't make any difference whether you agree with me or not. Where is your business sense? I don't want to take Peter away from you. I only want to save his career. Do you want people to say you ruined him? That's what they're saying."

It was a chance thrust, but it went home.

"I don't believe it. How can they say I ruined him?"

"What else can they say? He was the most popular leading man in the country when he married you. Look at him now."

"What can I do if he's lost the part?"

"They're willing to take him back if I'll coach him. I will, if you'll keep your hands off. And I want your word of honor never to tell what I've done for Peter."

"You don't want people to know?"

. "Of course I don't want them to know. You must give me your word."

"What shall I say to Peter?"

"That I've been here, and you know I am able to help him. Are you with us, or against us? I like you——"

"You sound just like it!" laughed Leila shortly.

"My dear child, I'd like to be your friend—if you ever want me."

"I don't want anybody but Peter."

"Peter adores you, but Peter was born to the theater. I don't believe he'd love anybody who took him away from it."

"I'm not taking him away from it," said Leila sullenly. "But I'll keep out of his way, if that's what you mean. Some day I may thank you for the rotten things you've said—but I don't now. As for ruining Peter, that's bunk. I've given up a few things myself. I suppose you think I like all this?"

"You've only given up amusements and luxuries. Peter has almost lost his artistic life. Come," said Diantha, taking her hand, "you won't always feel like this. We'll be friends yet—you'll see."

"Like fun!" said Leila furiously as she shut the door. She picked up the mop and went back to work. Presently she threw it down and flung herself on the kitchen settle. An hour later she was still there, her head on her arms.

PETER strode up the dark alley. He was going to lose his job that morning. And yet, curiously, he was untroubled. As he walked onto the stage, Dawson took him aside. Now for it, thought Peter.

"Well, my son," said the director, "I've decided to turn you over to your mother. I've talked to her, and she's willing to coach you. Go to her now, but come back to rehearsal Friday, and good luck to you!" Peter found himself back on the sidewalk, dizzy with joy and relief. He went into the telephone-booth and called up Leila.

"Hello," he said nervously.

"Hello, darling. Seen your mother?"

"W—What do you mean?"

"Never mind. Have a good time. Are you coming home to dinner?"

"You bet I'm coming home to dinner! Let's have apple pie!" he cried, and rang off. The tide had turned. With his hat slightly askew, his body swinging to his long stride, he rushed over to the avenue. He wanted to run and shout. He rounded the familiar corner almost on a run. How enormous the little house looked. He still had his key. He took it out, but Mary was before him. He put his arm around her, and saw tears on her old black cheeks. His own eyes were suddenly wet.

"Where's mother?"

"Comin' right along, honey. She saw you."

He turned to meet his mother at the stairs.

"Hello, Peterkin!" It was the same smiling Diantha. He might only have gone yesterday. "Have you got your part? Dawson gave me a 'script. Looks like a go, doesn't it? Come up to my sitting-room and let's get at it. Three days isn't much, but we can do it." He followed her up-stairs thankfully.

For three evenings he came back to the little flat. Leila asked no questions. She had been terrified to let him go, but he came back like the old Peter she adored. Leila never knew Diantha's part in this, or her constant comments on the girl's courage. Peter had taken her devotion for granted. And Leila then began to learn something of human motives. One day she picked up the telephone, and called her father's office.

"Hello, Leila! What can I do for you?"

"You might see me, if you're not conferring, or something," she said humbly.

"Want to come and have luncheon with me?" he answered.

"Do I? When?"

"Now, if you like."

She was in the subway in fifteen minutes.

Nobody stopped her on her way in. Rufus jumped up and took her in his arms.

"Glad to see me, kid?" he asked boyishly.

"I'll tell the world!"

"Same here. Where shall we go to eat? Name your place. I'm taking the afternoon off."

"No conferences?"

"Not a conference."

"Atta boy, Dad! Got the car?"

"It's waiting."

"I'd just as soon ride on an ash-cart with you, but a good car looks like a million dollars to me!"

HE LONGED to offer her any car she chose, with immediate delivery. Her shoes were stubbed, her gloves badly mended, and her hat a remnant. He wanted to write her an enormous check, and tell her to go and spend it. But a new Leila was inside the shabby clothes, and hardships and self-denials had recreated her. So he shut his lips tight, and took her to the big car, purring at the curb. Leila stopped with hand out to greet old John.

"Glad to see you, John!" she cried. "How's things?" She curled up beside Rufus, with a sigh. "Dad, are we game for Gaston's?" Rufus picked up the speaking-tube, for answer.

"Gaston's, John," he said. "We'll go where you want to."

"I'm rather a mess for clothes, but I don't mind, if you don't."

"You look mighty good to me, Sister!" He put his arm around her.

"Nobody has called me 'Sister' for centuries!" They were edging up the avenue through the crowds and traffic. "Isn't it a marvelous day?" She gave Rufus's hand a pat. "I'll bet I could fly!"

"I'll bet I could beat you," he said. "Been swimming lately?"

"Only in the tub. How's the beach out home?"

"Why not come out and see?"

"Peter's got a job. Didn't you know?"

"Yes, his mother told us."

"His mother? Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes."

"Dad, you never told me. How did you meet her?"

"Why, the way people meet. Why the excitement?"

"I don't know—I didn't know she knew any of the people you do."

"Some—and some I'd like to know. She's wonderful!"

"I suppose she is. She isn't a type that appeals to me. She's darned good-looking—and she's over forty. I don't see how they do it."

"I'm fairly spry," said Rufus, "and I'm forty-five."

"You're not any age—you're just Rufus. But a woman forty is no flapper!"

"Wait till you're forty, and see how you feel."

"I guess it does make a difference," she conceded.

"I guess it does."

"The more I eat my cooking, the better I like Gaston's," said Leila some time later.

"Are you a good cook?" asked Rufus.

"Peter's gained five pounds, but I don't know if it's my cooking, or his job."

"Can I come to dinner?"

"Dad, I'm not that good. But I'll make a date with you when we get back."

"Going away?"

"Two weeks on the road. They'll be trying out the play. I was afraid they wouldn't take me—it's so expensive. And I might be in the way. But Peter asked them, and they're going to pay my fares. Isn't it great?"

"Want to see the wheels go round?"

"Oh, yes! I've promised not to open my mouth. Wives aren't needed for popular leading men. They say Peter's wonderful. And think of seeing Elaine Harrison off the stage! Dawson says——"

"Dawson?"

"The director. Peter's mother coached him," said Leila honestly. "But you're never to tell."

"I won't."

"I guess she knows all about the theater."

"I wouldn't be surprized."

"Things are funny, aren't they?"

"Rather! What's the joke now?" He hoped with all his might that Leila would talk. But he knew better than to ask, and Leila said nothing more.

Please turn to page 52

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SPREADING MY WINGS

BY
ANTONIE STRASSMANN

Germany's popular stage star plays a thrilling new rôle in the skies

Photo by Gábor Eder

MISS STRASSMANN READY TO TAKE OFF ON ONE OF HER AIR JOURNEYS

THREE years ago, when Thea Rasche, Germany's first and foremost aviatrix, was establishing her name in a high place on the list of the country's famous fliers, I was only an actress, playing the rôle of *Queen Hippolyta*, the ruler of the Amazons, in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," in a theater in Berlin.

It was Winter-time, and unusually cold weather was being experienced in the city. At the theater every night the curtain went down at about eleven o'clock, and as soon as I was dressed I would taxi to my apartment and slip shivering into bed, to dream about Midsummer nights that were far more realistic than stage-settings.

Promptly at five o'clock nearly every morning I would be awakened. The room was like ice. The street lights still flickered outdoors. But I was ambitious and inspired. Squirming into some warm clothing, I would snatch up my flying-togs (made for a man) and drive in my own car through the cold, dark city, out into the suburbs and to the flying-field at the city of Staaken. A sleepy mechanic would be there waiting for me.

"Is it all right, Otto?"

"Yes, Fräulein."

"And the weather?"

"Yes, Fräulein."

"And did you put some sandwiches in the cockpit?"

"Yes, Fräulein."

And then I would go up alone. I would fly into the dawn of those cold, wintry days, over Berlin, that was only half awake; over the countryside, that was sometimes spotted with patches of snow, gleaming in the waning moonlight. For an hour I would fly until day had really come, and then down to the field again for a hurried cup of hot tea. And so home for a bath and a delicious morning sleep.

I learned to fly that way in those stolen hours when the writers and photographers of the newspapers were not on hand to make fun of me. The aviators at the fields, men who had made records in the air during the War, helped me at first by taking turns at early morning rising and teaching me how to manage the ships. But later when I was sure of the controls I went up alone. Thus when Spring came and the news leaked out, I found myself being called Germany's second woman flier. I have been flying ever since.

It is hard to realize now during my tour of America, in which I am helping to display some of the finest planes and gliders which the German aviation industry has produced—it is hard to realize that there are countless thousands of men and of women who have never flown, who do not want to fly, and who will never fly.

It is hard to realize, too, that I was once content to climb mountains, to race on my bicycle, to speed in my automobile, or to act on the stage in order to keep abreast with life and to find the fullest expression of joy and intensity for my energies. To me flying surpasses everything which can be classified as a thrill. I could no more stop flying now than I could stop living.

I do not know what started me skyward. Lindbergh's flight to Paris gave impetus to my desire to fly, and then there were two pilots, Edzard and Ristics, both of whom had set endurance records in the air over Germany, who first took me up and urged me to seek my own pilot's license. I flew with those men over the North Sea at night in a mail-plane, dropping sacks of mail to the islands far below us. Then, later, they taught me how to manipulate a plane, and eventually I was ready to go alone.

The War may have been the first influence which made me understand that I was not necessarily bound to the earth for the rest of my life. The newspapers were filled with reports of battles fought in planes, of soldiers made heroes by their daring in the air. I was excited and fascinated by this thing called aviation, but I did not realize then, when I was in my teens, what it would one day mean to me.

I was born in Berlin on April 14, 1901, the daughter of a leading Berlin physician, who now has his own hospital in the capital, and who, I believe, has been honored recently here in America by a St. Louis medical group.

My eldest brother was killed in the War at a time when I, in school, was longing to be an actress.

I left college when I was eighteen to go on the stage. Berlin was exhausted after the War. Money problems were distressing, and conditions in the city were not appropriate for my début. But I struggled along for several years, first in amateur performances, then on the semiprofessional stages, and finally, after several years, in the legitimate playhouses of the capital. It was not long before I could claim a moderate success.

I PLAYED serious rôles because I was constituted for them. I had always worshiped tragédiennes—Duse and Bernhardt—and I had modeled my life on their pattern. I had to get the most out of acting as I had to get the most out of living. The classics, the plays of Strindberg and Shakespeare, gave me the means of expressing my deepest emotions and made me feel that I was touching the very pulse of life through my senses.

In everything I have since taken up I have been actuated by that same desire to get close to the nerve-center of things. As a girl I became an ardent bicyclist (and remember, bicycling is a much more popular sport in Europe than it is in America) because that was, at least, something my young body could do to make me a part of the movement and the agitation and the heart-beat of the power which is life.

I was not content to exist; I had to feel that I existed; I had to know that I was moving with the waves of existence. Flying does that for me more than any other activity. To a lesser degree so does acting, so does mountain-climbing, and automobile-racing, and swimming in

Please turn to page 58

"'TO THINK THAT I SHOULD HAVE A GRANDDAUGHTER WITH TORTOISE-SHELL EYES!' THE OLD LADY COMMENTED"

GOLD MULES FOR GRANNY

Age cuts a few circles around unsuspecting youth

BY ISABELLA HOLT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK AGNEW

GRANNY said they were to have breakfast on the terrace of her apartment, which sat in a basin of September sky, like a flowered sprig at the bottom of a teacup, and was rimmed about by glittering Alpine ranges of buildings that towered incredibly into the upper sunlight as they receded.

Pauline followed with, as she expressed it, her fingers crossed. The time must be approaching, if it were not to be escaped entirely, when this unfamiliar grandparent was to begin exerting a good influence. Her mother and father would not have let her come all the way East to college, except that Granny was in New York to keep an eye on her over the week-ends; and this had been her introductory night under Granny's roof.

Pauline had bitterly resented the loading of the dice against her. Why was she, alone among young girls, handicapped by a grandmother resident in New York, at the very center and nexus of freedom's promised land? What, indeed, would freedom amount to under the circumstances?

Granny was lowering herself, with due care for her brittle bones, into a *chaise-longue* under the awning. "You sit out there where you can see the world," she said, "and I'll sit where I can look at you."

"Let me help you," said Pauline politely, and folded a cover about Granny's narrow silk ankles and high-heeled gilt mules. She remembered all the knitted afghans her mother had sent East at Christmas time—striped afghans and cozy, woolly, lavender bed-jackets—and wondered where they were stowed away; for this was no afghan under her hands.

It was quilted ivory velvet, so flexible as to be almost fluid, an article that must spend half its days at the dry-cleaner's. The trim upper half of Granny rose out of it like a doll's china body out of a powder-puff, enhanced by ivory-dotted net and lace—such lace!—and sustained against satin cushions, amber and chartreuse.

The picture somehow undermined one's assurance. One's defensive attitude had been prepared against a demeanor more worthy and more practical. One had been misinformed

"Did you sleep well?' Granny now asked innocently, opening her shell lorgnette and picking up the mail from a stand beside her.

Yes, "innocently" was the word. If she had heard Pauline come in at half past three her tone would not have been so blithe.

"Yes, thanks." Pauline stretched her young members in a deck-chair near the railing. She was in perfect fettle after five hours' sleep, and in no mood to be chidden. She barricaded herself behind the morning paper to state belligerently, "I've made a date for right after breakfast." Let Granny be warned: she was not to have the whole morning for doing good in.

"I'VE rung," Granny responded, acquiescent. "Breakfast will be along soon. Maggie and I are old women, and we move slowly."

Presently Pauline was aware of scrutiny. Through the lorgnette she was being catalogued. Granny met her eyes without apology.

"Delightful texture," the old lady commented impersonally. "As I grow older and more self-indulgent, I grow fonder of fine textures. I've just thought what it is you're like. It's tortoise-shell. Brittle. Takes a high polish. Easy to smash and hard to mend. Part translucent, part opaque." She ran her forefinger along the rim of the lorgnette, which was of the same substance. "To think that I should have a granddaughter with tortoise-shell eyes!"

She dropped an opened envelop into the scrap-basket; her gestures had a mannered exquisiteness. Just before Maggie came out with the trays, she broke a reverie to add, "When I was eighteen I was deathlessly in love with a violinist who had tortoise-shell eyes."

HOW did one answer such an opening? Pauline had known no old people, literally none; and she was nonplused. She could not shake off the suspicion that good was to be done to her by indirection. Granny had not brought her mother up on erotic reminiscences. Far from it. She had, as Polly had been often and grimly assured, put her trust in oatmeal, the Shorter Catechism, and the flat side of a hair-brush.

Granny must have mellowed. Perhaps she was not to be regarded as a complete liability after all. She did, at least, connote a free bed; and something was pleasantly askew with her sense of propriety. For she went on, regardless of the hovering Maggie, "Not that I am casting doubt on your mother's paternity. I wasn't married till I was twenty-three. But you have tortoise-shell in your spiritual heredity."

Polly smiled.

"What?" Granny asked.

The girl could not formulate her thougnt. She found it flattering and fanciful in Granny to compare her to tortoise-shell, but also blessedly unperceptive. If she thought of her as a tortoise-shell personality, perhaps she

wouldn't mind her going to night clubs. But halt! No confidences. Granny was, after all, a progenitor. So Pauline did not elucidate; she merely smiled again to show good-will.

"Dear me! I hope there's enough for you to eat."

"I don't eat much breakfast," her granddaughter replied in up-to-date accents. But she eyed the tray.

It was a queer breakfast; one did not know where to begin. Before her stood a tall beaker full of fresh tomato-juice; an amber glass bowl containing lumps such as one finds in turtle soup, but full of seeds and delicately scented; a pitcher of the heaviest cream, and a plate of the most tissue-like toast, utterly without substance and without butter.

"Ripe figs," Granny tactfully mentioned. "I delight in these few days when they're in the market. If I were rich I'd travel South to eat them off the trees." She let fall a rope of cream upon them.

"As I grow less and less important," she continued, "to any living creature, I grow more interested in flavors, and in textures, as I said. Perhaps it's selfishness. I prefer to call it my real self coming out for air after sixty-five years."

"I think"—Polly, who was ravenously hungry, was trying to eat her figs slowly—"I think mother will find you changed. You're not as she describes you; you're not"—her brow wrinkled—"not like your photographs, not like your letters."

THE venerable lady thanked her with a faint bow. "Your mother stopped knowing me when I was fifty. That's a woman's worst age. Her family is brought up and pushed out of the nest, and she hasn't found her own footing. But have you noticed how one plays up to what people expect of one? If your grandfather should reappear on earth, I dare say I'd take up an unbecoming youthful friskiness. Fancy! Pauline, I was forty-eight when he died, and I took three rosebuds out of my hat when I went into mourning. Well, to your mother I can't help writing like the mother that brought her up. Very likely she isn't like the letters she writes to me, either."

"Mother sent you all sorts of love." Pauline was not satisfied with her own rather unsophisticated half of the dialog, which from Granny's end she was beginning to find distinctly entertaining. This was, she thought, the kind of ancestor one displayed to college friends as a museum-piece. But even Granny could not be expected to run on forever with no cues at all.

"Why, I've never even asked about your mother and father and the younger children," said Granny rapidly, "or the new car, or the landscape-paper in the dining-room. I've been chattering instead of getting acquainted with you. That's what's called the garrulity of age. Do tell me how you left them all at home."

Pauline had a whole sackful of news, with which she had expected, so to speak, to pay her board; but she found herself gabbling through it. Granny preserved a polite alertness, but with obvious effort. She sipped her tomato-juice like a wine-taster; rang for horse-radish, and put two or three drops into her glass. She fiddled with her mail, yearningly. Billy's front tooth! What, after all, was that to Granny?

"Oh, I don't remember much of anything else." Polly finished abruptly. Her grandmother was really unnatural.

But now Granny was all contrition. "My dear child, excuse me if I was rude. But, you know, your mother has written me all that. What I'm really interested in is yourself, your bruskness, your fascinating modernity. I've been wondering on what footing we can possibly get acquainted across two generations."

"You're not really interested in me." Polly's voice was sullen; she was a trifle homesick for her mother, whom Granny had been supposed to love during the years of separation, and who was being so ruthlessly shelved.

"Maggie!" Granny had rung again. "Bring this poor child some oatmeal. She's starving. You have some cooked for yourself, I presume?"

"Yes'm."

"Now, my dear," Granny resumed, "we must understand each other. It's understood that this is your home for any holiday, any week-end. I've had two beds set up in the guest-room, and you may bring a friend from college whenever you like. I shall delight in getting to know you. You're my grandchild; and I'm not inhuman. I'm detached. Detachment is the defensive armor for us superannuated women, you know. Now, on the other hand, I don't expect you to open your heart to me, except through some psychological miracle. And I don't expect to develop any frenzy of interest in your affairs, just because they are your affairs.

"If you have young men in I shall be pleased to meet them, but don't ask me to like them, or study them, or find them important. You see, I have my own friends, men and women of the same age and experience as myself. We see the world, not so lucidly perhaps, but with more party-colored refractions. We enjoy the minute distinctions, the mellow fragrances, the silences, the subtleties. Well, pardon me, child! You have everything else: you needn't expect any command of subtlety at your age."

"WHY WAS SHE, ALONE AMONG YOUNG GIRLS, HANDICAPPED BY A GRANDMOTHER RESIDENT IN NEW YORK, AT THE VERY CENTER OF FREEDOM'S PROMISED LAND?"

Oh, how did one answer Granny, to maintain one's sense of the natural superiority of youth? Pauline raged at the newly plumbed depths of her own *gaucherie*. She was well bred; she knew how to talk to her mother's friends—"Good night, Mrs. Smith. I've had a lovely time at your party; it was so sweet of you to have us all up here." "Good afternoon, Mrs. Jenkins. How does Rob like boarding-school?" "Yes, Miss Higgs, the new swimming-pool is wonderful, isn't it? It means a lot to us girls."

She tried not to fall upon the steaming oatmeal which now appeared; but the Melba toast had merely whetted her appetite; and she had, furthermore, no quilted velvet between her shins and the nipping sparkle of the morning.

"When does your train leave?" asked Granny, who was not half through her tomato-juice. "Two o'clock? Shall we lunch together somewhere, or have you other plans?"

"I'm expecting a telephone-call any minute. Probably the boy friend isn't up yet. I kept him out pretty late last night." A wary glance showed her that she had got away with that. Granny did not appear interested.

"Oh, well," said she, "if you really have an engagement— Maggie! Will you please ring up Mrs. Dettering and say I'll stop for her at a quarter to one? Are you in love, child? You don't look it. I wish I were; but I've made up my mind it isn't becoming. You know, it's as easy to fall in love at my age as any other. But I've fought it off since a time, about six years ago, when I realized I was making myself ridiculous."

Oh, dear! Mother must never hear of this. How could Granny be so naive as not to sense a repellency in the loves of a lady of, say, fifty-nine? But there she sat among her cushions, her brow clear, her glance mischievous and confiding, most obviously unaware that she had said anything unseemly. Polly had a momentary protective feeling. If this charming little ancestor had to be protected from her own silliness, possibly Polly, who was young and broad-minded, and to whom she made her shameless confidences, was the person to handle her. Certainly, certainly not Polly's mother.

"But I never meant to go so far as to get married," Granny added hastily. "It's very silly for old people to marry, unless they have something to gain by it. I'm quite comfortable. I spend so little on daily bread that I have enough left for cake. Fancy my having to put myself out to go to musical shows, or to order roast beef and Yorkshire pudding for dinner, simply because I'd let a man come and live with me!

"No," she continued musingly, "marriage has a biological base, not an economic one. People I know, friends of mine, say they marry a second time for companionship. Nonsense! It's for vanity—to prove that somebody proposed to them. Any woman admits she's a failure who can't keep herself entertained without resorting to matrimony. Why, she'd be far better off in an Old People's Home, if worse came to worst. There would be more variety."

Polly clung uncomfortably to her worldly air. Of course one discussed biology with one's own generation; but her grandmother must have been in bad company to discover that there was such a thing. Polly had an idea she must be showing off, like a small boy who has learned a naughty word. However, there was no denying that she was rather fetching in her impropriety.

"I BELIEVE I *am* shocking you." Contrite again. She was an intuitive little creature. "It's so long since I've practised the hypocrisy of a parent, I've forgotten how it's done. I imagine it's never struck you to wonder whether your mother believes all the virtuous platitudes you hear from her. Wait till you're married, when she's washed her hands of you. You'll find out what she's like."

With her perfect precision of gesture, Granny lighted a brown Russian cigaret, and offered one to her guest. "Not just now," said Polly severely. It was one of the conditions of her coming East to college that she was not to take up smoking; but how could one tell Granny that? It might put notions in her head.

"Mother certainly has no idea what you're like," she said reprovingly.

"She lives too far West. She's too poor to travel, and I'm too lazy; and when we have happened to meet I've been on my good behavior for fear your father wouldn't approve of me. So Harriet hasn't found me out. Never

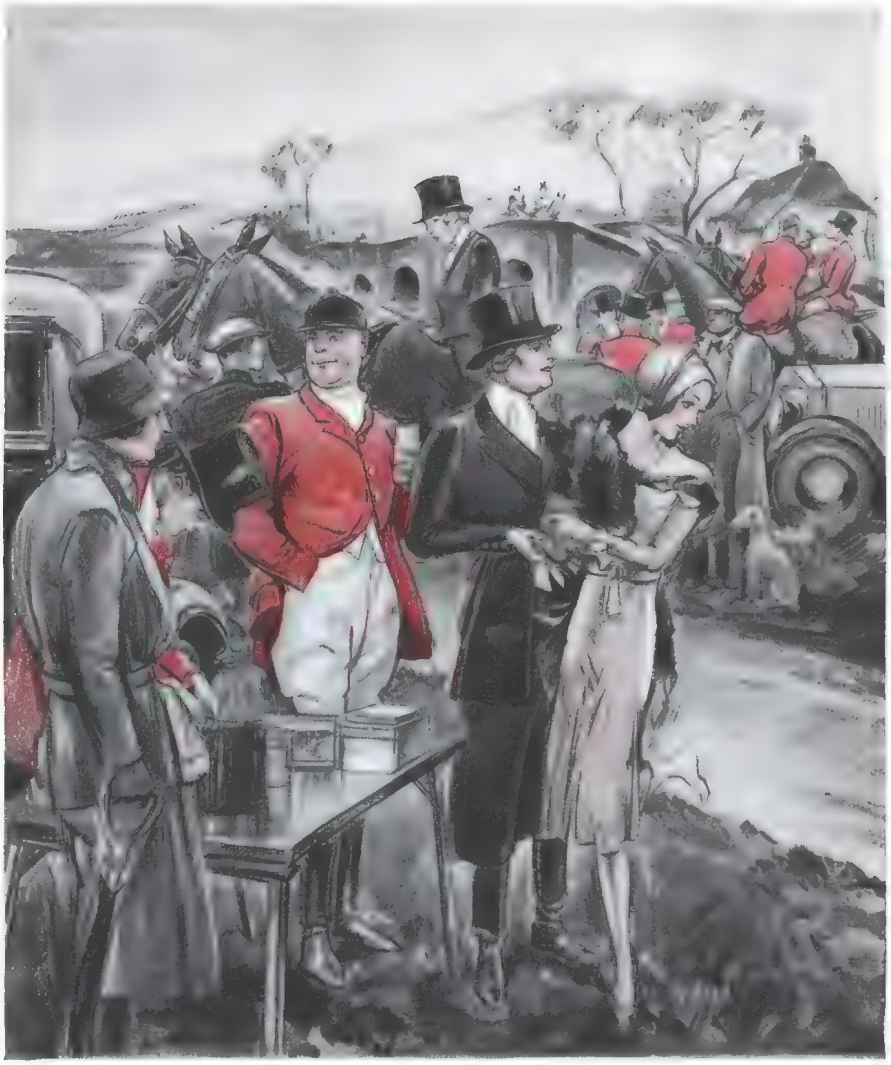
Please turn to page 60

THE SILVER SWAN

The third instalment of this brilliant novel shows the beautiful Claire trying to adjust herself to county life in England

BY E. BERTRAND COLLINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OSCAR HOWARD



"LADY VICTOR HAD HER BY THE ARM. 'WHERE'S IAN? I SAY, IAN! YOUR WIFE'S JUST CAST A SHOE.

THE PLOT PROGRESSES

Claire Watson, a young American girl from Ohio, has managed to become engaged to Captain Ian Bulteel, a young Englishman, and has been visiting his conservative relatives on their county estate. Her mother and her father have accompanied her in order to make all the preliminary matrimonial arrangements, and the adjustment of the two families to each other's national customs and prejudices has been amusing and almost tragic. For, unfortunately, Mrs. Watson is an impossible person who knows little of any world but her own small pond at home, in which she plays the part of the most important frog.

Her desire to rule Britannia, as well as her immediate family, has antagonized her English host and hostess, has annoyed her long-suffering husband, and has driven Claire to distraction. It is no wonder that it is Claire's ambition to have a brilliant social career and to escape her mother's domination.

While Claire and her mother were buying out the Paris shops in search of a magnificent trousseau, Claire now and then succeeded in eluding her nagging parent and in having a wild flirtation with Derek Barran, a fascinating Irish artist, who persuaded her to let him paint her portrait.

It turns out that he is a friend of Claire's fiancé, who is, of course, ignorant of Claire's interest in another man. Derek is pleasant to play with, but Ian is the man to marry; at least Claire has so analyzed them.

At the end of the preceding instalment Mrs. Watson has contrived a way to terrorize Ian's father, to outwit Ian's sister, and to upset everybody's plans for a quiet county wedding. She insists on a London ceremony and on inviting the Prince of Wales to come to it! Will she wreck Claire's life with her selfish stupidities? Consternation reigns in both the Watson and the Bulteel family.

WELL, really!" Lady Bothwell leaned back in her car and glanced at her husband and the Lloyds. "What a wedding! Now, I mean, really, have you ever—" She shrugged. "I feel precisely as tho I'd been to Hollywood, assisting at what the Yankees call a 'superfilm.' I mean, there was everything but the chariot-race.

"Now, frankly, Kitty, have you ever, in your wildest fancies, conceived of anything like the church? All those roses. Everywhere. Underfoot and overhead. Made one think of the 'Faerie Queene.' You know, the false *Duessa* and the Bower of Bliss. Particularly the mother, with all the sables in Siberia wrapped round her. And that smile! That appalling smile! Isn't she really quite too dreadful! Poor Ian."

"Really, Maud," Lady Kitty spoke with some asperity, "you're being most unkind. The church was, possibly, a shade overdone, but you must remember they had no one to advise them. Personally I thought it rather charming."

"Oh, now, Kitty." Maud Bothwell refused to be silenced. "You know it was the most appalling exhibition you have ever witnessed. All that champagne. And those bands. In a hotel! If they wanted to put on a show like that why didn't they take a house? No end of houses one could get, for a month, this time of year. But a wedding reception in the banquet-room of Claridge's!"

"Poor Sibyl!" it escaped Lady Kitty involuntarily. "I wonder she let them do it."

"Possibly couldn't prevent them," ventured Colonel Lloyd.

"Quite possibly," Lady Bothwell agreed. "And, by the way, who sent the sheaf of lilies from Paris by airplane? Oh, didn't you see them brought in? My dear, that was one of the best bits of all. Claire went quite to pieces."

"I have no idea," murmured Lady Kitty. "Possibly some friend."

"A friend. Oh, do you think so? You think they really have one? What a pity it didn't come. I should so like to have seen it. As a matter of fact"—Lady Bothwell paused—"just who are the Watsons, anyway? Does anybody know?"

THEY stayed two days in Paris. Not that Ian cared for Paris, but every couple he had ever known had stopped at the Ritz on their honeymoon. It was as much a part of being properly married as the signing of the register.

To Claire it was a delightful adventure. Ian was so sweet, so gentle, and considerate, and dignified. And so good-looking. Such nice long legs. Everywhere they appeared people turned to stare at them. How ghastly being married to an ugly man would be! She flirted with him constantly and charmingly, with every appearance of ingenuousness. It amused her, and gave Ian such pleasure. Dear Ian. So naive.

Generously, she let him adore her. Divine sensation, to realize that the mere touch of one's fingers against a man's cheek could rouse him to a state of inarticulate emotion. And she was certain Ian would always be so, making no demands, grateful for what she chose to give him. Ah, how wise she had been to marry him!

NOW, with a man like Derek Barran, for instance. She frowned. It cost a certain effort to think of Derek. Only the present, the actual moment, mattered. But it had been sweet of Derek to have sent those lilies on her wedding-day. Rather touching. Showed he was ashamed of the way he had talked to her. Ah, well, that had been a most unpleasant incident. More comfortable not to think of it, not now, at the beginning of one's honeymoon, at any rate.

"Because, after all," Ian was waiting for her in the bar and Claire was alone in their rooms, "it's only when a girl has got herself talked about with a lot of men that it really matters." She adjusted her silver foxes, her face serene, the faint blue shadows under her eyes only making them more lovely. Now she must hurry. What fun it was, being married and away from Jenny, going about with some one as darling as Ian, whose sole thought was to please one!

Ian had planned that they would spend their honeymoon on Lake Como, where his mother and father had spent theirs. They were actually on the train, sweeping across France toward Dijon and the Alps, when Claire realized, with a shock, that it was November. November! There would be no one at Como. The hotel would be empty. Not a living soul, except the waiters, to

SERVES HER PROPER, COMING TO A MEET DRESSED UP LIKE A PARIS MODEL'"

admire her new clothes. Ian was talking about a sailboat.

"There are all these old villas and their gardens, and the mountains come right down to the water's edge. And we'll sit on a balcony, our balcony, in the moonlight."

"But, darling, it's November. It's going to be too awful. Monte Carlo, or Cannes, would have been so much more amusing. Except it isn't the Riviera season yet, either, is it? Oh, dear! There's not going to be a soul there. What a time of year to have been married! Not a place to go except Pau! Now, why didn't we think of Pau? Or Biarritz?"

He put his arm about her. "Oh, no, Claire. Not Biarritz. Not one of those huge caravanseries with hordes of silly asses running over one all day long; gala dinners and all that sort of silly nonsense. We'll go out there some other time."

"But, Ian, I want to go now! You don't understand, dear. Como. In November. It's too ridiculous. It really is."

THE porter came to make up their compartment for the night. They made their way along the swaying train to the restaurant-car, and sat alone save for a somnolent waiter. Como would be just this: an empty restaurant and a sleepy waiter! Oh, dear, how could Ian have planned such a honeymoon? It was too much. She finished a second Chartreuse and let him lead her back to their *wagon-lit*. Really, men didn't understand about a honeymoon at all.

The crash of wheels crossing many tracks. Lights. The stentorian roaring of an engine come to a halt and a voice in the night crying:

"Dijon! Dijon!"

Only midnight, and Ian already asleep. Claire looked at him. In the ghostly light of the blue night-lamp his face was the face of a stranger. "Oh, dear!" she sighed. A month of this. Solitude, deadly solitude, with a creature who half smothered one with kisses and pleaded in stammering phrases that one let him love one. A month, with every night like this, shut up in an empty hotel beside a deserted lake.

When she awoke the sun was high. Ian had already dressed and left the compartment. He came back while she was sitting up, a *negligée* of pink chiffon and feathers round her shoulders, drinking her coffee.

"Oh, darling! I was so frightened." She put her arms around his neck and drew his face down. "I thought maybe you'd got off and been left somewhere. And I've just had an inspiration. Instead of going to Como let's go on to Florence, and take a car and do the hill towns. Sienna, you know, where the frescoes are, and all those places." She had drawn him down onto the edge of her berth, and as she spoke she caressed his hair. "Don't you think it's a marvelous idea, Ian? So much better than just staying in one place. I loathe staying in one place. One gets so tired of the food, and there's never anything to do."

"But, Claire dear, we've made all our reservations. I mean to say I don't very well see how we can. We've had our rooms engaged for a month. And our luggage is checked through to the Cadenabbia. And our mail——"

"Oh, really! As if any of that matters!" She was becoming definitely annoyed. Didn't Ian realize that the only reason she had married him was because she had been sure he never would oppose her? "I don't care. I don't want to go to Como or Cadenabbia. Oh, Ian, really, if you knew how I feel about it." She felt his arms around her, but refused to look at him. "No. You can't kiss me. If you don't care enough about me to do this one little thing, and on our honeymoon, too!" She had begun to weep, and had turned her head that he might see each tear.

"Oh, darling, don't! Don't, dearest! I didn't mean to hurt you. It was just that——"

"You don't care. What I want means nothing. You're determined to go to Como."

"No, darling, I'm not. Really." He backed out of the compartment to search for the conductor, feeling a wretched brute. As he closed the door Claire slid out of her berth and began to dress. It had been no trouble at all. Jenny would never have given in to her one-half so easily. But Ian! He was so sweet. She had only to let him see her crying. Darling Ian! She would be very gentle with him all the rest of their honeymoon.

A hundred *lire* to the Milanese station-master to forward their trunks on to Florence. Telegrams to England. To Como. Confusion. Excitement. Porters who screamed and ran to and fro. People who stared and asked, in whispers, what might the trouble be?

"Don't you think it's fun, darling?" Claire slipped her hand through Ian's arm. "I'm having an awfully good time. I love doing things on the spur of the moment. I hate plans."

"The family'll think we're quite mad."

She pouted. "Who cares? How long before the other train comes in, d'you know? An hour! Oh, well, then, let's go into the buffet. I'm perishing with the cold. Yes, coffee, please." The waiter brought them two cups. "My dear, it's delicious!" Her knees touched his beneath the table. She smiled and lowered her lashes. "Oh, Ian, isn't it fun traveling about together like this?"

IT WAS dark when they reached Florence. Claire was tired. A *tramontana* howled through the cobbled courtyard of the dingy yellow stucco station. This could not be Italy. More confusion about their luggage. Finally a taxi. They drove out into a black, dusty square and plunged into a network of dark, narrow streets. Past them rattled cabs whose drivers' cracking whips rang out like revolver-shots.

"Oh, my dear!" she clung close to Ian. "I'm terrified. I had no idea Florence was like this! Are those Fascisti! Oh, aren't they marvelous-looking?"

Ian had telegraphed the Grand Hotel from Milan. Claire shivered less from cold than nerves as she glanced about the great gray, empty lounge. The manager led them toward the lift. Claire peered into the empty restaurant.

"Oh, Ian, do ask if there isn't somewhere amusing we can go and dine. That place is too dreadful. Not a soul in sight."

With the patient expression of one explaining the obvious to a child the manager, in perfect English, said that of course the season had not yet begun. He smiled appreciatively at Claire, and she felt better. There was a certain place, the Buca di Lapi, where a great many of their clients sometimes dined. Oh, yes, most correct. If they so desired he would be only too charmed to procure them a car, a closed car. He bowed himself away.

Huge rooms with high ceilings and monumental fireplaces. "You don't think it would be rather jolly to dine up here? Just you and I, dear?" Ian asked. "You're sure you're not fagged?"

"Oh, Heavens, no! I'm not a bit tired." The suggestion that they dine alone galvanized her to vivacity. What a man, his one idea that they be alone! "That place he spoke of sounds loads of fun, and it's so dull to dine in one's rooms."

Their car turned from the hotel onto the Lungarno. A pallid moon was rolling across a deep-blue, starry sky half banked with silver clouds. Pewter-colored scraps of moonlight shimmered on the surface of the river. But no people. Not a soul on the streets. Not a footfall. From across the river came the sound of a man's voice, singing.

"Oh, darling, isn't it too lovely!" She put her cheek against Ian's shoulder and sighed.

"It is." He took her hands and kissed them. "They talk about Florence in the days of the Medicis, but now, with all these lights, it's more beautiful than anything they ever dreamed."

The car passed a shadowy bridge.

"That's where Dante first saw *Beatrice*."

"Oh, darling!" She put her fingers over his mouth. "I can't bear having things pointed out to me."

Out of a shadowy alley came a man in a vermilion cloak, a candle in his hand, leading a horse and cart. As the night wind touched the paper shade the candle danced and flickered.

"Oh, Ian! Look! Isn't he too divine! So much nicer than Dante." She laughed. "You know, I only like the things I can see."

The Via Tornabuoni. The somber walls of the Strozzi Palace, with a man asleep on the stone bench where once the torch-bearers sat. A glimpse, around the corner, of a lighted square. The *façade* of a church. The car stopped, and a low doorway was flung open.

"But how marvelous!" Claire, her eyes shining, stood on the threshold, staring down into a cavernous cellar. "It's a *café* in a dungeon or something. Oh, Ian! How exciting! The stove, right here at the foot of the stairs, and all this sawdust on the floor. Oh, my dear."

A huge man in a soiled white apron laid his hand on Ian's arm and bawled. "A table for their excellencies! A table by the wall!" With the same corner of his apron he wiped the sweat off his brow and the crums from their table. "And what may it be their excellencies desire? Some *ravioli? Risotto al frutti di mare*. A specialty of the *casa*." He handed Ian a bedizened menu.

"Oh, he's too marvelous!" Claire whispered in Ian's ear. "My dear, he'd be the fortune of any New York night club."

Ian smiled indulgently. The mingled reeks of garlic and oil, burned meat and wine, stifled him, but if this sort of a show amused Claire——

A one-eyed man with a guitar, and a hunchback, clicking castanets, came clattering out of the far corner of the cellar and placed themselves before the table. Ian froze. The two musicians began to sing. Ian turned to Claire. She was sitting with both elbows on the table, her chin in her hands, smiling at the hunchback with a fascinated look.

"Oh, aren't you glad we came?" She threw back her furs and lit a cigaret. "Oh, Ian, I'm simply mad about

this place. Let's come here every night we're here." The musicians had finished their song. She clutched for her purse and opened it, to find only French money. "Darling, I've no Italian bills. Oh, well," drawing out a hundred francs, "I'll give them this."

"*Grazie, Excellenza, grazie, 'squisita signora.*"

As they kissed her extended hand she dropped her lashes and blushed. "Hasn't he the saddest eyes! Poor boy, I feel so sorry for him."

"Ra-ther!" Ian tried to look as if nothing had occurred. She was nothing but a child. Didn't understand that one did not permit one's hands to be kissed by street musicians. "Clever, this shop, isn't it?" He looked at Claire and smiled.

"What did you say this wine was, dear?" she asked. "Asti? Well, order another bottle, will you, please? And ask the musicians to come back here. I want them to sing some more for me."

He made himself as comfortable as he could on the bare wooden bench, and folded his arms. It passed his comprehension, Claire's pleasure in this crude place, in these musicians, in the attentions of the *padrone*. It would almost seem that she enjoyed being made conspicuous. Impossible! With a shrug he dismissed the idea. Claire was a child. A naive, ingenuous child. Did not realize that a woman must be more reserved, in public, particularly on the Continent. But at last he became uncomfortable for her. The stares of the men about them had become too bold.

"I say, dear, shall we be going on?" he inquired. The musicians had begun a third rendition of "Addio a Napoli." The bill had been paid. Their coffee finished.

"Oh, all right," Claire answered languidly, "if you're too terribly bored."

The *padrone* sprang forward to help her on with her furs. Claire smiled and held out her hand for him to kiss.

"*Arrivederci, Eccellenza. Arrivederla.*" A chorus of voices followed them up the steps and out into the night. Ian grew hot and cold from his head to his heels.

"Aren't Italians divine?" Claire murmured as they set out back to The Grand. "So sympathetic!"

"Quite." He did not know what else to say, nor could he explain even to himself the embarrassed sensation her sauntering exit had given him.

"Poor Ian. You were so bored, darling, weren't you?" She slipped her hand into his and kissed his mouth. "And I adored it. I love that sort of place. The people are so real. So genuine. Of course, one wouldn't want that sort of thing every night, perhaps, but every so often. Derek Barran used to take me—" She stopped short.

"Yes, dear, Derek used to take you. He likes going knocking about in all manner of quaint holes. I beg your pardon, darling. What were you going to say?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing. Just that one night he took me to dinner at rather the same sort of place in Paris. This reminded me of it, that's all."

THEY left Florence the next morning by motor for Sienna. They had intended to stay several days, but when Claire, on waking, had seen the Arno by daylight the sight had dismayed her.

"But, my dear, it's no town at all. Just nothing. Why, look! There's the open country just the other side of that hill. Oh, no, we don't want to stay here."

Across the river brittle golden Winter sunshine played upon the soft vermilion roofs and buff-gray walls of the houses piled above the Arno. High above them the dark-green silhouettes of the countless pine-trees that guard the villas about San Miniato stood out like ranks of spearmen against the bright-blue Tuscan sky.

"And I've known people who simply raved about Florence," she said. "I can't imagine what they can see in it."

It was noon when San Gemignano loomed above them on its hill set at the end of the Val d'Ema.

"Wonderful, those towers!" Ian said. "Aren't they?"

"Towers!" Claire burst forth into a peal of gay, light laughter. "Why, my dear, I thought they were factory chimneys! Oh, how funny!"

A winding road. Walls. A gate green with the patina of moss. Their limousine threaded its way down a narrow cobbled street into a piazza walled about with slim grim palaces, and stopped before a church.

"Oh, honestly!" she cried as they stood within its portals. "Isn't it the most Catholic thing you've ever seen? So fussy. All that stuff all over the ceilings and the walls. Frescoes! My dear! But they simply don't make sense! Oh, Ian dear, let's go. Really, dear, the cold in here! I'm simply perishing."

Out of the Collegiata and into a bare building with a bare stone staircase. Enormous barren rooms, and a tiresome old man pursuing one, narrating information.

"A palace! This! My dear, I can't believe it. You mean, people actually lived here? Ian, for Heaven's sake give this creature something, and tell him to go away. I can't bear the words 'thirteenth century' even once more. And I don't want to be told about it. There's nothing here. Just some pictures. Let's go somewhere and have lunch. I'm simply famished."

An inn as ancient as the Podesta and almost as bare. A frightened, untidy maid led them up one flight to an empty little *sala di pranza* overlooking a sunlit square. Claire turned up the fur collar of her wrap.

"The cold! Have you ever known anything so cold? Darling, do tell her to light the fire. Really!"

IAN struggled with the fresh, green fagots while the maid brought their lunch, a heap of *ravioli* on a platter not overclean, bread-sticks, cheese, withered black olives, and a long-necked straw-bound flask of Chianti.

"As a matter of fact, darling," she said, "it's so awful it's rather fun, now, isn't it? I mean, it's what people call 'an experience.'" She removed her shoes and stretched her feet out toward the fire. She no longer felt bored, but rather gay. "Ian dear, aren't you glad we aren't Italians and don't have to live here?"

The maid appeared with a thin, tepid, brownish fluid she announced as "*caffe nero.*" Claire took one sip, then pushed it away and went to the window. In the square in front of the hotel a crowd of urchins were collected round their limousine. Claire unfastened the window and flung out a handful of coins. Ian was reading aloud from his Baedeker.

"Darling!" she commanded, "do put that book away. Please. I mean, who cares, really? They've all been dead for centuries. Get the bill and let's go on."

Reading a guide-book on one's honeymoon! She shrugged her shoulders.

They emerged from the hotel into bright sunshine. "It's actually warmer outside!" said Claire. Across the square she spied a *trattoria*, a withered bush tied upside down above its door. "Oh, darling, let's go over there." She put her arm through his. He drew her to his side, amused at her enthusiasm for such simple things. This workingmen's dram-shop, for instance. At home, in England, of course one would never dream of going into the village pub, much less taking one's wife.

The crowd of *contadini* before the bar made way for them smilingly, with murmurs of admiration at sight of Claire. She almost simpered, and clung demurely to Ian's arm as their chauffeur stepped forward, leading a strange young man. A cousin, explained the chauffeur, who had missed the Sienna bus. Would the *signora*, in her excess of graciousness, permit the cousin to ride on the front seat with him into the city?

"But of course. Tell him of course he can." She glanced past the chauffeur to the cousin, blushed, and lowered her eyes. "You don't mind, Ian dear, do you?"

All three men assisted her into the car, and the cousin managed to be the one who arranged the rugs about her.

"It's really been quite lovely, hasn't it?" she murmured as they drove out through the gates. "I'm so glad we came. Aren't you, Ian dear?"

He nodded. The apparent coquetry with which she had accepted the cousin chap's attentions had got just a bit under his skin. Poor little darling. She was so generous. So kind. Too kind. But one could not have one's wife smiling at a servant as tho he were, say some chap in the regiment. He took her hands gently, and began to speak of Holt, the house he had taken, and the stables. The car was rolling down a road cut against a hillside set with groves of green-black olive-trees. Suddenly it stopped. Out sprang the cousin, to dash across the road.

He returned, his face wreathed in smiles, in his hand a puny bunch of wild olives.

"For her most gracious excellency."

"Oh, aren't they sweet! Aren't they darling! Oh, thank you so much!" She let his fingers touch her hand. "Now, wasn't that sweet of him? Now, Ian, really, aren't they the most charming people? So natural."

SIENNA. A hotel that had once been a palace of the Piccolomini. A huge, high-ceilinged room hung with crimson damask, with an abyss of a fireplace, and a great, gilt-corniced bed like a catafalque.

"Oh, this red! Isn't it a divine color! And this bed! Oh, my dear, I must have a bed like this. Yes, really. I wonder would they sell it?"

"I haven't any idea." Ian laughed. He still found her enthusiasms tremendously appealing. "But you wouldn't really want this bed. It's the most immoral-looking thing I've ever seen."

"Why, Ian! What a strange idea! I don't see anything immoral about it." She ran her hands over the gilt furniture. Had Derek, she wondered, ever seen this room?

Ian had opened the glass doors onto a balcony. "Oh, I say, Claire. Come here and see this view. It's simply ripping."

With a shrug, she turned and walked across the room to where he stood, hating to take her eyes off this red and gold.

"Oh, my dear!" Beneath their balcony Sienna swept, in a torrent of steep, narrow streets and red-roofed houses, into a great gash of a ravine. Far down below them lay a valley, a soft, brown valley. Beyond, hills, thousands of brown hills.

Claire stood a moment on the balcony, pressing close against his arm; then she drew back. "Yes, it's perfectly lovely, isn't it? But empty. Sort of terrifying. If I stay out there I know I'll want to jump over."

How odd men were! Imagine coming into a bedroom like this, and then running to the window to look at a view! She shrugged, and, going into the dressing-cabinet, shed her traveling-suit for a rose-velvet tea-gown stamped with a pattern in gold. How soft it was, and soothing, with its long, clinging train!

"Ian darling," she called to him from the bedroom, standing with outstretched arms and luminous eyes. "Ian, do you really love me? Do you really? Ah! I wonder if you really do. Then kiss me." She sighed, trembling as she drew his mouth down to hers as she had Derek's that last night in Paris. The simplicity of men's emotions! As easily aroused as children's. "Ah, Ian darling, you're so sweet."

The sunset had faded to a cool, calm blue sky faintly tinged with a glow of sulfur. The room was dark. In the street below, their balcony lamps of an incredible brightness slashed the walls of the adjacent buildings with long, black-pointed shadows.

"Oh, no, darling. Don't light all the lights. Just a few." Claire lay in a gilt chair, her train coiled round her ankles, and smiled at him. "And let's have dinner up here in front of the fire. I can't get dressed again and go down-stairs. It's too much bother. And, anyway, I love this room."

It was after midnight when Claire was wakened by the sound of voices. At first she thought it came from the balcony. Many voices, three or four or five, perhaps. Suddenly there was an exclamation. Then a door slammed. She heard the sound of many running feet. And above it the shrieks of a man in agony.

SANCTUARY

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

To you my love is such a little thing,
Breaking the even surface of your mood
More lightly than the tilted swallow's wing
Disturbs the limpid, glassy solitude
Of some clear pool. You do not know that there,
Beneath the sun, so small a shadow starts
Your eye can never follow or ensnare
Its image in the blur of other hearts.

I am content to leave no darkling trace
Of pain within your mind, content to fly
But once across this hallowed, lovely place,
Heavy with dreams of love's mortality.
When I am gone it will be just the same:
Nothing to tell you that I ever came.

"Ian!" she screamed as she clutched him. "Ian! Wake up! They're killing him!"

He sat up, bewildered, thick with sleep. "What is it?"

"Oh, Ian, I'm so frightened! Can' you hear it? It's right down there, under our window. I heard the whole thing."

She crouched in the bed, while Ian crossed the room to the balcony. "Oh, don't go out there, dear. Don't, please. They might shoot you."

Not the sound of an opening door. Not a window unshuttered. Not a voice save the dying man's. His cries were subsiding.

"He's dead. He's dying. Oh, Ian, I want to go away. I want to leave. Right now! I can't stand it! Oh, my dear! What was that?"

The piercing, knife-like shrill of many whistles had cut the silence of the night. Heavy hobnailed feet came clattering down the cobbled street.

"Don't, Claire. Don't, darling." Ian leaned over the bed and took her in his arms. "Don't be frightened, dearest. Nothing's going to happen to you. You're quite safe. Absolutely."

The street was now full of feet and voices. Ian went out on the balcony. The lamp at their corner had been broken. In the turbulent dark some one was pounding on the door of a *trattoria* in the basement of the hotel. It opened reluctantly, casting a pale light upon the uniforms of a company of Fascisti. Ian realized his window was the only other light the length of the street. Wiser to go inside and close the curtains. This was no affair of his.

"The Fascisti're here," he said. "Here in no time, weren't they?"

"What's that?" Claire gasped. "Oh, Ian, be careful. Don't let any one in."

THE knocking at their door continued. Ian drew the bolts. The manager of the hotel stood before him.

"A thousand pardons, *signor, signora,* but there has been a little argument." He crossed the room and drew the *portières* over the windows. "These communists—why, they can not cease to annoy decent, hard-working people. Making trouble for every one. Would that the Fascisti might drive them all into the sea!"

"Is he dead?" Claire demanded. "Tell me, did they kill him? You know, I heard the whole thing."

The manager turned to Ian. "It were better if neither of their excellencies heard anything."

"Quite." Ian nodded.

"But, Ian, that's not the truth."

"Her excellency will perhaps forgive me if I suggest that she had a *fantasma.* There will, without doubt, be *una causa.* If it became known that her excellency had heard the argument, it might be necessary that she remain some months. I should, of course, be charmed to have their excellencies remain so long with me, but—Her Excellency speaks Italian? No? Ah, well, then, when one does not understand one has not heard."

"Quite." Ian bowed.

"In case there are any inquiries"—the manager was retiring toward the door—"I shall reply that their excellencies were asleep for the duration of the night. It is understood, *signor,* I say this only to avoid a disturbance of your voyaging, in no way to obstruct the pathway of justice. Then good night, excellencies."

"You mean," Claire asked, as the door closed behind him, "that we're not to say we heard anything? But, Ian, I did hear them."

"But, my dear child, didn't you also hear what that fellow had to say? Do we want to mess ourselves up in a street fight? It's not our country. It was no affair of ours. The thing for us to do is clear out of it."

"Why don't you want to testify?" Her fear was all gone. "Why, my dear, I think it'd be too exciting." She saw herself sketched, entering court. The fancy caught her. Should she go veiled? Or not? Ian was attempting to tell her something. "But, my dear, what if you are an English officer out in a foreign country? Oh, honestly, Ian, I can't see why not. No, really I can't."

"'OH, IAN, I'M SIMPLY MAD ABOUT THIS PLACE. LET'S COME HERE EVERY NIGHT WE'RE HERE'"

Two days later they were back in Paris. As they drove across town from the Gare de Lyons, Claire said:

"Isn't it the most divine town! So many things to do, and so many places to dine. Why did we ever leave?"

The morning after their arrival they received a long message from Jenny. She had, it said, been to Holt. The house Ian had taken would not do. Ian was furious. Claire took it with utter nonchalance.

"My dear," she said, "how like her! I s'pose we'd better go over. One can't ever tell what she may do."

"I don't quite understand you, dear. What may she do?"

"Oh, rent us another house or something. Oh, yes, she's perfectly capable of doing it, and more. Nothing ever stops her."

The next day came a letter from Sibyl. Not a mention of their return from Italy, but an invitation to come to Steyning. The Lloyds were to be there, and Lady Victor Darley, and Alistair, and any one else Claire or Ian would like. Would they come for a week?

"Which would you rather, dear, stay here or go on to Steyning?"

Claire considered. Paris with no money to buy clothes was not too amusing. Nor was it an amusing time of the year to be in Paris. Rainy. Steyning might be more fun.

"And then, too, dear," she told him, "there's our house. We want to find out what mother has done."

"She can't have done anything," Ian replied. "I've taken a lease."

"Oh, my dear, that wouldn't affect mother, not for an instant. She'd just tell the people they'd have to sublet it or something."

"But, my dear child, one doesn't run about taking houses for other people without consulting them. It simply isn't done."

They crossed to London on the *Flèche d'Or.* As the packet pulled away from the Calais quayside Ian, standing against the rail beside Claire, murmured:

"What a honeymoon!"

"I don't see why you say it in that tone of voice! I've had a divine time. I really have. Of course, dear, the mistake was in ever starting for Como. But that was as much my fault as yours. I should have known better, but I still think our flying out of Sienna was silly. I mean, Ian, even if they'd wanted me for a witness and you'd had to come back I could have stayed on perfectly well."

Ian stared at her in amazement. "Preposterous! Most preposterous thing I've ever heard!"

"I think," she remarked in a distant voice, "I'll go to the stateroom and lie down a bit. Tell me when we're getting in."

A WEST wind blew a sudden squall of rain across the deck. Ian hung against the rail till Dover loomed before him out of the mist. He had been stunned by Claire's remark about her staying on out in Italy. She could not have been serious! Still Americans were different. Different education. Different point of view. Especially about their husbands. No English girl would ever have made that remark.

"I suppose," said Claire, as they settled in the train London-bound, "that we might as well go to Claridge's and stay with the family. What do you think, dear?"

The suggestion seemed to leave him quite cold. He had, he told her, wired the rooms in Curzon Street, where his father and Sibyl and he always stayed when in London.

"Jolly nice place, old Hopkins's. His wife used to be Sibyl's mother-in-law's maid. Take wonderful care of one. Bedroom, sitting room, bath sort of thing. Meals in, if you want 'em. And excellent cook, too."

Claire had never heard of Curzon Street. Ian tried to locate it for her.

"Oh, I s'pose it's all right." She yawned. "But if the family want us to stay with them, let's do it, dear. Let's not do anything to annoy mother."

"Annoy her? But surely we're free to stay where we choose."

"Not if she wants us to stay somewhere else. I mean, dear, let's not hurt her feelings while this house business is still on."

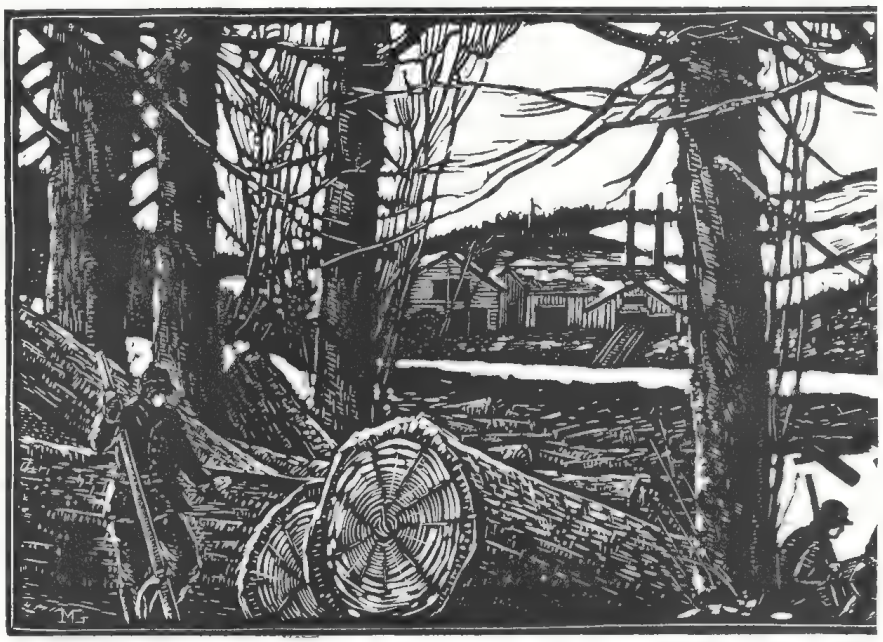
SCARCELY had the last astonished guest departed—there were still pink-paper rose-leaves fluttering about the lounge and the Brook Street entrance to Claridge's—

Please turn to page 74

AS A WOMAN BUILDS HER HOME

The Story of Wood

BY
GENEVIEVE PARKHURST



IN THE preceding article of this series I told the story of the long and arduous journey by which woman has come into her home as it is to-day—by the final grace of the machine age—a complete unit so equipped that drudgery is fast losing itself in leisure.

I showed, too, how, having become the purchasing agent of the nation's household, she must also accept the challenge of this new order; how, if she is to excel in her job, she must inquire into the meaning and the value of all those things upon which her buying-power is expended, both in the building and the setting up of her home.

Now, the first and most vital essential of home-construction is wood. And what do most of us know about it? Practically nothing. I am sure I did not until last Summer, when I set out on my mission of getting a woman's-eye view of the things we should know and passing it on in panorama to the readers of Pictorial Review.

Lest there be those who may say that wood is indeed a dull subject to occupy women's minds, I shall begin by telling a story that was told to me by Mr. John Dower, president of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce and a pioneer in the timber trade.

"Many years ago," he said, "I had a yard in a small town in northern Minnesota. My customers were men, and little did they know about what they were buying. Their big idea seemed to be to get as much space as they needed in their homes at the least possible cost. So I thought I would bring the women into it by giving a 'ladies' day.' My fellow merchants laughed at me. 'What do you want women bothering about your yard for? They'll drive you crazy. And they won't be interested anyway,' they said.

"I was judging women by my wife, who has always been unfailing in her interest toward everything about the house. I advertised my party in the newspapers, providing for souvenirs five hundred chints aprons, as I wanted my guests to take away with them some colorful remembrance of the day. They came from far and near, on bicycles and in buggies, neighbor picking up neighbor, until there were more than a thousand of them, and I had to send an S. O. S. to near-by towns for more aprons.

"My contention was proved. The women were interested. They asked more questions than I could answer. After that they came often with their husbands to select the lumber for their homes. And I must say that they were better buyers than the men. In consequence better homes were built in the town from that time on.

"Step into the car with me and I will show you what I mean."

WE DROVE out beyond the city to the foot-hills, where in a grove of trees centuries old John Dower and his wife had built themselves a home. Blending with the varied greens of thicketed hillside and great trees, the gray-shingled house was set in a garden where all the Spring and Summer flowers paraded in a thousand glowing colors. There were roses, such roses as grow only where the shadows and sunlight mingle so truly to their liking—roses on tree and bush and vine, of red and yellow chrome and of white and pink and of sunset hues.

There were wisteria and clematis and larkspur and columbine and canterbury-bells and foxgloves, and beds of pansies and violets, and gay-belled borders. Little rivers bridged by rustic balconies threaded their way up hill and down. The logs of old trees that had been on the ground since time unknown and now moss-covered were sprouting young maples in the deep woods. Where the waters had been gently held by the fallen trees, they spread into quiet pools reflecting the sun by day, the quiet light of the stars by night.

Inside, the house had an identical charm. One knew at once that it had been planned with understanding. The floors and the fine paneling were in accord. The wall-paper in the bedrooms toned in with the woodwork. The fixtures, too, were in harmony. Everywhere the wide windows gave upon vistas of tree and garden.

"MY WIFE went every step of the way with me," said John Dower, "for, altho I know a little about lumber, I am a busy man and could not always be here on the job. I know, of course, that every one can not have these surroundings, but every one can, by the exercise of a little observation and a little knowledge, have durability in his home."

He directed my notice to the hardness of the floors, the fine, satiny grain of the woodwork and panelings, the even surface of the plaster. Where the base-boards joined the floor they might have been carved in one from the same log. Their dividing-line was invisible. There would be no sagging floors, no warped woodwork, no cracked plaster here. It was a house that was built to last.

"And the first step on the way," said John Dower, "is what might be termed a 'lumber-conscience.'"

Now, "lumber" is an awkward word, and one which does not fall gracefully on women's ears. Nor was its origin one of grace. For it is an adaptation of the tribal name of a barbaric German people who came down over the mountains into Italy in the fifth century of the Christian era, conquering that part of the country which still bears their name.

Turning usurers, they exacted high tolls from the native Italians, and the term "Lombard" became an ironic one as applied to money-lenders, and later to pawnbrokers and junk-dealers. By this it came also to signify all those superfluities which clutter up the house and which may easily find their way to the second-hand man. Translated into other tongues, it came to be "lumber." In America it defines the felled tree when cut into logs and boards.

"Wood" has a special kind of beauty. It is an Anglo-Saxon root-word, and, like all tonal words, was taken from the feeling or the sound which an object or an action created in the minds of men when they were coming into speech. It was given to the tree because of the soughing of the wind through the branches. And because it pleases me as a word that falls easily from my finger-tips, I shall tell my story in the terms of "wood," or the tree.

As to the time of trees very little is definitely known. As much as men have delved into the secrets of nature they have as yet been unable to fathom its true source. All they know is that long before the age of mammals, when there were only creeping things upon the earth, three-quarters of its surface was covered with dense and impenetrable forests. In strata belonging to eras millions of years before the glacial period, fossils of branches and cones and leaves testify to the existence of such trees as the oaks, spruces, cedars, firs, redwoods, and pines of to-day.

When the great ice-cap moved down from the pole, it destroyed everything in its path. Splitting apart, it thawed into swift-moving floods which carved the surface of the earth into deep cañons, high mountains, and vast plateaus, where the forests sprang to life again.

Through long ages of storm and upheaval the tree persisted, bearing its cones or its acorns, dropping them to the ground. The cones opened, casting out their seeds. The acorns ripened. Sprouting, they grew into young trees, which, as the years went on, took the places of their dying elders. Or, taken up by the wind and the currents, they were borne to some far bank where they obeyed the divine command to increase and multiply.

To these forests, some hundreds of thousands of years ago, man came, a groping creature, fearful and unaware of the dark domains in which he could so easily lose himself. In propitiation he bowed down before them, until, on some cold dawn, the ax or spear of flint which he had fashioned to kill his game came in sharp contact with dry wood. Sparks flew into the air. He had learned the way to light and heat.

Wandering far from his cave, in the stress of cold and storm, he felled a tree to build himself a shelter. Through many ages, with crude implements of stone and later of copper, a simple woodsman, he hewed only for his day. In an idle hour, whittling a stake, he noticed the smooth, fine grain, and the artizan was born.

WHEN the ax gave way to the saw, man-power to animal-power, and animal-power to machine-power, as the populations spread out, and the sawmill and the planing-mill came to meet the demands of men at home and abroad in war and commerce, the full purpose of the tree and man's dominion over it was accomplished.

And so for thousands of years we see these virgin forests singing their saga of utility, waiting for the hour of their final destiny. We see men come among them, with compass and with map, dividing them off into sections, laying railroads, setting up camps. We see them hewed down by expert woodsmen, drawn, protesting and lunging, up the hillsides on strong cables of steel, laid on flat cars, and taken from their homes on the mountaintop to the mill-pond.

They are lifted upon carriers, set upon by machines like steel leopards which turn them about as they are fed to great whirling disks of saws which go through one after another so quickly that one can scarcely detect their motion. Within a short half-hour a tree, fifteen hundred years old, in logs forty feet long and six feet in diameter, may be reduced to the timber for the frames of four five-room dwellings.

When the wood has been sorted, that which is to be

ARTICLE TWO

In gathering facts for this series of articles we have had the co-operation of the United States Department of Commerce, and the entire series bears the indorsement of Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of the Department

DECORATION BY M. J. GALLAGHER

used for fine interior work is put through the planing-mill, and all of it is stamped according to its quality. This grade-marking, which is one of the most important economic departures of the last few years, was instituted by President Hoover when he was Secretary of Commerce.

It protects the honest manufacturer and dealer against the competition of those who mill and handle inferior grades, passing them off as superior ones; it assures both the wholesaler and the retailer that their orders have been fulfilled; and it enables the individual builder to detect the slightest discrepancy between the grades for which he has contracted and those which have been delivered to him.

The last stage of preparing wood for the market is dry-kilning—and it is also an important one. Upon it the success of the timber industry depends, for no planing-mill, however well equipped, can remove the effects produced by poor drying, and no inspector, however expert, is able to grade quality into wood that has been abused in its seasoning.

Time was when it could be scarcely more exact than the housewife's dependence on her broom-straw for the baking of her cake. As she now has the expertly designed range that automatically turns off the heat at the right moment, so to-day the large timber companies, by perfected machinery and equipment, have mastered the problem of perfect kiln-drying.

Next we see the tree, by ship and by train, carried to ports far and wide, where it meets its final purpose that men and women may have their place in the sun, to live and to love, to dream and to toil that the wheels of progress may go on.

In this I have given but a faint glimpse of the full circle of the real life of the tree, which is the timber industry in epitome. The true picture may be had only by an intensive multiplication in which we come to thousands of square miles of trees in mountain and valley, by sea and river and lakeside; to many cities springing up at the ring of the woodsman's ax and the whir of the mill-saw and supported by them; of legions of men and machines working by day and by night; of acres of industrial plants; of the waters of many rivers harnessed to give them power; of ships and of railroads; of the ambitions of men and the travail by which they are brought to reality.

BY SUCH visions only can we comprehend the great sweep of the economic principle of supply and demand by which our dwelling-place is established.

In determining our debt of knowledge and our obligation to apply it, so that this principle may have its way, something must be learned of the trees which grow around and about us, particularly those which are in general use in the building of our homes.

For easy distinction they have been divided into two categories—the soft woods and the hard woods. In the former are the cedars, pines, redwoods, firs, and cypresses. In the latter the oaks, beeches, maples, and birches. And this does not imply that the soft woods are at all lacking in strength and durability, but that because of certain virtues in their fibers the hard woods stand up better under the tread of constant pressure.

The soft woods grow more densely in forests and are more abundant than the hard woods, and can therefore be used more commonly. They attain greater height and age and have a wider area of distribution. Of these the pine is the most common, as it is found in some one of its varieties in the New England, Atlantic, Northwestern, Far Western, Southern, and Lake States.

THE cedar, sometimes in stands by itself, but more often fraternizing with other cone-bearing trees, is found in almost every State, except in parts of the Middle West, where forestry is scarcely known.

By far the largest stands of virgin timber in this country to-day are the forests of Douglas fir, often called the "noble fir," and of spruce and cedar in Washington and Oregon, altho the fir and the spruce are found in many parts where there are extensive forests.

The oldest living things on earth, and the largest, are the redwoods, or sequoias, which are peculiar to California. They follow an indeterminate line, running from a point in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, in Mariposa and Calaveras Counties, skipping over the range to a small basin in Santa Cruz County, and on again in their final sprint to the Coast Range in Sonoma, Mendocino, and Humboldt Counties.

These trees strike into the sky at a height of more than two hundred and fifty feet. Their diameter is often twenty feet and seldom under eight. Few of them are younger than fifteen hundred years, and there are those in Mariposa County which were sturdy saplings, so it is claimed, when the foundations of the Egyptian pyramids were being laid.

The cypress, in its several species, has a range which extends from southern Delaware to Florida, across to the Gulf Coast of Texas, and north through Louisiana, Arkansas, east to the Mississippi and Tennessee, western Kentucky, and in small quantities in southern Illinois and southwestern Indiana. It also grows sparsely along the coast of California and of Maine, and in some small parts of Arizona. The hemlock and spruce and tamarack also belong to the soft-wood group, but are rarely employed in dwellings.

The hard woods seldom grow in concentrated stands. While they may cling together in woods, they are sociable by nature, mingling with their associates in field and forest and spreading their branches in shade and shelter for man and beast alike. Of these the white oak is king. His consort in utility is the red oak. Their usefulness may be said to be almost infinite.

The white oak is found in every State east of the Mississippi and in some small areas on its western reaches. Its range extends along the northern shore of Lake Huron, west of Nebraska, and also along the Ohio Valley. It appears sometimes in the Atlantic States, going as far south as Virginia, and in the Appalachian Mountains it goes southward to northern Georgia. One species abounds in Texas.

The maple, which has great durability, while a Northern tree, abounding in the New England and Lake States, grows in marketable quantities in Oregon, New York, West Virginia, and Ohio. The habitat of the birch extends from northern Minnesota, south through the Lake States, and along the coast in Delaware, and back through the mountains of Tennessee and western North Carolina. The beech, which lives among other hard woods, thrives from Maine to Florida and as far west as Arkansas, being at its best in the mountains of eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina.

Space does not permit my going into the various characteristics of these trees. Easily identifiable by their foliage and the texture of their barks, there are any number of books which facilitate the knowledge of their distinctions and differences.

Now, whatever we may know of wood will be of little use if it is not constructively applied in the building of our homes. For this specific information I went to Mr. Axel Oxholm, director of the National Committee on Wood Utilization of the United States Department of Commerce.

"This subject," he said, "is one of great interest to the millions of people who aspire to own their homes. Wherever one goes one sees sad examples of poor construction methods. Unfortunately most of us buy houses or build them on the basis of price instead of quality.

"THERE is no doubt that in America at the present time women buy the greater number of homes. And they are better buyers than the men. They have a better sense of values and are more astute bargainers. They are more eager to know something about the things which they buy.

"As the selection of the various woods in the building of the home is one of its most important problems, I am happy to give specific advice, bearing in mind that it is open to change, since taste and economy may decree that the product of the trees roundabout us is more fitted to our environment, withstands the climate better, and is more easily adapted to local conditions than that which comes from a distance. And transportation may add a hundred per cent. to the cost of materials. The aim must always be, therefore, the best possible quality for the amount of money to be spent.

"Also because the majority of those who build or buy dwellings in this country are in the comfortable income class, my advice is for those who have between $6,000 and $12,000 to spend on their homes. The specifications which I submit are, therefore, within their means.

"As no house is stronger than its foundation, the foundation, therefore, must be the first consideration. As a general rule it might be said that wood should be kept from the ground. If possible concrete should be used. Otherwise red cedar and California redwood are good, as they possess natural decay-resisting properties. Where these are not available, chemically treated lumber may be used with safety.

"For siding, Western red cedar has lasting qualities

Please turn to page 43

OUR ILLITERACY PROBLEM

BY JOHN DEWEY

This distinguished American educator suggests remedies for a national evil

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"I OPPOSE ANY CENTRALIZED CONTROL OF PUBLIC EDUCATION"

THE 1930 census is of unusual interest to educators and to students of social questions in the United States. The investigators were instructed to ascertain by definite tests the ability of those over ten to write and read. Then we shall have accurate knowledge of the extent of illiteracy in the United States. We shall also know what the effect has been of restriction of immigration, and of the campaign that has been carried on since the close of the War to teach adults to read and write.

It will not be easy to differentiate between the two causes, but it will be possible if the Government classifies illiterate adults according to the date of their entrance into the United States.

Statistics are not very interesting to most people, and yet figures are the only basis we have to go on in analyzing our situation and in forming a definite campaign for the liquidation of illiteracy. The census returns of 1920 showed about 5,000,000 illiterates, of whom 3,000,000 were native-born.

The statistics are not very reliable for two reasons. In the first place there was no personal investigation on the part of census-takers to check up the statements of those asked whether they could read or write. In the second place, ability to read or write is a vague thing. Just how much knowledge and skill constitutes ability?

Five millions is a large number, and yet reduced to a percentage of the total population it did not seem alarming. But if there was any complacency about the census result, it was shocked out of existence by the returns from the soldiers drafted for army service. The examiners in this case were not content to ask simply whether a person could read and write. They tested for ability to write a simple letter, such as a soldier would naturally want to send home, and to read simple English sentences consecutively. The results were a revelation. Twenty-five per cent. of the 1,500,000 examined could not pass the test. Of the negro soldiers 50 per cent. failed.

Part of the difference in percentage from the census report is due to the fact that the latter counted only persons over ten, so that the ratio would have been considerably over six per cent. if it had not been estimated on the basis of the total population, including the millions under that age. But the main difference was due to the fact that a genuine examination was made. Moreover even the census figures had revealed that while there was a decrease in the total percentage as measured in comparison with 1910, there was an actual increase in the number of illiterates in twelve States in the period from 1910 to 1920, most of these States, moreover, being the Northern industrial communities.

Reports from committees who investigated the whole subject concluded that by any fair standard there were probably twice as many illiterates in the country as the census of 1920 stated—namely, 10,000,000 in all. There is no ground for doubting the justice of this conclusion.

The result is distinctly appalling. It is the more so because of our pride in our public-school system, and the feeling that it is doing about all that should be expected of it. In spite of the bad showing, it would not be true to say that any great amount of public attention has been given to it, or that, aside from a few devoted persons and groups, much systematic action has been started to remedy the evil condition.

I have recently looked over library catalogs and indexes to periodicals on the subject of illiteracy. It is surprizing to find out how little has been written; there are certainly no signs that the public mind is agitated or even deeply stirred.

The reasons for this indifference on the part of the general public lie on the surface. Because of the social condition and status of the illiterates, they attract little attention and arouse little emotion. They are, largely, illiterate because they live outside the social currents in which the more fortunate among us live. They fall for the most part into three classes.

THERE are those, mostly native whites, who live in sparsely settled communities. Not only are schools few and poor, but there is little contact with the more active parts of the country. There is little in their lives or in their relations to the rest of the nation to call attention to them, except as they occasionally furnish picturesque literary material.

Then there are the foreign immigrants, who live mostly in the larger industrial centers. They work in factories; they have little intercourse with the older part of the population and little social contact except with their bosses and fellow employees. There is nothing dramatic or sensational about them. By the 1920 census there were more illiterates in New York State than in any other State of the Union. In view of its larger population this fact is perhaps not surprizing. But it calls attention in a striking way to the way in which a large group of the foreign-born is submerged in our modern industrial life.

The negro illiterates form the third large class. It is a shock to read in the census reports that native-born illiterates outnumber the foreign-born. The explanation of course is found in the large group of native-born negroes who have not enjoyed the facilities of schooling.

Negro illiteracy is only one part of the whole negro problem in this country. Unless there was a general negro question, social, economic, and political, there would be no such excess of negro illiterates as now exists. Racial prejudice, fear of racial equality, dread lest education would render the black population "upstarts" who would clamor for the use of the vote, and make them less tractable as cheap labor, are definite factors in maintaining a large illiteracy in our black population.

Educational facilities in the South for negroes are increasing; some States have made notable advances. But I see no prospect of a concerted move to wipe out negro illiteracy which does not start from serious consideration of the fundamental aspects of the race question.

I SHALL have to appeal to figures again. They are dry reading, but they illuminate the situation as nothing else can do. There are seventeen States that maintain separate schools for negroes. The illiteracy of negroes in these States ranges from 12½ per cent. to 38½ per cent., much larger in every case than that of the whites.

The average cost of the schooling of the blacks in these States is $10 per capita, while almost three times that sum ($29) is spent on each white pupil. There are forty-four negro children to a teacher, as against a little over thirty among the whites. The school year for the latter averages thirty days longer than for the former. About two-thirds of the negro pupils are in the first three grades, as against less than one-half of the white pupils.

Less school time, more pupils to a teacher, poorer buildings and equipment, more poorly paid and therefore less well-equipped teachers, children leaving school when they have received only the rudiments of teaching—these are the factors that control the present situation and that make for greater illiteracy among the blacks.

In almost every phase of this problem we find ourselves in a vicious circle. Illiteracy breeds illiteracy. Parents without education are just those who are indifferent to it for their children as a rule. They lack both ambition and financial means. Moreover, as the survey just made of rural white, industrial immigrants and negroes so clearly shows, those conditions of social isolation that cause illiteracy also serve to prevent it from becoming a vital issue for those who are privileged.

Illiteracy does not make the direct social appeal that is aroused by illness, insanity, obvious destitution, or the other causes that evoke philanthropic action and public care. It is very hard to get emotional or excite emotion in others about the illiterates. They are not crippled or in bed or acutely suffering in some way that marks them off from others.

Nevertheless it ought not to be necessary to put up an argument in behalf of organized activity, public and private, to wipe out illiteracy. It is doubtful whether there is any other one evil from which society as a whole suffers so much as from this plague-spot of ignorance. Moreover it is remediable by direct attack, which is more than can be said for most of our other evils. Being able to read and write is not by any means the same thing as being

Please turn to page 65

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Asparagus	Mock Turtle
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Bouillon	Ox Tail
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The insidious thing about this unforgivable social fault is that you, yourself, never know when you have it; the victim simply cannot detect it.

Remember, also, that anyone is likely to be troubled, since conditions capable of causing halitosis arise frequently in even normal mouths.

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*Though safe to use in any body cavity, full strength Listerine kills even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds (fastest time accurately recorded by science).

A NEW FLOOR AND COLORFUL ACCESSORIES WILL DO WONDERS TO YOUR OLD BATHROOM

BEAUTY IN THE BATHROOM

BY ETHEL DAVIS SEAL

ALTHO beautiful bathrooms are very much in vogue, it isn't every one who starts with a spick-and-span bathroom gorgeous in rose or green tile and with every accessory to match. Many of us have old houses with old bathrooms, and everybody knows just how unsightly an old bathroom can be. Many more of us have bathrooms a bit more modern, but since they are well along in their teens, they've grown shabby and out of date in appearance, and very much in need of some bright ideas to distract attention from their outmoded fixtures.

Even many five-year-old bathrooms have begun to look a bit institutional in their white tiles and general lack of gay smartness, and our discontent is intensified by seeing so many alluring and colorful bathroom-schemes on every side—schemes quite elaborate and pretentious enough to make us realize our old bathrooms are hopelessly out of style.

When I first bought this present old house of mine no one could have had a more discouraging problem in bathrooms than I had. Some attempt had been made to modernize the main bathroom, in that the fixtures were only of a ten-year-old style, but the room was small and frankly hideous, with a very high ceiling which made its six-by-six dimensions look like a veritable chimney.

There were further complications found in the match-board wainscot, in a huge built-on wall-cupboard fully seven feet high, too large for bathroom supplies and not sufficiently dust-proof for linens, and, funny as it may seem, there was a built-out contraption which had once been a dumb-waiter, and had since been made into a closet.

I mention all these discouraging details so you will see there must be plenty of vision to tackle some equally difficult enigma of your own. And while I planned to do my best for this bathroom, my hopes were not great for the final result, since its size could not be increased except by taking out the two cupboards. This, of course, I did at once, and then I proceeded to give the bathroom as quiet and cool an effect as I could, for in this way alone could I hope to gain the appearance of space.

The room was given a five-foot wainscot of seafoam-green tile, banded at the top by one row of black to harmonize with the black floor of tiny hexagonal tiles. New fixtures, including a built-in tub, were installed, since I could use the old fixtures to replace the Victorian types which dominated another bathroom on the next floor. The plaster wall above the green tile was painted in a pale pistachio-green, a tone or two lighter than the tiles themselves.

THE door-molding and the window-trim, of flat four-inch wood, were enameled black; the door was of old ivory to match the adjoining hall. The tall window was glass-curtained in white voile over a white window-shade, and, hung just within the black trim, there were draw-curtains of seafoam-green glazed chints, unfigured, and made very simply to be pulled together at night.

A very beautifully etched-mirror medicine-cabinet was installed. A plain green rug was laid on the floor. Some green glass bottles, some pine bath-salts of irresistible jade, and an oval green hamper with a botany-print completed the accessories, for there must be very, very few of these in such a truly small room. But my Turkish towels, with the design in white on the green ground, supplied quite decoratively the pattern interest the scheme required.

With such a chaste bathroom to my credit, I felt that the large bathroom up-stairs could be just as startling as I cared to make it. Also I was determined to pare its expense down to the minimum. After the fixtures were replaced by those which had been discarded down-stairs, and the hardwood floor patched up and given a dark water-proof finish, I took stock, and found that by painting the wooden wainscot a bright and light jade-green, all I should need were curtains for one window and paper for the upper walls.

Much depended on this wall-paper, so I shopped for the most brilliant and colorful one I could find. It was largely and closely patterned with modernistic shapes in jade-green, yellow, orange, red, violet-blue, and black on a pale putty-colored ground, and it furnished a stunning effect in combination with the jade-green wainscot and woodwork.

The window draw-curtains were made of jade washable vegetable taffeta, with glass-curtains of white voile. The towels and bath-mat were yellow, the rug a plain soft red-orange. Costing less than fifty dollars entire, this bathroom has caused much favorable comment, and has cheered many a weary guest.

BUT perhaps one of the biggest problems in bathroom beautification is when no structural changes are wanted or needed, and the bathroom is just one of those nondescript white affairs which have ceased to look hygienic, and which most assuredly do not look smart. Not long ago I did over just such a bathroom. I painted the upper walls a rich apricot, with structural woodwork to match. The small high window was given a cornice-board painted peacock blue-green and accented with gold in its scallops. Since this window was recessed, a scalloped shelf was provided to match the cornice, and on this were placed a vanity-box and some bottles.

The curtains were of a Victorian glazed chints, with gay pinkish posies well-nigh covering the very pale blue-green ground. Just below this window there was set the small green hamper, accented with gold, and antiqued. On each side of the window was hung a very narrow wall-shelf, done to match the cornice and shelf. The bath-stool was given a padded covering of glazed chints in the same pattern as that used for the curtains, but in a reversed coloring, caused by the background being pale apricot instead of pale green.

The shower-curtain was striped almost invisibly in two-toned soft turquoise; the rug was oval and hooked, and showed the same colors and posies found in the chints. A pleated shade of apricot-color was used on the bracket-light over the wash-stand. From a characterless spot this bathroom was coaxed into distinction at once by this scheme.

Except for the occasional guest bathroom tucked up under the eaves, which may be as cheerful and startling as heart can desire, it is best to choose cool, summery schemes for bathrooms—schemes which are refreshing as well as calmly delightful, schemes suggesting the refreshment of clear water, be it of ocean or pool, and clear sky, whether of dawn, noon, sundown, or dusk. Hence the pale blue-greens and green-blues, the tones of rose, peach, and apricot, the lavenders and mauves and silver, which are so suitable for bathrooms in general.

It is in any of these tones that the pictured bathroom might be schemed, but it was in lavender that it was particularly lovely. The wainscot was of that synthetic tiling which can be painted, and it was changed at once from an unpleasant, drab-looking cream to a pale clear tone of mauve. The upper walls were done in a real lavender considerably deeper, and silver stars were stenciled, hit or miss, on this lilac-toned field.

The floor was covered with a black jaspéd linoleum; the curtains were made of one of the lilac water-proof materials, and the dressing-table was covered and flounced in this. The wall-shelves and the stool and the mirror-frames were done in silver paint; the stool was cushioned in lavender banded in black. The towels, rugs, and many of the accessories were in tones of lavender; other accessories were in silver and black.

Peach-colored bathrooms are lovely, and this suggested bathroom could be carried out equally well in peach, silver, and black. If desired, the curtains might be of a peach-grounded chints patterned with flowers; and if there is a white-tiled wainscot and a white floor, the rug can be black and gray, with touches of the room's predominant color. When the wainscot is of wood it had better be painted the deeper tone of the chosen color, while the upper walls may be a few tones lighter.

When paper is to be used it should be gaily figured, but not in a "bedroomy" fashion. It had better be conventionally treated, and quite full of what we call character; otherwise the bathroom will look fussy. Oftentimes the most effective wall-papers are found in those not designed for bathroom use, and when necessary these may be waterproofed after they are put on the walls. This is necessary, of course, when there is no wainscot to catch flying drops.

Color which is well planned, plus beautiful accessories, may completely distract the attention from gloomy bathrooms, old-fashioned bathrooms, and bathrooms of cramped size. No one need have an unsightly bathroom, for any one of these suggested prescriptions will result in a spick-and-span bathroom quite gorgeous to behold.

Photo by Mayer-Kuck

THE HOSTESS'S MARK OF GRACE IS SHOWN IN HER TABLE APPOINTMENTS AS WELL AS IN HER FOOD

NEW PARTY MENUS

Orange bread, corn-stuffed tomatoes, and rolled watercress sandwiches are novelties in these luncheons

BY LOUISE BURTON

GREATER elegance has come into every phase of present-day living. Table-settings as well as menus have a new dignity and graciousness. Service-plates that are copied from delicate 18th century patterns, lustrous table-linens, silver and glassware—combined with delicious foods—make hospitality a thing of beauty.

HONEY DEW MELON WITH LIME
FRIED CHICKEN CREAM GRAVY
HOT BISCUIT STRING-BEANS GRAPE JELLY
TOMATO QUARTERS WITH FRENCH DRESSING
PEPPERMINT ICE-CREAM LITTLE FROSTED CAKES
NUTS COFFEE CANDIES

Fried Chicken

DRESS, clean, and cut up a fowl. Roll in flour, to which a little salt and pepper have been added. Heat a small amount of fat in a frying-pan and put in the chicken. Brown lightly on one side, turn over and brown on the other side. Remove from the fat, place in a roasting-pan, cover, and put in a slow oven until ready to use. Remove the chicken, and brown 1 tablespoonful of flour in the fat which is left in the bottom of the roasting-pan (about 2 tablespoonfuls). Add 1 pint of cream, heat thoroughly until thickened, and serve with the chicken

String-Beans

REMOVE the strings from the beans and cut in small strips lengthwise. Cook in boiling salted water until tender (about 30 minutes). Drain the water from the beans and place in pan with butter. Heat slightly with the butter, and shake the pan so that the butter will coat the beans. Keep hot in a double boiler until ready to serve.

Peppermint Ice-Cream

1 Pint Heavy Cream
1 Pint Milk or Plain Cream
½ Pound Peppermint-stick Candy, Crushed
½ Teaspoonful Mint-extract

DISSOLVE the crushed peppermint candy in the milk or plain cream and add the flavoring. Whip the heavy cream and add to the peppermint and light cream. Freeze. A few drops of red vegetable coloring may be added to make the ice-cream a deeper shade of pink. Garnish with broken peppermint candy.

CRAB-MEAT IN ASPIC JELLY NASTURTIUM GARNISH
LAMB-CHOPS MINT ICE BACON-STRIPS
POTATO-PUFFS BAKED TOMATOES STUFFED SALLY LUNN
LETTUCE SALAD CHIFFONADE DRESSING
INDIVIDUAL BLACKBERRY PIES WHIPPED CREAM
MINTS ICED COFFEE SALTED NUTS

Crab-Meat in Aspic Jelly

2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin
¼ Cupful Cold Stock
1 Cupful Hot Stock
½ Cupful Chilli Sauce
2 Tablespoonfuls Lemon-juice
2 Chopped Pickles
1 Pound Crab-meat
1 Cupful Celery, Diced
Salt
2 Drops Tabasco Sauce

SOAK the gelatin in the cold stock. Add the hot stock and stir until dissolved. Cool slightly, and add the chilli sauce, tabasco sauce, lemon-juice, and salt to taste. Cool until the mixture begins to thicken, and add the chopped pickles, celery, and crab-meat. Place in individual molds and set in the ice-box to harden. Serve garnished with lettuce, watercress, or nasturtium leaves. Bouillon cubes may be substituted for stock.

Potato-Puffs

2 Cupfuls Riced Potato
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Milk or Cream
Salt and Pepper

STIR the butter into the potatoes; add the eggs, beaten until foamy, and then the cream. Season to taste with the salt and pepper. Beat well and drop by spoonfuls 2 inches apart on a greased pan. Bake in a quick oven until brown, and serve hot.

Baked Tomatoes Stuffed with Corn

6 Large Tomatoes
Chopped Onion
2 Cupfuls Cooked Corn
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
½ Teaspoonful Pepper
Salt

WASH and dry the tomatoes, cut off the tops, and with a small spoon scoop part of the inside into a bowl. Sprinkle the inside of the tomatoes with the salt and a little of the chopped onion. Mix the corn with the tomato-pulp, grated cheese, and butter. Season with the salt and pepper and fill the tomato-shells with the mixture. Place in a baking-dish with a little water, and bake until the tomato-shells are tender. Serve with a sprig of parsley in the top of each tomato.

Please turn to page 64

New Fashions for your Skin

by MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II

A personage of captivating charm and distinction, Mrs. Adrian Iselin II is the brilliant leader of one of the most exclusive coteries in New York. Here she is dressed for the summer races, in black and white chiffon, a Paquin model, with Reboux hat of satin-trimmed black Milan, both by Hattie Carnegie.

"NEW FASHIONS for your skin, to go with the new fashions in frocks. When fashions change, our faces must change, too!

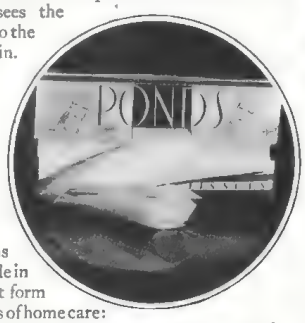
"Yesterday the keynote was smartness. Today it is charm . . . loveliness, romance, the fascination of the eternal feminine. White shoulders gleaming in the ballroom . . . fair faces shadowed under the new wide hats . . . skin fine as silk, lustrous as pearls, delicately tinted as flowers.

"Sun-tan? Yes, if you really must—but guard the fragile texture of your skin with utmost care! For sun-tan as a fad is passing. From the smartest bathing beach in Europe, Deauville, comes this dictum, *Three things a beautiful woman has which are white: her skin, her teeth and her hands.* So—let us take care!

Skin fine as Silk

"Everyone returning from Paris tells of the extraordinary pains that the Famous Forty who set the fashions are taking to keep their skin dazzlingly fine and fair. And smart American women are following the lead of these chic Parisiennes. On the tennis courts at Piping Rock; watching the polo at Narragansett Pier; taxi-ing by airplane between New York and Newport, as they all do constantly; at Bailey's Beach; at the Beach Casino at Southampton; at the Saratoga races; on the yachts at the Cup Defender trial races—everywhere one sees the importance given to the protection of the skin.

"I myself always use Pond's four famous preparations because they provide in the simplest, purest form these four essentials of home care:



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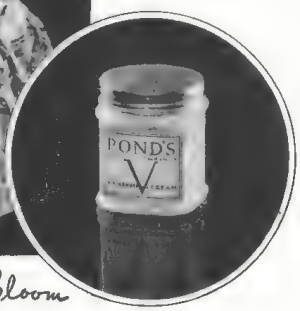
"To give that alabaster look of utter daintiness . . . Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, safe, super-absorbent for removing all the cream and dirt.

Fresh Natural Color

"To assure fresh natural color, Pond's Skin Freshener . . . which banishes oiliness and shine and keeps the skin young.

"To bestow a peach-bloom finish . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream, so delicate that only the daintiest film is needed for powder base and all-important protection from sun and wind. And this Vanishing Cream is precious, too, to keep your hands smooth and white.



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Photos by Mayer-Kuck

HEAPED HIGH WITH ICE-CREAM OR WHIPPED CREAM AND SURROUNDED WITH LUSCIOUS FRUIT

FOOD FOR THE GODS

Many varieties of angel-cake may be achieved by a few changes in a single basic recipe

BY
MARGERY OLIVER BEEM

COOL, fluffy, meltingly good to eat, what more perfect cake for Summer days than angel-food? What attractive one-piece desserts can be made just by filling the center with fresh, luscious fruits and ice-creams, or serving with pudding sauces and delicate custards made from left-over egg yolks? Surely angel-food cakes contribute too much to Summer menus to allow ourselves to be held back by the outworn theory that "angel-food cakes are difficult to make."

Any One Can Learn to Make Angel-Food

UNDENIABLY, people *do* make more perfect angel-food cakes the second or third time, just as they make better mashed potatoes the second or third time. For the secret of successful angel-food is in the putting together of ingredients. They must be combined *completely*, else the cake-texture will be uneven, coarse. But they must, above all else, be combined *gently*, else the air will be stirred or jarred out of the beaten egg whites, and the result will be a soggy cake. For an angel-food cake that cuts into 10 to 12 average pieces use:

1 Cupful Sifted Cake Flour (Resift 4 Times)
1¼ Cupful Fine Sugar (Sifted)
1¼ Cupful Chilled Egg Whites
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Teaspoonful Almond Extract

SIFT half the sugar and all the flour together. This makes the flour fold into the whites more easily. Sift the salt and cream of tartar over the egg whites, and whip with a rotary egg-beater till the whites are stiff but *not dry*. Caution: Don't tap the egg-beater on the side of the dish to knock off the last bit of egg white, as this knocks some of the air out of the whites.

Now begins the important folding process. Sift and fold in the remaining sugar gently, about 2 tablespoonfuls at a time. (Be careful to use the correct folding motion in which the spoon goes down, across, up over, and down again, with the spoon always parallel to the bowl.) Next add gradually the flour-and-sugar mixture, using the same gentle folding motion, then the flavoring. Pour the batter gently into an ungreased angel-food pan, with a tube in the center.

Put into a slow oven, 325 degrees F.—never hotter than 350. Bake for an hour. (The oven-door should not be opened until at least the last quarter of this period.) Remove and turn the cake-pan upside down, with an air-space underneath, until the cake is cold.

Many Cakes from One

FOR variety in your Summer-time desserts, use this basic angel-food recipe, with different icings and flavorings. To make a chocolate angel-food, add ⅔ cupful of cocoa to the flour and sugar. For orange angel-food, flavor the batter with grated orange-rind, and ice with orange icing, pistachio icing and flavoring, coconut icing, spiced icing, or fresh raspberry icing.

Angel Snowballs

BREAK pieces of angel-food cake with two forks into pieces about 2 inches square. Roll in cooked icing, then in grated coconut. These individual angel-food cakes are equally delicious iced in butter icing and rolled in chopped almonds.

Dessert Ensembles with Angel-Food

IF YOU want ease of serving, plus a professional appearance, try some of the following combinations of angel-food filled with ice-cream, frozen puddings, or fruit combinations. If the opening in the center of your angel-food is not large enough, it can easily be clipped to the size you want with a pair of sharp-pointed scissors.

Chocolate-Mint Angel-Food

CHOCOLATE-MINT icing makes a different thing of angel-food. To make this use your favorite boiled icing, flavor with peppermint, and ice the cake. After the icing has started to harden, but before it gets quite cold, pour over it 2 ounces of melted unsweetened chocolate. Tip the cake from side to side so as to spread the chocolate in a thin layer over the icing, or spread with a spatula dipped in hot water.

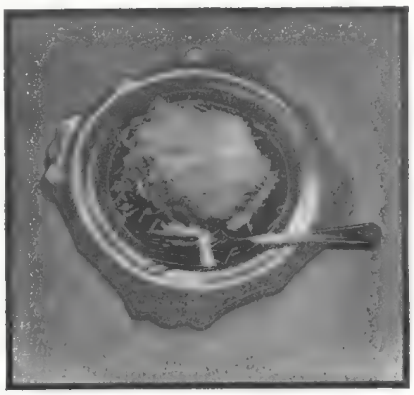
Ice-Cream and Custard Variations

ENLARGE the opening in the center of the angel-food. Ice the cake, and just before serving put it on a handsome silver tray and fill the center with vanilla ice-cream. Garnish the cake with strawberry preserves or pieces of minted pineapple. This may be varied by using half whipped cream and half ice-cream blended together just before serving. The latter makes a delightful parfait.

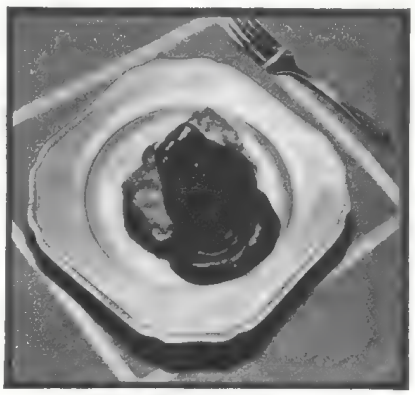
Other delicious combinations are angel-food with lemon icing, filled with mint sherbet; chocolate angel-food filled with vanilla ice-cream, almond angel-food iced, and sprinkled with chopped almonds and filled with boiled custard, made as follows:

2 Cupfuls Scalded Milk
3 Egg Yolks
¼ Cupful Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
⅛ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Tablespoonfuls Candied Fruits (Minced)

BEAT the egg yolks slightly, add the sugar and salt, then the scalded milk, stirring continuously. Cook in a double boiler, making sure that the water in the boiler is just at the simmering-point, never boiling. Chill the custard, and just before using add 1 cupful of whipped cream and 3 tablespoonfuls of chopped candied fruits. Fill the cake with the mixture; or pull off pieces of the cake with a fork and serve, using the custard as a sauce.



ANGEL-SNOWBALLS ARE A DAINTY DESSERT



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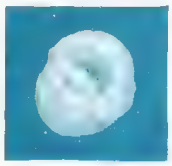

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Diamond Crystal Salt flakes melt like snowflakes the moment they touch the food. That's why Diamond Crystal Salt seasons so perfectly.

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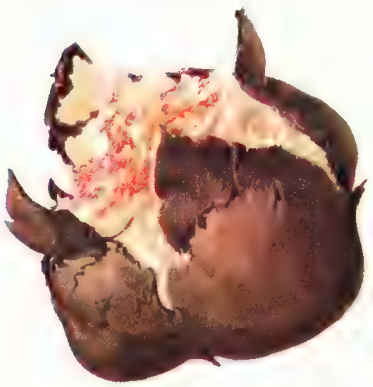

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20 MINUTES	4 MINUTES
8 INGREDIENTS	6 INGREDIENTS
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MAYONNAISE
(Eagle Brand Magic Method)

¼ cup cider vinegar — ¼ cup salad oil
⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 egg yolk (unbeaten) — 1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon salt. Few grains Cayenne

Place ingredients in a pint jar in the order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for a few minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, place jar in refrigerator to chill before using.

LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING

Usual Method Requires	Magic Method Requires
20 MINUTES	5 MINUTES
7 INGREDIENTS	4 INGREDIENTS
7 UTENSILS	5 UTENSILS

The cost of the Magic Method is approximately 6 cents less.

LEMON CREAM PIE FILLING
(Eagle Brand Magic Method)

1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind 1 lemon — 2 egg yolks

Blend together Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice and grated rind, and egg yolks. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made by beating until very stiff two egg whites and two tablespoons sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.), 12 minutes. Cool before serving.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Usual Method Requires	Magic Method Requires
15 MINUTES	6 MINUTES
8 INGREDIENTS	4 INGREDIENTS
7 UTENSILS	4 UTENSILS

The cost of the Magic Method is approximately 3 cents less.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE
(Eagle Brand Magic Method)

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
⅛ teaspoon salt — ½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and ½ cup or more hot water, depending on consistency desired.

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ENOUGH VARIETY TO SUIT EVERY ONE IS PROVIDED BY THIS PLATTER OF SUMMER-TIME FOODS

LAZY-WEATHER MEALS

BY ELLEN DUKE

DURING the warmest days of Midsummer a breeze often springs up just at supper-time. Outside in the garden or out on the back porch the air is cool and refreshing. Our simple Summer-time meal is easily carried out to the coolest, most comfortable spot. A folding table is set up and spread with flower-sprigged oilcloth or gay-colored linen. A generous-sized pitcher of sparkling fruit-juices, a tray of assorted breads and crackers, plates, silverware, glasses, and napkins are set on the table.

The main portion of the meal is served on a large silver platter or china chop-plate. As in the illustration, we usually place a bowl of mayonnaise in the center of the platter, with such foods as cheese, cold sliced tongue, crisp radishes, asparagus in pepper-rings, ripe olives, and lettuce arranged in sections around the outside. Endless other combinations are possible. We buy many things ready prepared—canned chicken, tongue, and ham that only need to be chilled and sliced. And since some of our family occasionally like to make their own favorite sandwiches from the foods on the platter, we plan to have whole-wheat bread, rye, or Graham as well as white bread and crackers at each meal.

Every one helps himself, selecting what he likes from the variety spread on the platter. Later we usually serve a dessert of fresh fruit, after which, cool and relaxed, the entire family lingers in the outdoor coolness.

Summer days seem meant for meals like these—easily prepared, attractively served, with few dishes to wash up afterward. The platter holds all the main part of the meal. On it we include enough different foods to suit the individual whims of all our family.

Five lazy-weather menus, which we have tried and enjoyed, are given here, with recipes for the dishes that may be new to you. As you try these, others will suggest themselves.

ASPARAGUS IN PEPPER-RINGS — CREAM CHEESE
SLICED TONGUE — POTATO SALAD
RADISHES — LETTUCE — MAYONNAISE — RIPE OLIVES
WHOLE-WHEAT BREAD
CHERRIES WITH ORANGE-JUICE
ICED TEA WITH MINT

Cherries with Orange-Juice

1 Pint Fresh Red Cherries — Juice 1 Orange
¼ Cupful Sugar

SEED the cherries and place them in a bowl for serving. Sprinkle with the sugar, and add the strained orange-juice. Chill for at least 2 hours.

PRESSED CHICKEN — GRAPE JELLY
PICKLED WATERMELON-RIND
SLICED TOMATOES — MAYONNAISE — LETTUCE
STUFFED EGG — NUT-BREAD
HONEY DEW MELON WITH LIME — SPICED ICED TEA

Pressed Chicken

SELECT a 3-pound chicken and dress for roasting. Place in a boiler with 1 quart of water, boiling, and let boil rapidly for a few minutes, then cook slowly until tender. Season with a little salt, celery-salt, and pepper, and cool in the water in which it has been cooked.

When cold, remove the chicken from the liquid, remove the skin, and pick the meat from the bones, keeping the white and dark meats separate. Run the white and dark meats separately through a food-chopper.

Remove fat from the liquid. Boil the liquid down until you have 2 cupfuls left, and, while still boiling, pour over 1 tablespoonful of gelatin, which has been soaking in ¼ cupful of cold water. Dissolve the gelatin, and cool slightly, and add 1 tablespoonful of lemon-juice and 2 drops of tabasco sauce.

For molding use a bread-pan coated with salad-oil. Cover the bottom of the pan with the dark meat. Moisten the remainder with half of your liquid, and press down to make a solid loaf. Add the white meat and remaining liquid and press again. Congeal in the refrigerator.

SARDINES — CELERY — GHERKINS
SLICED COLD CUTS — FROZEN HORSERADISH SAUCE
POTATO CHIPS — PIMIENTO-CHEESE CARROTS
ROLLS
RASPBERRIES WITH TEA-CAKES — ICED COFFEE

Frozen Horseradish Sauce

1 Cupful Heavy Cream — 2 Teaspoonfuls Lemon-juice
¾ Cupful Drained Horseradish — ½ Teaspoonful Salt

WHIP the cream until stiff and fold in the horseradish and the other ingredients. Freeze in cubes in an iceless refrigerator or serve without freezing.

Pimiento-Cheese Carrots

MOISTEN pimiento cheese with cream, mashing well with a fork. Add a little extra seasoning if desired. Divide the mixture into small pieces, and roll each piece into a carrot shape with butter-paddles. Stick a sprig of parsley in the top of each to represent the green part of the carrot. Chill and serve.

HAM AND VEAL LOAF
COLE-SLAW — PICKLED BEETS — CONGEALED CHEESE SALAD
BREAD AND BUTTER
MINTED WATERMELON-BALLS
GINGER LEMONADE

Ham and Veal Loaf

1½ Tablespoonful Gelatin — 2 Cupfuls Chopped Cooked Ham
1½ Cupful Veal-stock — 1 Cupful Chopped Cooked Veal
2 Cooked Eggs — 6 Tablespoonfuls Mayonnaise
Parsley

SOAK the gelatin in ¼ cupful of the cold veal-stock. Heat the remainder of the stock and add to the gelatin. Coat the inside of a mold with the cold stock, and arrange the cold sliced eggs and parsley in design. Add a little more stock, and allow to set. When the rest of the stock starts to thicken slightly add the remaining ingredients and pour carefully into the mold. Chill and serve with a mayonnaise dressing.

Congealed Cheese Salad

1 Pound American Cheese — ½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Milk — 1 Teaspoonful Worcestershire Sauce
2 Tablespoonfuls Gelatin — 1 Small Can Pimiento, Chopped
½ Cupful Cold Water — 15 Drops Tabasco Sauce
1 Small Bottle Olives, Chopped — 1 Cupful Chopped Nuts

SCALD the milk and pour over the gelatin, which has soaked in the cold water. Dissolve the gelatin thoroughly, and add the grated cheese and the other ingredients. Stir with a spoon until smooth and well mixed. Mold in a 1-pound baking-powder can. When congealed slice and serve with mayonnaise on lettuce.

Minted Watermelon-Balls

SCOOP out the watermelon in balls or cut in cubes. Chill thoroughly, and when ready to serve pour over the melon a sauce of strained orange-juice in which fresh mint has been crushed. Garnish with a sprig of mint.

SLICED CORNED BEEF — STUFFED TOMATOES WITH CREAM CHEESE
CUCUMBERS — SALTINES — PICKLED ONIONS
DATE-CRYSTALS — FRUIT PUNCH

Date-Crystals

3 Eggs — 1½ Teaspoonful Baking-powder
1 Cupful Sugar — 1 Cupful Chopped Dates
1 Cupful Sifted Flour — 1 Cupful Chopped Nuts
¼ Teaspoonful Salt

SIFT and measure the flour and sift three times with the baking-powder. Beat the eggs until foamy. Add the sugar and salt to the eggs, and continue beating until thoroughly mixed. Stir in the sifted flour and baking-powder mixture. Toss the dates and nuts in the flour until coated and add to the batter.

Line the bottom of a pan with paper, and grease the paper and sides of the pan. Bake in a moderate oven. When done, cool, cut in strips, roll in powdered sugar.

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make
8 BOTTLES
of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

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Make Hires Root Beer at home

THINK of it—this delicious beverage for only 1½c a bottle. What a saving compared to what you usually pay!

A wonderful flavor—refreshing, invigorating. Yet not costly. One of the very finest beverages at a fraction of the usual price.

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If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

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Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

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Please print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

Photo by Mayer-Kuck

GARNISHES AND SAUCES OF INFINITE VARIETY GIVE SUBTLE AND PIQUANT FLAVORS

FISH WITH FOREIGN FRILLS

BY FLORENCE TAFT EATON

NEW and unique flavorings, different modes of dressing and preparing, in fact even such a small affair as a new garnish or service, often make over the ordinary fish-dish into an entirely different affair. Most of the recipes I am giving you are ones which I brought home from France, where the cooks are famous for their delicious fish sauces and unusual seasonings.

Fish Fillets Piquant

LAY the slice or fillet in a shallow baking-dish, the bottom of which is strewn with fine crums. Pour over the fish the following sauce:

A tablespoonful each of vinegar, lemon-juice, and Worcestershire sauce; ½ cupful of melted butter, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. Combine smoothly, pour over the fish, and baste several times. Bake in a hot oven. Garnish with thin slices of lemon.

Halibut, Hotel Goring, London

FILLETS of halibut are dipped in beaten egg, then in crums, and sautéed or broiled. Arrange on a platter; pour around them a golden sauce (cream sauce poured over the beaten yolk of an egg) in which are a few chopped stuffed olives and a coarsely diced firm but ripe tomato. Lay a thin slice of lemon on each fillet. Sprinkle with minced parsley.

Smelts, Piquant Garnish

DRESSED smelts are dipped in seasoned meal and sautéed until crisp and brown. They are arranged symmetrically in a close row on a hot platter and garnished with a wreath arranged as follows: Slice very thin 2 small firm tomatoes, a cucumber, and 2 small white onions, and arrange in mounds, using 1 slice of each of the 3 vegetables to a mound. Sprinkle with highly seasoned French dressing, and top with minced parsley.

Baked Fish, Toulouse

I'M SURE I don't know what sort of fish was served in the following way in the little French pension. I have adapted the recipe to the inexpensive but delicious haddock. A 3-pound fish is dressed, the head and tail removed, and the fish dredged with salt and pepper. It is laid on fine crums in a greased, shallow baking-dish, and sprinkled thickly with crums and dots of butter.

A peeled tomato is cut into 8 sections and is laid in a row lengthwise the fish. Each section is sprinkled with pepper, salt, sugar, and a bit of butter or finely minced salt pork. The whole is set in a hot oven until richly browned and the fish well cooked. Garnish with cress or parsley and serve in the same dish.

Broiled Whole Fish with Savory Cooked Garnish

BROIL any preferred fish, and surround with a garnish of thick slices of fried tomato and small browned button onions.

Halibut Piquant

BOIL 1¼ pound of halibut in water enough to cover, adding ½ of a small onion and a small carrot, both minced; a bit of bay-leaf, and a liberal amount of salt. Drain, flake the fish coarsely, put in a shallow greased baking-dish, and pour over it a rich cream sauce in which sharp cheese has been melted. Cover the top with buttered crums and brown lightly. Just before serving pour catchup delicately over the top in a pattern.

Accompany with a salad of cooked and chilled celery-hearts, cut lengthwise in halves or quarters, and serve very cold with French dressing.

"Different" Garnishes

ALTERNATE slices of lemon and thinly sliced small tomatoes topped with stuffed olive make a very gay garnish. Lemon slices dipped in minced parsley alternated with slices of lemon dredged with paprika are also very effective.

Thin slices of cucumber dipped in French dressing and sprinkled with parsley and paprika respectively look especially pretty arranged alternately in an overlapping circle around a platter of fish.

Small tomatoes, hollowed out and stuffed with diced and dressed cucumber or celery at each end of a platter of broiled, baked, or fried pan-fish, and green sweet-pepper rings filled with sauce tartare at each side, make an easily prepared and most ornamental French garnish. Serve a tomato with each portion of fish. If you prefer, the tomatoes, filled with any liked savory combination, may be baked and served as a hot vegetable instead of as a garnish.

Fish Baked with Cream

FOR this select a delicate white fish. Lay it on fine crums strewn on a well-greased, shallow baking-dish. Sprinkle with salt and a dash of pepper, and cover with stewed and highly seasoned tomato. Top with very thin slices of white onion. Dot with butter, bake in a hot oven until the fish will just flake, and then pour over all 2 cupfuls of cream. Set back in the oven for a few minutes, basting with the cream. There should be enough cream and tomato to make a sauce. Serve on the same platter.

FOREIGN SAUCES FOR FISH

Sauce Torquay

POUR a cupful of cream sauce over the beaten yolk of an egg. Stir and add ½ cupful of white grapes, and serve immediately around the fish.

Piquant Sauce for Boiled Fish

MAKE a cream sauce in the double boiler. When cooked and thickened add ½ cupful of grated cheese, and stir until the cheese is melted. Whip a minute with the egg-beater, and serve.

Sauce Marie

ONE cupful of top-milk in the double boiler, thicken with 2 tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour melted together with a dash of Cayenne and mustard, salt (to taste), and a salt-spoonful of curry—if your family likes the flavor. Stir until thick and smooth. Add 2 beaten egg yolks, cook, stirring a minute more, add a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and serve very hot. Add a small quantity of boiling water or milk if too thick.

Keep Stomach in shape *this way..*

urges Norwegian Authority

Dr. J. E. Bruusgaard says, "I have used fresh Yeast for years"

HERE is friendly advice from the head of a famous clinic . . . Prof. Dr. Johan Edwin Bruusgaard, of the great State Hospital in Oslo, Norway!

Dr. Bruusgaard is an honored member of the most exclusive medical societies in Europe. He says:

"In my practice I have employed fresh yeast over the course of many years.

"Yeast keeps the stomach in good condition," he explains. "It stimulates the intestines and corrects constipation.

"Fresh yeast," he adds, "contains valuable vitamins necessary for health."

Leading doctors everywhere now trace many stomach troubles to an unhealthy condition lower down . . . to the backing up of poisons from clogging food wastes.

Fleischmann's Yeast corrects that condition. It actually "tones up" the sluggish bowel muscles, till they function normally. Poisons are gently cleared away. Secretion of gastric juices is stimulated. Healthy digestion is restored.

Try this sensible way to check indigestion! Watch appetite grow and energy return as Fleischmann's Yeast purifies your system!

Remember—Fleischmann's Yeast is a food and must be eaten regularly . . . 3 times a day. You can get it at grocers', restaurants and soda fountains. Directions are printed on the label.

Physicians cite Yeast Benefits:

The famous Italian nutrition authority, DR. CHERUBINI, explains: "Yeast performs the double and wonderful rôle of aiding two body functions—assimilation and elimination."

Europe's outstanding stomach specialist, DR. DELORT, says: "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the gastric and intestinal movements. It is a very effective way of treating digestive ills."

PROF. DR. BRANDWEINER, head of well-known Vienna clinic, says: "A good fresh yeast will keep the digestive processes active and the intestinal canal free of the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin."

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Her experience bore out what great doctors say

(BELOW) "I was always bothered with indigestion," writes Miss Jeanne Johnson of Los Angeles. "Then I noticed a lot of the peppiest girls at school ate Fleischmann's Yeast. I tried it—and my indigestion was forgotten. My complexion improved, too."

(BELOW) "When I returned from the War I couldn't eat without indigestion," writes Willard Davis of Atlanta, Ga. "I heard about Fleischmann's Yeast, tried it, and soon lost my sluggishness and indigestion."

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

SHEER LOVELINESS

Sparkling, iridescent glass catches and reflects every rainbow hue of light that comes its way

THE bathroom or dressing-table which has these lovely glass bottles can well afford to boast of the motto "A place for everything and everything in its place." Their transparency readily tells you when they need replenishing, and in this same glass you will find beautiful flower-bowls, glasses, and other table accessories.

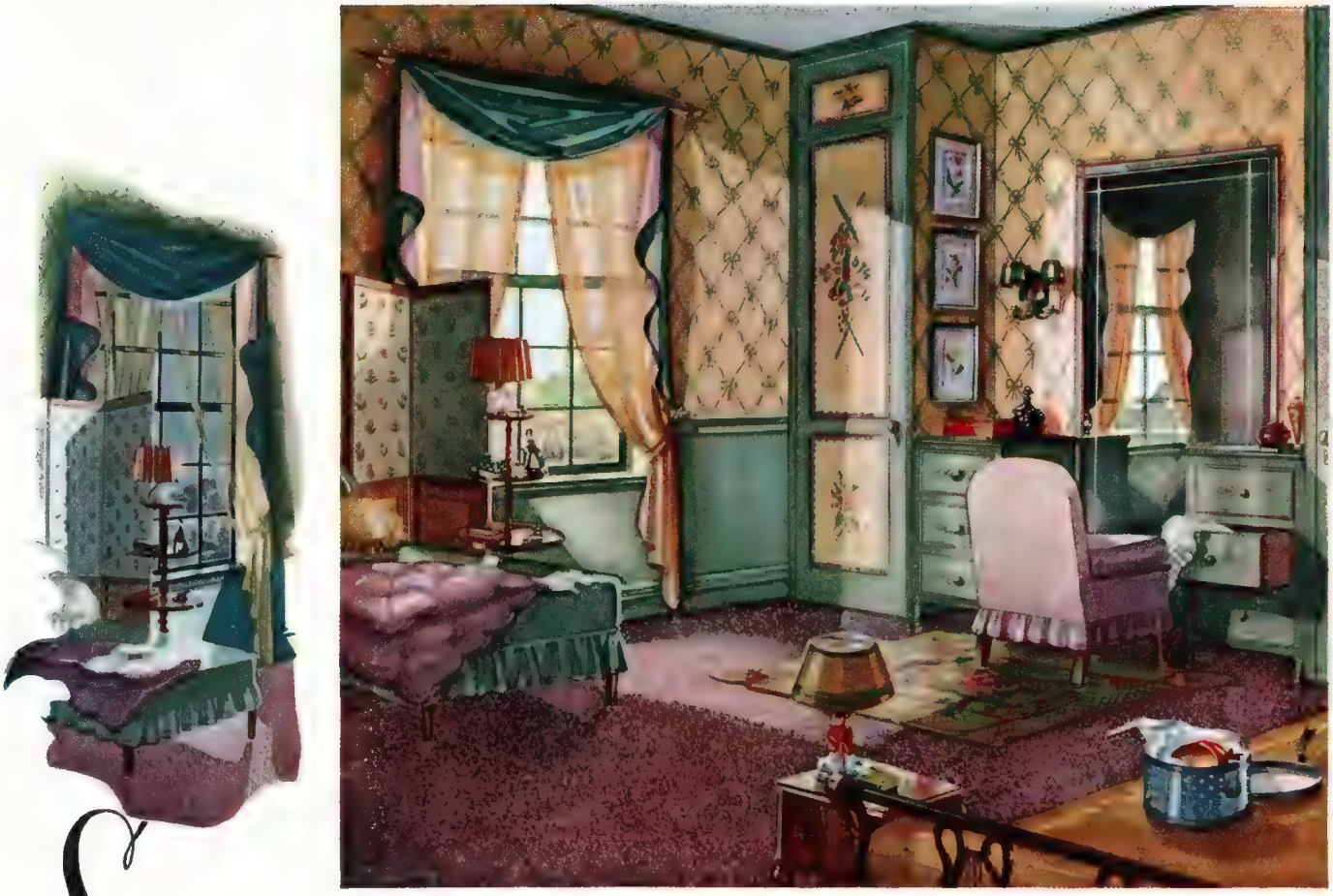
WHOSE spirit wouldn't rise on finding the morning fruit in a delicately tinted, translucent bowl sparkling with the least glimmer of sunshine? Wouldn't the dinner or luncheon salad seem twice as choice if served in a glass bowl especially designed for it? Even water would be doubly appealing if served in shimmering, soft-toned glasses or tall goblets. Glass candlesticks to harmonize with your other pieces add emphasis to the soft glow of candles.

TRULY proud is the hostess who welcomes her guests to a table laid completely with this ebony and crystal. There are black compotes for your bonbons, and tiny ebony-footed crystal cups for nuts or mints, crystal plates for the main course, and ebony for the salad. Vases should be larger at the top than at the bottom to allow the flowers to breathe. This one is correctly designed and has a charming originality.

Steuben glass, courtesy Corning Glass Works — Photos by Mayer-Kuck

Glass, courtesy A. H. Heisey & Co.

Glass, courtesy Fostoria Glass Co.



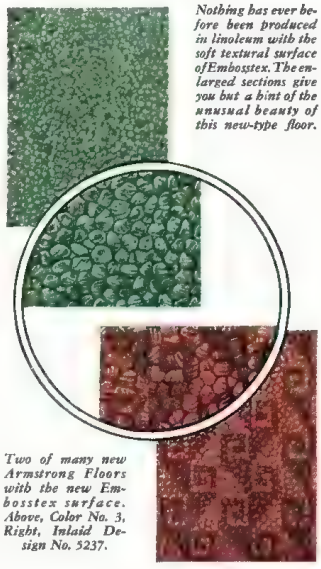
You can make your bedroom restful from your first step into it if you start your decoration with an Embosstex Linoleum Floor. Its soft, delicate texture is almost magical in effect. Color shown is lavender No. 2.

SLUMBERTIME FLOORS
that mirror the moonlight's magic

WOULD you like to spread a fairy carpet in that dream room of yours? One that captures the wistful colors of Crinoline days—yet never, never hints of old-fashioned cleaning care? Then next time you are in a linoleum, department, or furniture store, ask to see Embosstex Linoleum—the newest creation of Armstrong designers.

Embosstex has a soft, delicate, almost magical surface. Watch it under the play of moonlight or lamplight if you want to catch its full, restful beauty. Still, when the sun shines his cheery "Good morning!" through your windows, the textured embossing reflects plenty of snap and sparkle to help you start your day right.

And that day need not be spent any more doing heavy floor-cleaning tasks! For the beauty of your new Armstrong's Embosstex Floor is protected by the spot-proof Accolac-Processed surface. This surface dusts clean as easily as a chair or table. Occasionally you wax it lightly, then polish. Or simply renew the surface when needed with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Our laboratory experts tell us not to lacquer over wax.)



Nothing has ever before been produced in linoleum with the soft textural surface of Embosstex. The enlarged sections give you but a hint of the unusual beauty of this new-type floor.

Two of many new Armstrong Floors with the new Embosstex surface. Above, Color No. 3, Right, Inlaid Design No. 5237.

A word about the way your new Armstrong Floor will be installed. First it's trimly tailored to snuggle tight to every nook and cranny. Then it's firmly cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. No gaping seams, no splinters or dirt-collecting cracks. The job is quick; the floor permanent—foot-easy, warm, colorful, for years to come.

This is the happy story of just one of the many new fashionable floor effects now offered in Armstrong's Linoleum. Hazel Dell Brown's latest book, *"New Ideas in Home Decoration"* will tell you of others, will show you all types of Armstrong Floors in all types of well appointed rooms. May we send you a copy? It also brings you a free offer of Mrs. Brown's expert help in planning your own interiors. Just enclose 10¢ for mailing costs when you write to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Div., 932 President Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's (A) *Product*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

PLAIN . . . INLAID . . . EMBOSSED . . . JASPÉ . . . ARABESQ . . . PRINTED . . . *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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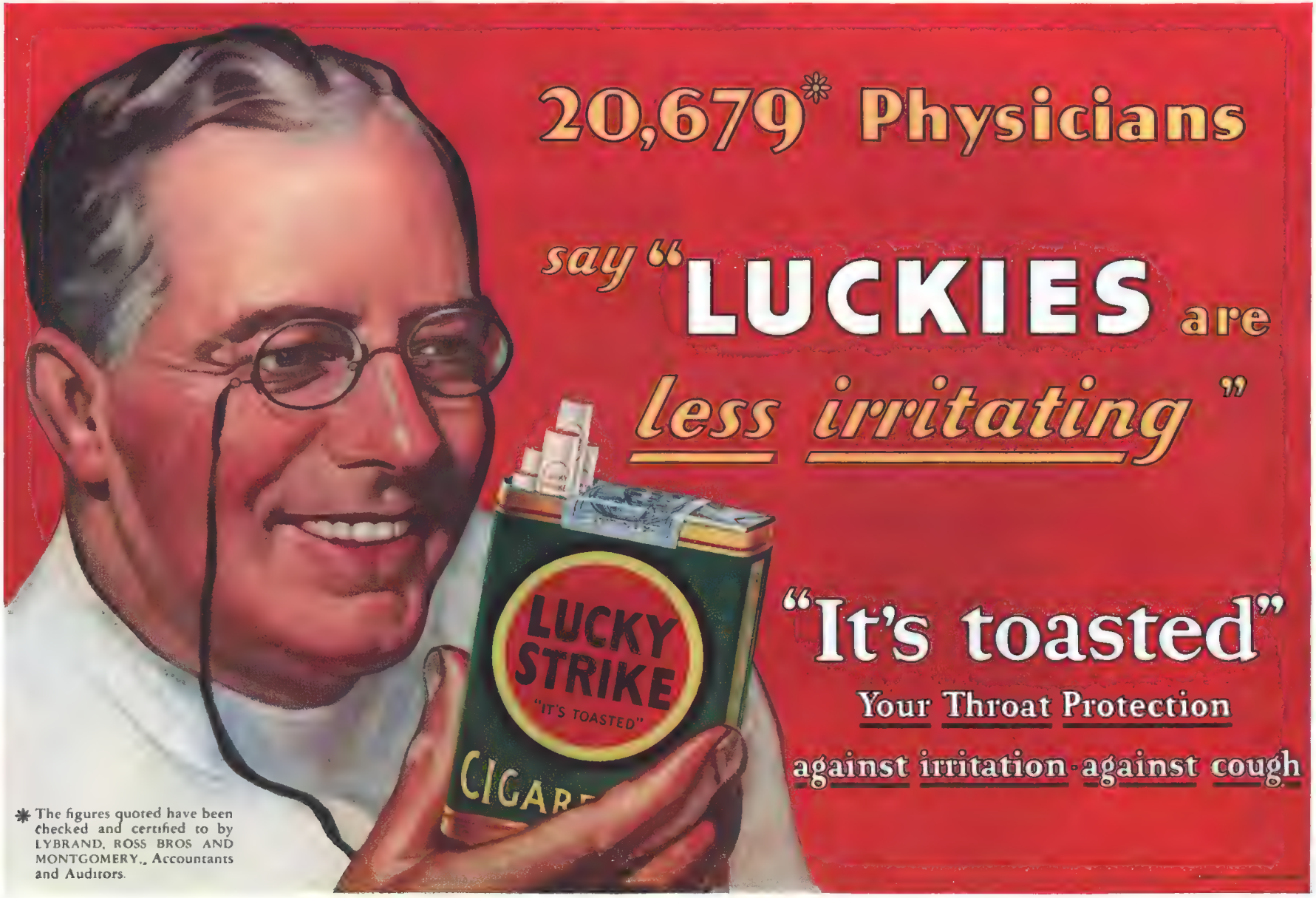
20,679* Physicians
say "LUCKIES are
less irritating"
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
"It's toasted"
Your Throat Protection
against irritation - against cough
* The figures quoted have been checked and certified to by LYBRAND, ROSS BROS AND MONTGOMERY., Accountants and Auditors.

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and has taken the place of white pine, which is still considered the monarch of soft woods. But because it is used so extensively for millwork and other purposes, its use for siding may now be termed an extravagance, at least in the upper grades.

"Cedar readily stands the test of both dry and moist climates, heat and cold. California redwood has the same properties. Both Southern pine and Douglas fir are also in favor. Where the house is to be shingled, Western red cedar may be well employed.

"For the framework a variety of woods have special strength properties. Douglas fir and Southern pine are the most widely used, altho there are a number of other soft woods which are suitable to their own localities.

"And the proper spacing of joists and studding must be borne in mind. Sixteen inches is the commonly accepted standard spacing in most parts of the country. A No. 1 common grade of lumber should be used for joists and rafters, altho a No. 2 common will be suitable for the side-wall sheathing, which should be placed diagonally, and for the roof-boards.

"Roofing is most important. Rafters should be anchored to the side-walls so that in case of high winds the roof will not be blown off. A great many houses in Florida during the Florida hurricane were destroyed because the roofs were not anchored.

"If shingles are to be used they should be vertical-grained and of the 4-to-2 or 5-to-2 grade. This means that four or five shingles placed on top of each other measure two inches in height. These will last fifty years or more if nailed with copper- or zinc-coated nails. Iron nails rust too quickly. Their heads fall off and the shingles are loosened.

"For hard-wood floors quartered white oak is generally considered the best, altho some people prefer maple. But white-oak floors, at least in the drawing-room and dining-room, are preferable. For the other rooms red oak or maple are serviceable. Beech and birch are also good. Of the soft woods, edge-grain Douglas fir and Southern pine are attractive and have good wearing qualities.

"Make sure that you get well-seasoned, dry material. The so-called flat-grain soft-wood floors are cheaper, but should not be used where the wear is heavy since they are likely to sliver.

"NOW for doors! Nearly all doors to-day are to a greater or less degree veneered. The average person does not know this because the technique of door-making and veneer has become so skilful that it can not be detected. And it is excellent. Being made up of small pieces glued together and covered with a veneer, they stand up much better, if properly glued, than the solid door, cost less, look better, and are less affected by moisture. It is the quality of the glue and the workmanship which establishes the quality of the veneer.

"As for the interior finish and panelings, they are entirely a matter of taste. Hard woods, of course, are best. But there are many soft woods which will stand up as long as the house itself, if not longer—only be sure that the paneling goes with the floors.

"For the better class of home, wood paneling is being employed more and more by the discriminating architect. Some of the popular hard woods used for paneling are walnut, oak, birch, and maple. Sycamore and gum make attractive panels.

"Among the soft wood panelings cedar, redwood, yellow pine, Douglas fir, ponderosa pine, and white pine are popular. Knotty panels in both pine and spruce are being used to contribute a colonial touch, not only in houses but also in offices and club-rooms. The contrast between the grain of the wood and the dark knots is particularly effective.

"For the woodwork or trim around doors and windows, and for base-boards, chair-rails, and similar uses, practically the same woods are employed as for paneling. Again insist on thoroughly dry material. It is best, in building, to defer the woodwork until the plaster has dried out. Otherwise the wood-trim, which the manufacturer will have dried in special ovens or kilns, is likely to absorb moisture from the wet plaster. In such event, warping and, later on, opening up of wood joints may result.

"The use of plywood panels is extensive. These consist of three layers of thin sheets of wood glued together. Through this process it is possible to economize on high-priced woods, and at the same time secure the best effect of beautiful grain.

"Probably the most progressive movement ever undertaken by any industry is the practise of grade-marking instituted by the lumber industry. This practise calls for the stamping of each piece of lumber with the grade of the wood and the name of the species. By this means any one can readily identify lumber.

"Each company has its own trade-mark, but the grades are standardized according to a formula worked out by the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association in co-operation with the United States Department of Commerce.

"And get a good architect—which does not necessarily mean a high-priced one. There are in practically every town of size in this country capable architects, who have a practical knowledge of design and structure. I say this because it has become the disposition—particularly in the building of residence-tracts—to do away with the architect, the contractor employing draftsmen who know little about design and little or nothing about the artistry of building. Be sure that the contractor whom your architect employs has a good reputation. Confer with them when plans and specifications are under discussion.

"During its construction period inspect the lumber to see that your contract is being carried out. See that the lumber is grade-marked whenever possible. Because it is a waste of time and money to pay for good materials only to have them impaired by neglect, insist that your lumber be kept out of the rain. If this is not possible, it must be covered. Otherwise it is sure to warp and shrink after its installation."

We come now to another problem which has a strong bearing upon the proper utilization of wood—one which must be given fair consideration if the equation between demand and supply is to be maintained.

AS A WOMAN BUILDS HER HOME

Continued from page 27

EATING
TO STAY SLENDER

Summer is the time to get rid of surplus weight. No one wants to overeat in hot weather. Here is a remarkable new booklet that will tell you the simplest way to leave out of your diet the foods that make you fat. Send 25 cents for your copy of "Eating to Stay Slender" to Home Bureau, care of Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

As an interested and constituted authority, Mr. Oxholm spoke to me of reforestation.

"The public," he stated, "has heard a great deal about the impending timber famine, about the cutting down of our virgin forests until but a fraction of them remains standing. Because of this many people feel that the use of wood as a construction-material should be curtailed. The rumor, however, is a false alarm. There is enough timber in this country to last fifty years at the present rate of consumption. By the end of that period the young timber now growing and new trees being artificially raised will give us new supplies. But new timber will not be grown unless it is profitable to do so.

"Furthermore, we are steadily progressing in our utilization methods, in fact so much so that more money is made to-day from the conversion of small timber than from giant virgin growth. The sawlogs of the future will be cut from trees thirty to forty years old, and the product will be as useful as that which we to-day cut from century-old timber. This brings us right in touch with the effect of close utilization on commercial reforestation.

"To-day we are using one-third of the trees; the remainder is wasted. Therefore timber values are low, and it is difficult to induce private capital to engage in reforestation enterprises. If we can increase this utilization percentage and extract more products from the tree, then the raw-material value will increase, and so will also the chance for commercial reforestation.

"In the past the public has been in the habit of placing the burden of waste on the timber interests, declaring that they have slashed their way into the forests, causing wide-spread devastation. That there have been grounds for complaint no one will deny, but the lumbermen of to-day are not wilfully wasteful, because timber is worth money, whereas formerly it could be had for a song. Where there is great wealth there is apt to be untold extravagance. The greatest culprit to-day is the consumer who, through ignorance, fails to put wood to its correct uses, and by this extravagance causes billions of feet of wasted material.

"Forest conservation received its greatest impetus during the presidency of Theodore Roosevelt. At that time the National Forest Reserves were created. These Forest Reserves are steadily being increased, but it is not expected nor hoped that the United States Government will undertake the responsibility of supplying our industry with its raw material.

"Another factor in the destruction of timber to-day is the forest-fire, also the fault of the careless public. Therefore the future of our forest depends, in a few words, on the suppression of forest-fires, reforestation by private and public landowners, a reasonable increase of our national forest resources, the education of the consumer, and the awakening of his conscience to the necessity for proper utilization of wood."

It is true, as Mr. Oxholm says, that, altho the tree has always been the faithful friend of man, man has not been so true a friend of the tree. Our timber waste has been in some instances wanton. In this we are not alone. In most of the European countries, particularly in Scandinavia and Germany, the virgin forests were long ago wiped out, and tree-culture on a commercial scale has become necessary.

By force of this same necessity they have learned to suppress the forest-fire. No longer are the people free to roam at will through the woods, building fires wherever and whenever they will, thereby jeopardizing the trees. Public forests are set aside for recreation parks. In the commercial forests emphasis is laid on quick rotation of timber-crops, which is the only basis of expert and profitable tree-growing.

IN THOSE countries, too, the knowledge of trees and of wood and its uses is a part of the school curriculum. Hence a real economic knowledge is brought to bear upon the building of homes.

While in America we have taken a short step toward preservation by creating a National Forest Reserve, and both the Government and the large timber interests are working toward reforestation, the matter of individual and general education has been neglected. We have, in the majority, all too sadly taken our treasure as a matter of course. Whether we shall continue in our neglect it is in great part for our women to determine. Suffrage and prosperity with its attendant leisure have given us the wand of buying and social power. To wield it toward a better era we must, ourselves, grow into the higher knowledge and consciousness which it demands.

Further information on the subject of wood-utilization and details of the grade-markings of lumber will be furnished on application provided you send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to "As a Woman Builds Her Home," care of Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

The next article of this series will tell the story of cement and of metals, such as copper, steel and brass, used in the building of the home.

VEGETABLE ASPIC has a livelier flavor with a spoonful of French's Mustard added to your other ingredients.
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No matter how you use French's Prepared Mustard, you'll like it better. When you make your next meat loaf, mix in a spoonful of French's . . . see how it improves the flavor. And always serve French's with cold cuts!

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PREPARED
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FREE: *Mail coupon for this month's set of free recipe cards. Address The R. T. French Company, 85 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.*

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AFTER THE BATH USE A DEODORANT DUSTING POWDER OR A REFRESHING TOILET-WATER

REMOVE UNWANTED HAIR WITH ONE OF THE PERFUMED DEPILATORIES

CATERING TO BEAUTY

For your guest or yourself the little things often count the most for comfort

BY DORIS LEE ASHLEY

NEVER before have I realized just what a guest-room could mean until, unexpectedly, I had to remain overnight in a near-by city. A friend, hearing that I would be detained overnight for an important business interview early the next morning, cordially invited me to spend the night in her recently remodeled country home. I dined in town, and arrived at her house in the early evening.

One of the smaller guest-rooms, with its accompanying bath, was assigned to me. A dainty nightgown, dressing-gown, and mules were laid out on my turned-back bed.

When my friend bade me good night she said, "I hope you find everything you need, but if not do not hesitate to ring. I will say good-by now, for you must take the 8:15 train in town, and I will probably not be visible that early in the morning. William will awaken you in ample time by bringing you a breakfast-tray, and when you are ready he will drive you to the train."

William, by the way, was the most amazing combination—a colored combination—of butler, houseman, gardener, and chauffeur that I have ever had the pleasure of being served by.

It was soon very apparent to me that my hostess had spent the night in her own guest-room, for I declare that everything a person could possibly need was comfortably at hand.

I found, just over the wash-basin, a tube of a well-known make of cleansing cream lying on top of a generous-sized package of the new, daintily colored, cleansing tissues, also a tube of nourishing cream.

Now, consider the thoughtfulness of such a hostess in supplying both cleansing cream and nourishing cream in tube form! The cream you squeeze from the tube has never been exposed to air, dust, or other fingers; it is meant for you, and you alone. It is to be hoped that each guest will be as thoughtful in turning up its end as a well-trained artist does his paint-tubes, and as meticulous in screwing on the cap when finished, so that it will present a neat appearance for the next guest.

Another practical suggestion is to supply the guest-room with ten-cent tubes of the well-known brands of cleansing, nourishing, and vanishing creams for the one-night guest.

I also found a tooth-brush in a sealed envelop and a tiny tube of tooth-paste. I learned later that my friend bought these inexpensive one-time tooth-brushes by the half dozen for the use of unexpected guests who arrive not prepared to spend the night. Small tubes of the best tooth-pastes and tiny bottles of mouth-wash may also be purchased by the half dozen for the same purpose, and you must admit that it is a thoughtful provision.

It is my custom to take a very warm bath every night, for nothing gives me such complete relaxation. After such a bath, no matter how exhausted and nervous I may be, I find I go to sleep as quickly and completely as the well-known, oft-referred-to baby. As I leaned over the tub to turn on the water my eyes were greeted by the luxurious, floating wooden bowl of delightfully fragrant bath-soap. Beside it on the bath-stool rested a box of compressed cubes of effervescent bath-tablets, and beside the tablets a container of a fragrant, deodorant bath-powder.

AS I stretched my hand forth for the lovely bath-towel I glanced up to the shelf of glass over the towel-rack. I saw two bottles, one containing a pungent liquid for an after-the-bath rub, and the other a new deodorant. Complete? Did you ever hear of such a complete array for personal comfort? I will be willing to wager that in the Winter months my friend, the hostess, will be sure to include bath-oil and a body-lotion to protect the skin from the Winter winds.

When I returned to the bedroom, I approached the dressing-table, curious to see just what she had provided for it. There was a small but complete manicure set, with which one could repair a broken nail or renew the polish of the nails. There was also a glass on which were a large jar of cotton powder-puffs, two small boxes of complexion-powder, suntan and rachel, a cream rouge of medium tone, and a large bottle of a liquid which declared on its label that it would cleanse the skin, tone it, and provide an excellent base for powder. So very complete and satisfactory was the provision made by my friend for her guests!

Now, while many bathe two and even three times a day, they never give that impression of exquisite daintiness that attracts us to others. There is in some people a certain definite odor from the natural secretions of the sebaceous glands, which have outlets over the entire surface of the body. Some people have the annoyance of profuse perspiration to contend with on certain parts of the body: hands, soles of the feet, and under the arms.

Now, there are corrective preparations for each and all of these annoyances. For instance, there are products that neutralize offensive odors, there are others that prevent perspiration, and still others that do both. They come in cream, liquid, or powder form, and are simple and pleasant to use, and should be among the necessities of every woman, for while she may think she is immune, it is only other people who will really know, and they will not tell her.

Just as one naturally uses a mouth-wash that keeps the breath sweet it would be a wise and safeguarding practise to employ at least a deodorant bath-powder even tho one may not perspire or be conscious of a body-odor. There are delightful and refreshing toilet-waters and after-the-bath rubs that will appeal to the dainty woman. One made originally to be added to the water for scenting the bath I have found makes a marvelous after-the-bath body-rub.

And your hair, do you find it difficult to keep it free from the odor of perspiration in the Summer? To keep it free of dust, brush away from, and not against, the scalp. Use a cleansing astringent yet stimulating tonic on the scalp alone, which will keep it exquisitely clean. After cleansing the scalp spray the hair with your favorite extract; but please, I beg of you, do not try to disguise the odor of perspiration with perfume, for it only makes matters worse.

If you are interested in the ways and means of personal daintiness and Summer comfort, write for our free leaflet "Dainty, Satin-Smooth Skin," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

"I place Palmolive *first* among soaps ... its vegetable oils protect and cleanse"

says Mme. Dahlstrand

foremost beauty specialist of Stockholm

"Time can do nothing to a skin that is safeguarded by Palmolive Soap and my special products. But remember that it must be Palmolive Soap, if you want to obtain these results. It cannot be done with ANY *kind of soap."*

Hamngatan 10, Stockholm

In the treatments given by her assistants, Madame Dahlstrand finds that Palmolive is most beneficial. Here is one step in a facial, as given in this important Stockholm salon.

"HOWEVER successful I am with my beauty treatments, all my efforts would be in vain if my clients did not continue the treatments in their own homes," says Mme. Dahlstrand. "My principle for home treatments is first of all to keep the skin clean, the most vital condition for beauty, and Palmolive Soap is my valuable assistant in the service of beauty."

In all Sweden there is no more important beauty shop than that of Mme. Dahlstrand, of Stockholm, who gives this interview on beauty. Her salon is housed in a magnificent marble palace, and her beauty theory was learned in Paris, center of the cosmetic arts.

"This fine facial soap," she goes on to say, "keeps the surface of the skin well protected. It is bland and neutral. Use it with warm water, for careful cleansing; then rinse with cold water or ice to prevent relaxation of the skin or sagging."

The fine vegetable oils in Palmolive Soap are nature's most effective safeguard for the lovely texture of the skin.

In Paris, London, Rome, Madrid

The great specialists all over the world, 23,720 of them, agree on the efficacy of Palmolive Soap. They may differ on dozens, hundreds of other theories. But on this one facial treatment they all agree. Could there possibly be a more authentic recommendation than this approval of 23,720 professional experts?

They all realize that soap must cleanse without irritating; must refresh and beautify the skin without injuring its delicate texture. And Palmolive answers these needs perfectly. Its vegetable oils have been used by lovely women since the days of Cleopatra. It is used today by millions—for the bath as well as the face—because it costs so little.

Palmolive owes its natural green color to palm and olive oils . . . to no other fats whatever. The fresh odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes. It is a pure, vegetable oil soap, safe for the most sensitive skin.

"Vegetable oils in soaps," says Mme. Dahlstrand, "will help to improve your color and tone up your skin."

Take Mme. Dahlstrand's advice and begin this very day to use Palmolive.

Stockholm offers the world traveler many sights of unusual interest, both from an architectural and natural standpoint.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p.m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c 5195B

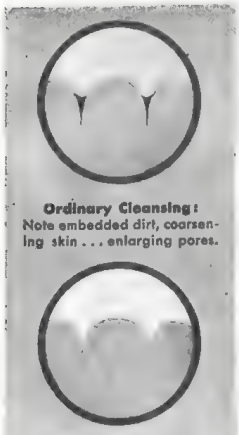
¶ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*

Medical authorities agree: "Doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

"Modern Dirt": Actual photograph of oil extracted from small pile of dirt in filter of the New York Public Library.

What is this "modern" dirt?

skin specialist warns against it



Ordinary Cleansing: Note embedded dirt, coarsening skin . . . enlarging pores.

Pore-Deep Cleansing: No dirt left to make large pores. Skin gets fine again.

"Madam, your face shows the effect of what we term modern dirt.

"Modern dirt is a grimy, greasy deposit very different from the light dusty dirt of earlier days. Motor exhausts, soft coal soot, oil from machines, have made it so.

"Modern dirt finds its way into the pores of the skin. Is kept there by its oily content, impervious to ordinary cleansing.

Why it spoils skin

"Thus it causes a coarsened, roughened condition. Impairs circulation and contributes to dull uneven color. In many instances it brings large pores.

"No . . . your case is not unique. You are only one of hundreds who come to me with this problem. Women must suffer from machine age dirt if proper cleansing methods are not used.

"However, the corrective treatment is a simple one: Your skin needs thorough pore-deep cleansing.

"Modern dirt must be removed with a liquid solvent which goes to the very base of the pores, then dissolves out this deposit of grime and grease which ordinary cleansing is unable to reach."

How a liquid solvent helps

Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, ends the modern dirt problem. It penetrates instantly, dissolves pore-deep dirt, rouses circulation. At once you feel the sensation of renewed life in the skin.

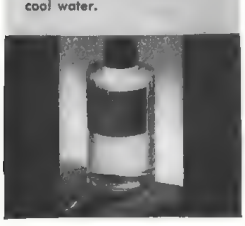
The fine texture and natural coloring of your skin are restored with the regular use of Ambrosia. Write today for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 8-K, 114 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Dept. 8-K, 69 York Street, Toronto, Can.

HOW TO USE AMBROSIA

Normal skin: Use absorbent cotton thoroughly wet with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck. Repeat until fresh cotton does not show any soil.

Dry: Cleanse as for normal skin. At night add a softening cream.

Oily: Apply Ambrosia with gauze. Finish by wiping the face with cloth wrung out of cool water.



4 oz. $1.00 ▼ 8 oz. $1.75 ▼ 16 oz. $3.00

AMBROSIA

the pore-deep cleanser

CAUSES OF UNDERNOURISHMENT

The Mother's Child Welfare Club

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

THAT no child in America shall ever suffer from undernourishment is one of the "rights" spoken of in President Hoover's Child's Bill of Rights. Breast-fed, bottle-fed, and older children may all suffer from undernourishment if their feeding is not supervised with intelligence.

The breast-fed baby may be undernourished because either the quantity or the quality of the breast-milk is at fault. When the quantity obtained is less than the baby requires he will usually cry and hunt about for something to chew on—hands or anything else—immediately after a scanty meal. He will not gain well, or may even lose in weight.

He should be weighed immediately before and again just after each breast-meal. His gains will indicate the amount he receives at each meal. If he is not getting enough from one breast he should be fed from each breast for 10 minutes instead of one breast for 20 minutes.

Sometimes even this is not sufficient, in which case some physicians recommend a bottle of a suitable formula after the breast-meals, thus making up the quantity the baby should have at each meal. Others prefer to give both breasts at one meal-time and the bottle alone at the next meal-time. Every way possible should be tried before the baby is weaned from the breast-milk, which is one of his most important "rights" in life.

If the quality of the breast-milk is at fault the symptoms shown by the baby will be somewhat the same as those in the case of lack of milk; but he will usually be satisfied for a short time after each meal, as his stomach will be full even if the quality of the milk be poor. He will seldom gain steadily, however, and long before the next meal-time he will fret and cry from hunger.

In such a case a sample of breast-milk should be given to the family doctor for analysis, after which he should prescribe correct treatment for the mother if there is any chance of building up the quality of milk; and while this is being tried the baby should be partly fed from the bottle as suggested above.

Too prolonged breast-feeding is a very frequent cause of undernourishment and anemia in babies. Additional food should be given a breast-fed baby as well as a bottle-fed child at the proper age, and most babies require weaning from the breast from the ninth to the twelfth month. Just how to wean and what to give as extra food is taught all our Mother Club members. Join early and avoid trouble.

The unfortunate baby who can not have his mother's milk should be supervised by a skilled physician from the start and examined every 2 to 4 weeks by him. Careful records of the baby's weight should be taken weekly at least, so that the first sign of undernourishment may be noted and corrected at once.

We have a weight-chart which is sent to all our club-members, and which will be mailed to others if the baby is too old to join our Monthly Club, provided a stamped envelop addressed to oneself is enclosed with the request. Also give the age of the baby. When impossible to obtain regular aid from the family doctor, a clinic, or a hospital, write to our Mother Club for such help, and it will be gladly sent if the above requirements are conformed to. Formulas for modified milk, diet-lists, and a recipe leaflet, really a little cook-book for young children, are among our many leaflets.

From many experiments we have found that while milk is the most essential food for babies, other varieties of foods are greatly needed also. A baby exclusively milk-fed up to 1 year of age is frequently anemic, with poor development of muscles and bones.

Fruit-juices, vegetable soup, cereals, and eggs are all required before the baby is a year old. These foods should not be given too early, however, nor permitted in such quantities that the baby refuses to take his allotted amount of milk. Cod-liver oil must be given at the correct age and in the right doses. A badly balanced diet will cause undernourishment, as will also an actual lack of food. So much material and so many ways of obtaining help in correct feeding of babies and children are now open to inexperienced mothers that there is really no excuse for undernourishment, at least in the United States.

If, in spite of correct feeding, a child seems to be undernourished some physical cause other than feeding may be at the root of the failure to gain in weight and development. A careful physical examination by a skilled physician should be given such a child at once.

FREE CHILD HEALTH SERVICE

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, and receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

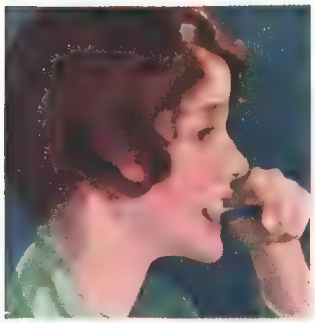
If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, be sure to ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed. No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop, addressed to yourself. Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are 4 out of 5

The Dentists' Dentifrice should be your FAMILY DENTIFRICE



MANY people remember the time when trips to the dentist were made only to get relief from pain. In those days, no one thought of going for prevention, before pain developed.

And today, there are people who do not think of using Forhan's until their mouths are beyond the help of ordinary tooth-pastes.

But the well mouth needs Forhan's. It is a dentifrice safe and pure and mild— as fine as a dentist can make it, for it was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

The tiny teeth of children—those precious first teeth which have such an influence on the future health and beauty of the mouth—need the scientific cleansing which they will get with this gentle dentifrice.

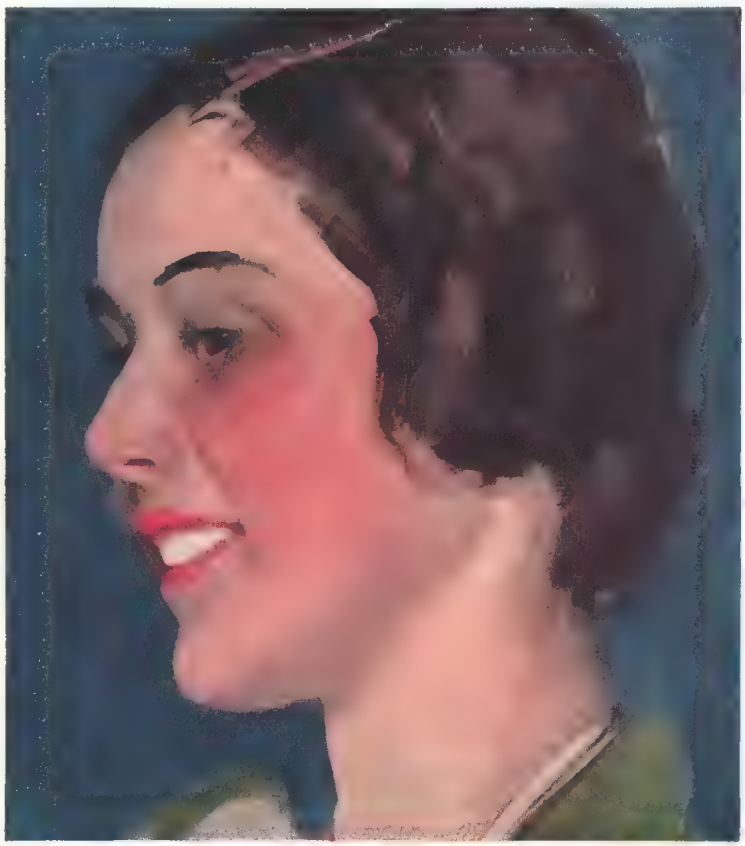
The teeth of boys and girls also need Forhan's pro ection, to supplement the dentist's watchful care. No dentifrice can do a more thorough job of reaching every fissure and crevice of the teeth during these critical years.

In the adult mouth, Forhan's serves a double purpose. It cleans the teeth, of course, but in addition it helps to stimulate the gums. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, it rouses sluggish circulation, brings to gum tissues a pleasant tingling, and helps to keep them in the coral glow of health.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that Forhan's is only a pyorrhea treatment. If you suspect that you have this ailment, if your gums are tender, see your dentist at once. When the mouth is healthy — before any tenderness develops — is the time to adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice. It is far better to avoid disease than to treat it after it develops. The regular use of this scientific dentifrice will help you to keep the mouth of youth well into middle age.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢, a few cents a tube more than ordinary tooth-paste, and exceedingly well worth it.

Forhan Company, Inc., New York. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.



Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

'Vantage In

Swift and breathless, those final moments of thrilling play. Too swift and breathless to last. But there's an after-thrill that's even better: The quiet satisfaction of a good cigarette . . . so fragrant and rich, so mild, so incomparably mellow that it could only be a Camel. . . . And that's your advantage, too.

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

CAN'T CROSS JORDAN BY MYSELF

Continued from page 12

"Speak when you're spoken to! Now be good enough to tell me what under the sun it was that happened to *you?* Speak up!"

An enigmatical embarrassment whitened the old fellow's eyes. The Judge blew out his cheeks. "What's this? Why don't you answer? Sam, you double-faced baboon, what's that you're so anxious I sha'n't see—that thing you've got behind you?"

"Oh, Maussa——"

"Out with it!"

"Oh, Maussa!" The fellow's distress was pitiable as he withdrew from its concealment, under his sitting-portion, a length of hempen rope with a noose improvised at its extremity.

"So!" The Judge pursed his lips and gathered his brows. "I've no doubt you deserved it richly. For what *particular* crime, may I ask, did they feel called upon to hang you?"

"I ain't know, suh. Oh, Maussa, beliebe me or not beliebe me, ever I ain't know one t'ing I do, foh git hang foh. One minute de white folks dey graff ol' Sam, an' nudder minute, *bamn,* dey string um on a tree-limb. Angel Gab'rul know dat de Gawd-truth, suh."

"A likely one." The frown deepened. "Blockhead, didn't you know enough to tell them you belonged to the Legares? Mmmm. Throw that blasted thing away!" And when the wretched man had done so (only taking pains to mark with one eye where the rope caught in falling, behind a chimney)—"Now," the Judge said grimly, "let's talk about something else. I've never been up here before. It's astonishing, the view of James Island."

"Yes-suh, Maussa, 'deed-suh."

"The geese are flying late this year."

"'Deed-suh, dey is, berry late dis—" But there the old darky interrupted himself. At sound of cart-wheels creaking along the outer road he broke off to harken. Then he stretched out his neck, opened his mouth impulsively, and gave a long, loud groan.

It made Percy Legare jump. He glared at the offender. But when he started to upbraid him, finding that when he opened *his* mouth nothing would seem to come out but a stentorian groaning of its own, he shut it again in dismay, and fell into a cold perspiration. Not till the racket of the frightened teamster's flight had died in the distance did he speak, and then it was in a small voice.

"Why did I do that?"

"Oh, but Maussa, excusin' me, a ghost bound *obliged* do dat when he *ha'ntin'.*"

The Judge never got over it. There was nothing he could have resented more. At times in the long night-watches that followed upon that first one it depressed, at times it infuriated him. "Me, Percy Legare, *haunting!*" He tried to fight it. Squaring his shoulders sometimes, stiffening his spine, "I'm through with this puerile idiocy. Never another groan do they get out of me." But then at the very next footfall vagrant in the dark his good resolutions went to pieces and he fell.

He made a study of this wretched spectral impulse. He proved by experiment that it was quite spontaneous and uncontrollable, and that no personal animus against the passer-by need enter into it. One night it was Venus herself who had the ill fortune to venture out-of-doors at too late an hour.

One was the brother, the other the life-long master, guide, and friend; neither would have distressed the poor old negress for anything in the world. In fact both of them were praying she might get back in the house before the last of their self-control was gone. But it was of no use. And when she had screeched to shelter then, half dead with terror of the grizzly salvo unloosed among the chimneys overhead, when the two up there looked at each other, the one face was drawn with remorse, and down the other poured a rain of tears.

THE Judge struck down an angry fist. "Why, if we're bound to make public nuisances of ourselves around here—why in the name of human decency don't we-all clear out?"

"Yes-suh, yes-suh. But wheh-to, suh? You don't mean, Maussa—not across de ribbuh?"

"Across the river, or anywhere. What's to hinder us, Sam?"

"Y-y-yes-suh." The air of nervous depression that the Judge had observed growing on his companion of late seemed to deepen. "Yes-suh—de only t'ing, Maussa, I bound obliged be back here to-morrow night by middle night."

"Why?"

"To-morrow night, suh, he de night o' de middle-night moon."

"Yes? What's *that* got to do with it?"

Sam had said too much already. He looked this way, he looked that. When the Judge began to question and berate him, to save himself he retreated down the farther slope of the roof and scissored out to a lonely perch at the tip of the blue-room gable, where the Judge heard him singing to himself for comfort Venus's favorite:

. . . trimble—trimble—trimble,
And I can't cross Jordan by myse'f——

NEXT night the Judge was prepared to give the truant a going-over for that. And then he had to wait. His indignation grew with the hours, until with the rise of the "middle-night moon," and no Sam yet, it gave place, first to anxiety, and then to a sense of his own aloneness and thoughts of despair. What could have happened to that darky? He asked himself if it could be that Sam, hurt by last night's words, had gone away forever?

By the time dawn grayed its warning in the east he was in so craven a state of despondency at the prospect of having to sit there twiddling his thumbs in solitude throughout the rest of eternity that when Sam did turn up again, all sound, the following evening, he was happy enough to let the whole thing go without comment.

The next time it happened, however (four weeks later), the Judge, being less agitated, was more put out. Between exasperation and curiosity he climbed down from the roof and poked about the grounds, and so it was, shortly after moonrise, that he came on the colored man hanging by his rope from one of the oak-trees in the avenue, his limbs dejected, his neck awry, and a look of patient suffering in his swollen eyes. The rice-planter was taken sharply aback, and showed it in the acidity of his sarcasm.

"So this is where you're always running off to, Sam. It must be fun."

"No-suh." It was hard for Sam to talk, on account of the noose around his wind-pipe. "I don't like um, suh."

"May I inquire then what in the name of all asinine darn-foolishness——"

"Suh?"

"*What are you hanging there for?*"

"I ain't know, suh; dey ain't remembuh to told me. I respect I bound obliged to gwine on doin' dis-a-way on de middle-night moon till my sin forgibben."

"What sin?"

"Gawd, he know, Maussa. I sutten *I* don't."

"Either you're a liar or you're a numskull, Sam; that's all I can say." Washing his hands of the whole ridiculous business, the Judge went back to his haunting on the roof.

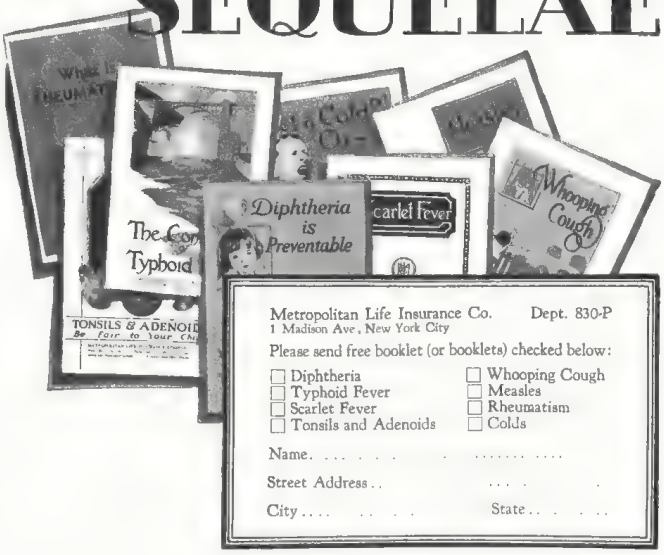
It can be cold on Winter nights, even as far south as the Carolinas. Both the Judge and Sam were well past their warm-blooded prime, and there were plenty of dark hours that January and February when their bones ached in the winds that ricocheted up the polished slates, and their teeth chattered. Sometimes it seemed to Percy Legare that Spring was never to come, and when he let his mind dwell, in that mood, on eternity, he could see nothing but black. Sam was not so bad; in the way of his race he could never stay pessimistic long. "When we-all *is* allowed foh go 'cross de ribbuh, suh," he prefaced so often that the Judge, who had started by squelching him, ended by simply sighing.

Spring did come eventually, of course. And with it on a warming night in March came a surprize in the shape of an invasion. Joanna had recommenced her "flimflamming" of late, and this was one of her evenings, solemn racketings filling the bottom of the house and leaking up the chimneys to add a salt of mockery to the venom of discomfiture already bitter enough in one old listener's heart.

"Nobody but a darn-Yankee female would be so poison low—" the Judge was in the midst of assuring Sam, when a scuttle

Continued on page 50

Perils of SEQUELAE



"SEQUELAE" (seh-kweé-lee) is the doctor's word for the whole range of consequences and serious complications following certain illnesses. Weakened hearts, kidneys, lungs, defective hearing or eyesight and other physical impairments may be the Sequelae of many diseases.

There is a homely old expression, "not out of the woods yet", which fairly describes the condition of a patient who has successfully passed the crisis of a serious illness.

Your doctor will tell you that sometimes the Sequelae, or after-effects, are more to be dreaded than the disease from which you are apparently recovering. Don't think him an alarmist if his orders are strict about not getting up from bed too soon, or if he makes a thorough physical examination after you think you are entirely well.

The Metropolitan health booklets tell in plain language how some of the Sequelae of diseases may be avoided. If anyone in your family is suffering or recovering from one of the diseases which may leave serious after-effects, send for the Metropolitan's booklet concerning it and learn just what you should know about the possible Sequelae. Address Booklet Dept. 830-P and name the booklet you want. It will be mailed free.

COLDS break ground for pneumonia, influenza, or tuberculosis. Deafness, sinus infection, or chronic rheumatism, or a weakened heart may follow an ordinary cold.

SCARLET FEVER may affect the heart, kidneys or ears.

RHEUMATIC FEVER often seriously injures the heart.

DIPHTHERIA may injure the heart dangerously or cause paralysis.

MEASLES may be followed by pneumonia, kidney trouble, loss of sight or hearing.

WHOOPING COUGH may be followed by pneumonia or tuberculosis.

TONSILAR INFECTION may be followed by rheumatic fever or heart trouble.

TYPHOID FEVER leaves the patient more susceptible to other diseases and sometimes affects the heart and gall-bladder.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

CAN'T CROSS JORDAN BY MYSELF

Continued from page 49

in the roof not far from their feet was opened so unexpectedly, and a figure so strange came climbing out, that all they could do was sit and gape.

It was rather a frail-built man of a dark complexion, with a large white turban on, and a robe of flimsy lilac cotton that kept catching on the corners of the uneven slates. Altogether he was so queer that the Judge, to hide the fact that he was startled, took the offensive.

"Who the devil are *you?*"

In place of answering, the other queried, "You are the late father-in-law, are you not?"

"I'm Judge Percy Legare, if that's what you mean. *Who the devil*, I repeat, *are you?*"

THE stranger bowed slightly. "My name is Bhundi Ras, at your service, sir. I was the eldest son of a highly placed Brahman family of Cawnpur, and held the post—" But there he broke off and waited with an urbane patience, on account of Sam, whose teeth had gone to chattering. "Oh-my-Gawd! De Indy-man, Maussa, he *him*."

"*Be* quiet!" The Judge could have thrashed him. "And you," he reverted, his face crimson, "I don't care who or what you *were?* What I want to know is, what are you doing around *here* so free and easy, *now?*"

Bhundi Ras never lost his air of breeding. "The owner of this property, Mrs. Wallace Legare, who happens to be a—ah—client of mine, has asked, if possible, sir, to be put in touch with you. Would you be good enough, I wonder, sir, to step down with me for only a very few moments, so that Mrs. Legare may have the happiness and comfort of hearing——"

"*I will not.*" It was almost a bellow.

"Sorry." The Indian mystic shrugged his slender shoulders and studied the slates. "I'm sure, sir, if you knew how much your daughter-in-law has desired, ever since your death——"

"Death? Bosh!" Now all the obstinate devil in Percy Legare was aroused. "I'm not dead by a darned sight, and you can go straight down there and tell Joanna so. I'm alive, you can tell her, and a great deal aliver than she is. And while you're at it—" The Judge had got up on his heels on the ridge-pole, carried away by his own vindictive violence. "And while you're at it, sir, you can tell her a deal of good I get being alive around my own home. Tell her, for all the respect and sympathy and companionship I get, if it weren't for Sam here—poor ignorant swamp-darky that he is——"

But the Brahman, with a slight start, was withdrawing. "Sam!" he echoed. He stared at the hunched-up colored man above him. "Am I mistaken, then, in—but there must be some mistake. Tell me, Judge Legare, had you perhaps another servant named Sam?"

"I had not. Why?"

Bhundi Ras got half-way down through the scuttle before resuming. Courageous in some ways, he was timid in others.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I am at a loss at finding this—this association of you two. Pardon me if I'm in error, but is this not the same Sam who—ah—in fact—murdered you?"

"Murdered! *Me!* SAM!"

THERE was something so menacing in that Gargantuan guffaw that the peace-loving Brahman let the scuttle down over him with a bang, and was gone.

For moments Percy Legare continued to heave and chuckle. "Did you hear that, Sam, you bloodthirsty ruffian? You jail-bird! You *gallows-meat!* You—you—gallows-meat ——"

That last was airless. Lost in sudden thought, silence fell down upon the Judge. Little by little, as he stared out unseeing across the starlit reed-lands and the farther river, a horrid arithmetic began to busy his brain. The more he grew appalled, the oftener he put his swiftly clarifying two's and two's together, the heavier that silence lay.

Once he hazarded a side-glance at his companion, and at sight of Sam's round, white eyes glued on him, fascinated, he got his own back quickly.

The most awful part of it was the embarrassment.

They sat and they sat and they sat, side by side. The stars dimmed. The east began to pale before the coming of the "middle-night moon," and for once neither of them knew it and neither cared. It was that embarrassment; that perfectly hideous mortification.

At last Percy Legare could stand it no longer. Self-consciousness made his voice sound cold.

"Sam, what's all this I hear?"

"Whu-whu-what all what you h-h-hear?"

"Sam, where were you on the evening I was—I had the accident—in the smoke-house?"

Now that it was said and done, Sam let go.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! Maussa, was *dat you* in de smoke-house?"

"Stop blubbering. I was—yes—in the smoke-house."

"You *wasn't* a ha'nt or hag, den, gib a groan like dat?"

"How often must I tell you, Sam, that there are no such things as—" Coloring a little, the Judge recommenced. "Calm down. Go on. So you too were in the smoke-house? What, may I ask, were you doing there?"

"Maussa, Mis' Joanna done tu'n me out, an' I so lonesome I ain't know wheh-to I got foh to go to. I binna walk out in de town, but I ain't easy in my mind. Nigger say, 'Who you?' Buckrah say, 'Moob-along!' So bime-by, Maussa——"

"You came back and hid in the smoke-house. Very well. But did that justify you in——"

"Oh, oh, oh, Maussa, foh Hebben sake—I nebbuh respect it am my *maussa*. When I do hear dat foot come creepy in de dark, I respect he a sperrit, or-so a hag or plat-eye, do come foh graff ol' Sam, an' when I hear sucha mon-st'ous groan do groan, I tek a wood an' I hit um *blamm*, an' I tek my foot in my hand out o' dat place, an' I still do runnin' when de white folks graff me an' pit a rope 'pon-top me an' hang me on de oak-tree."

"So!"

There followed a silence.

"*So!*"

Then Sam's sobbing and wailing broke out: "Don't nebbuh forgib me, no-suh, nebbuh-suh. Even ef I bound oblige hang on dat tree ebbuh an' for-ebbuh now, I wouldn't *aks* you ebbuh forgib me foh such a hebby sin I done. No-suh, no-suh, no-suh, Maussa."

"Hmmmm——"

"Yes-suh, yes-suh, dah come de middle-night moon do raise up now; bettuh I tek my ol' hang-rope an' go out to de oak-tree; my sin too hebby foh ebbuh forgib, suh, ebbuh, *ebbuh*."

Percy Legare wet his lips.

"You good-for-nothing!"

The sense of well-being in his throat grew richer.

"You monkey-faced, flea-brained blunderer!" He took his time. Like a *gourmet*, he savored it.

"You crocodile!"

"Oh, Maussa! Oh—Maussa!" Sam began to rise on the ridge-pole, teetering, incredulous.

"You poor, ignorant, misbegotten—I don't know what!"

Sam's face was transfigured. He had believed his ears at last.

"Maussa, you *done* forgib me."

"*Good-for-nothing!*"

"Glory! I *nebbuh* aks um, an' my maussa done-*done* forgib me, an' *my soul set free!*"

Percy Legare had no soul; nevertheless he began to feel very queer. Something like a balloon, when the tether-lines are being loosened. As for Sam, he was another person. He was actually prancing on the roof-peak, between impatience and beatitude.

"Glory, we-all set free, free, free, an' we-all don't oblige ha'nt dis-yuh place no more, Maussa, nebbuh more. Mek-haste, Maussa Percy, mek-haste an' do come."

The master was too mixed up in his mind to do anything but follow the man down. There was a short stay in the back yard, while Sam sneaked into the "slave-house," and out again with a roll of something white under his arm.

"What's that?" the Judge demanded, a little crabbedly, but Sam had no time for it. "Glory, Glory!" seemed to be all he could say as he got over the brick wall at the end of the yard and set off across the marsh-land toward the river, excitement heightening his steps. It was all the Judge could do to keep anywhere near up with him.

THE moon had risen, and the night grew diamond-clear. When Sam got to the riverbank he halted and unrolled the thing he had under his arm, and the Judge perceived that it was a best nightshirt, long and clean. The darky put it on and smoothed it down, but then, recollecting something, rehoisted it to unwind from around his waist the dismal rope his shame had led him to wear there, concealed beneath his coat. With a whoop, a grin, and a chuckle he threw it away on the ground.

But then his eyes, falling on his master, clouded.

"Why—why, Maussa—wheh is yoh snow-white gahment? Why you nebbuh fotch um along?"

"Do you mean my nightshirt? Why should I?"

"More-manners hab a white gahment on when you do come foh cross de ribbuh, suh."

"Never heard of such a crazy thing. Wear a nightshirt to cross the Ashley River?"

"Ohhh, *Maussa!*" Sam's eyes were whiter than the shirt. "Ain't you know de Jordan Ribbuh when you *see um?*"

"Jordan my hat! Why, Sam, you driveling idiot!"

There was an emphasis of assurance about it that gave the negro a momentary catch of doubt. Was he, could he be, wrong? But when he had wheeled and studied the tranquil flood for a wink, he had to shake a sadly puzzled head.

"Sho', Maussa, you only do try foh plague ol' Sam. *Ashley* ain't hab no Hebben City todder-side um, same like dat-yah one obuh dah. Look-a-dah, suh, wheh de wall o' al'baster an' t'ing do h'ist umself up, an' de monst'ous pearly gate, *spang* before yoh own two eye dah yonduh, an' de gold street inside-um, and Peter do shine up he key an' wave he wing. Maussa Percy—you lookin' wheh I lookin'?"

Percy Legare, feeling foolish, stared in the line of Sam's pointing finger.

"Sam, you've been at my liquor again." A crease deepened between his brows. "There's the wood-piece over there on the St. Andrews bank where the big bird-coveys use to lay, and then the three water-oaks at the end toward Old Town Creek, and the marsh where we kept the duck-boat, and there's the chimney of the Plum house——"

"Ohhh, *Maussa!*"

The incredulity, the pity, and reproach of it were too much for Percy Legare. All he could do was blow out purpling cheeks, clench his fists, and stare about him hopelessly for some rational help. It was so that he discovered that he and Sam were no longer alone on the margin of the stream. There had been a little arrival of colored people, with one scrawny white woman of the swamp-cracker type among them, and now they were excitedly busy in putting white raiment on. To these he appealed.

THE nearest darky touched his forelock decently. "Ashley Ribbuh, suh? Sutten I do know Ashley Ribbuh, spang near Charleston in de State of Ca'lina. No-suh, Maussa, *dis-yuh* ribbuh de *Jordan* Ribbuh; ain't you know dat when you see de Hebben City todduh side?"

There was the white one, the cracker woman, as a last resort. But the Judge was too late; already she was rods out from shore, wading to her knees in the brown current. Now they were all in, with a joyful splashing. All but Sam. Like a leashed old hunting-dog he trembled as his gaze followed after them, great tears welling between his lids.

The Judge could have slain him.

"Get along with you; go drown yourself with the kit of them, if that's any pleasure."

"Oh, Maussa, suh—you gwine come too?"

"Thank you, no. Quit squirming and blubbering, and *go*. Do you hear me?"

"But M-M-Maussa, what-fashion you gwine git along widout ol' Sam? If I do *do* cross Jordan by myse'f, what you gwine do foh somebody look out foh you, Maussa Percy?"

"Hmmmph!"

The old African wet one foot, then both, in the flood. Sobbing aloud then between grief and glory, he started floundering after the diminishing waders.

Percy Legare stood and watched him for a moment, a white wraith against the dark pediment of—yes, darn it!—of St. Andrews woods. For a flash he was conscious of being tempted; insidious, seductive doubt. "When ignorance is bliss—" If he could have been so fortunately credulous— No; *ignoble* doubt! Putting it behind him, he turned and strode back, stiff-spined, toward Indigo Landing.

THE low moon was behind the house, and its rays, thinly penciling the peaks and chimney-edges, gave it a look of infestivity beyond any it had ever worn before. No matter. The Judge stuck his hands deeper in his pockets and began to do something he hadn't done since youth—he began to whistle to himself a sprightly tune.

"No-*sir!*" he broke off to growl, at sound of an appealing "*Maussa!*" trailing after him from the direction of the river. "Never!" He tramped fiercely on.

But then, when nearly to the wall of his property, he *had* to turn around.

"What," he gasped, trying his best to frown, "what are you doing *here?*"

The panting darky stood there, abashed eyes on his toes.

"Dat—uh—dat Ashley Ribbuh watuh, suh, he cold my foot too-much."

"Liar! What's that you've got behind you? Out with it!"

"Do-suh, he nuttin only dis-yuh old rope I gots a debbil trouble findin' again."

A silence, that the Judge tried to make withering. Sam wormed his toes, sucked his lips, and fiddled with the hempen coil.

"You see, suh," he deprecated, "you gots a idea I don't like dis-yuh rope, no-more-so dat-yah tree. But sho'-suh, Maussa Percy, dis nigguh he don' mind um. De more I do ha'nt in dat live-oak tree, suh, de more it seem I don' mind um."

The Judge took out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently, twice.

"You paltry, good-for-nothing, lying black sinner, Sam!"

"Yes-suh, yes-suh!" Contentment rang in the darky's voice. "'Scuse me, Maussa Percy," he cast back as he scrambled first over the garden wall. "But I bound oblige mek-haste dis-yuh night how. De moon stan' high."

THERE are still ghosts in Charleston. Doubt as you can, you can't doubt some of them. You can't doubt the one that, incorruptibly, at the hour of the rising of the midnight moon each month, hangs by its neck from the Hanging-tree.

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Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces . . . thus cleansing teeth completely.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

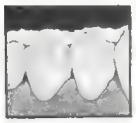
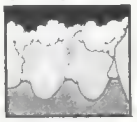


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low Surface - Tension") penetrates deep down into the Crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

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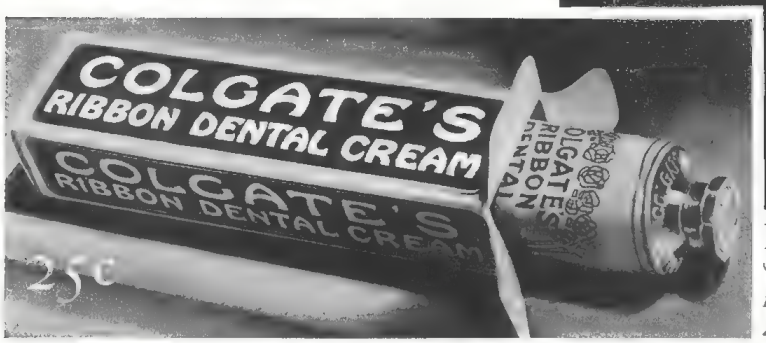

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LEILA LEARNS

Continued from page 16

"Aren't you really going back to the office?" she asked as they came out and got into the car.

"No, I'm going to play about with you. When do you have to be home?"

"Let's see. Peter will be back at six. If I'm clever I can get dinner in an hour. So say five."

"Do you like it?"

"Well, it's sort of nice to feel you can do things if you have to."

"How did you learn?"

"Bought five cook-books—and couldn't understand a darned word. I made some awful messes. It was terribly expensive. After Peter left I'd go out and buy two dinners. I'd practise on the first one, and just before he got home I'd cook the second. But I can do it the first time now."

COULD this be Leila? She glanced at Rufus when he didn't speak.

"Let's get out in the country," she said.

"Let's have as much country as we can in two hours and a half, John," called Rufus.

As Peter came in that night, tired, but satisfied, he heard Leila singing in the kitchen.

"Hello! Been left a fortune?" he asked.

"Better!" She ran to meet him. "A whole afternoon with my dad! I called him up, and he took me to lunch. We went to Gaston's."

"You didn't!"

"We did."

"Well, when I get my salary——"

"It's going into the bank. I don't have to be hit by lightning twice."

Leila's three trips to Europe had never found her so bursting with excitement. She sorted and packed what was left of her clothes. Two days before they left, Rufus called her up.

"When are you leaving?" he asked.

"Ten o'clock, day after to-morrow. Why?"

"Because I want you to get a couple of dresses and send the bill to me."

"Sweet lamb! What's the idea?"

"Oh, just to celebrate Peter's job. You want to look your best, don't you?"

"I'll tell the world. Can I really have two? What an orgy! What's the limit—a hundred apiece?"

"Two-fifty. Can you get anything decent for that much?"

"For five hundred? Quite a bit, darling," said Leila dryly. She hadn't bought a pair of gloves for six months. "Want to help me spend it?"

"Want to, honey, but I can't—too busy."

"Well, I'd better go now, to get the things here in time. You've given me the thrill of my life, Dad. Absolutely!"

"It's cheap at that price. Have a good time, kid."

LEILA raced out, her plans already made. Five hundred dollars! A year ago she had often spent it on a single dress. Now it seemed a fortune. Two dresses! She would buy a trousseau. She turned from the Fifty-seventh Street shop that used to make her clothes, and walked quickly down the avenue to a store where her mother had a charge-account. After two blissful hours, she left with two dresses, a coat, an evening frock, shoes, gloves, and a hat. Peter came home that night to find her prancing before the mirror.

"Where did you get the dream?" he asked. "Is it an old one?"

"Is that all you know?"

"Well, where did it come from?"

"Dad—the old lamb! Thought it up all himself. You don't mind? I've got to be a winner with all those vamps about. And a star who is a raving beauty."

"I suppose Elaine Harrison's beautiful. I know she's the most human star I ever saw. She's even nice to me."

"Even nice to you? Well, why not?"

"Because my part is as good as hers," said Peter simply.

"My husband making love to my favorite actress! Anybody else beautiful? Oh, isn't it exciting? When will it be morning?"

"Go to bed," yawned Peter, "and presently it will be."

Leila waked to shivers of excitement. The day had come. She scrambled through her bath, packed her bag, and was at the door before Peter was dressed.

"What's your hurry?" he cried.

"I don't want to miss the train the first time I go with you!" They were breakfasting at the station.

"All right," he said resignedly, and collected his luggage.

Leila scalded her throat with hot coffee, and dragged Peter to the gate long before it opened. In the Pullman she watched everybody who came in, and clutched Peter as Elaine Harrison passed, wafting a subtle perfume. The slim star, preceded by her manager, followed by a woman secretary, and trailed by a maid, disappeared in the drawing-room.

"Oh, she's beautiful!" cried Leila. "Why does she shut herself up in there?"

"So she won't be spoken to by everybody who recognizes her. She's not public property all the time."

"People are disgusting! Will you stay in the drawing-room when you're a star?"

"Sure. If they want to see me they can go to the theater and buy a ticket."

"I'd like to meet her. How on earth does she stay so beautiful?"

"Beauty-parlor stuff, I guess."

"Peter! What are you made of?"

"Well, after I've played the part a month, I'll take a look at her."

Leila watched the door, but the star didn't come out until they pulled into their dingy little station four hours later.

ROADS may lead Romeward to the Roman, but to the actor most of the country is a suburb of New York. Peter, however, loved these tryouts in the wilds. He roamed the main streets like a native son. But the small town was a mystery to Leila. She prowled about all the afternoon. Peter, once they were settled in the hotel, had become a stranger. He came into the dining-room with her, drank three cups of coffee, and disappeared. Six months ago she would have been furious. Now she understood. She finished her dinner, paid the check, and went to their room for a blissful half-hour with her new clothes.

She started for the theater looking like a small nymph with piquant face and gleaming hair. The lobby was brightly lighted, expensive cars purred up, and the women who got out were marcelled and evening-wrapped as they might have been in New York. Leila was astonished. She slid into her seat feeling every one must know she was Blackwell Carter's wife. Then the curtain went up, and a sudden panic for Peter seized her. Two hours and a half later a dazed Leila crept to the stage door. To her untrained mind the thing was a gigantic failure. Peter was wonderful, of course, but the rest seemed a botch.

What was she to say to him? She knew where he was. The next room to Miss Harrison's. Her fingers shook as she lifted the stage-door latch. She picked her way past furniture, props, and bunch-lights to Peter's door and knocked. A radiant, half-dressed Peter answered. He kicked the door shut, and caught her in his arms.

"It's a wow!" he cried. "A year's run at least! Isn't it great?"

"G-Great!" she echoed faintly. Leila had learned another lesson. Half a dozen people knocked at the door. The author flattered and thanked him. Finally Dawson himself came in. He saw Leila, and started to back out, but Peter dragged him in.

"Mr. Dawson, this is Leila—my wife," he said.

The director stared at her. Leila felt he saw through to the back of her head.

"Well, aren't you proud of him?" he asked, nodding toward Peter.

"He's my favorite leading man."

"No, really? Well, children, rehearsal to-morrow at eleven, Peter. Good night Mrs.—no, good night, Leila!"

"I can see you're going to be my favorite director," said Leila.

Peter took her to rehearsal with him the next day, on her promise to sit in the back and not say a word.

"I won't open my mouth," she promised, "but don't leave me at home. This is the thrill of my life."

He left her in the front of the theater, and she slid into a seat beside a post, feeling small and insignificant. The stage was bare, and groups of actors sat about searching the local papers. Leila tried to identify them in their street clothes. It was all great fun.

"I wish I could troupe a whole season," said Leila one night in a decrepit old

Continued on page 56

DOLLY DINGLE

By GRACE G. DRAYTON

GGDRAYTON ©

BATHING SUIT AND RUBBER DUCK

SOCKS AND SLIPPERS

FEEDING BIRDS

PLAYING CROQUET

WHEN YOU WANT HER HAIR TO GROW

WATERING THE FLOWERS

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

CONDUCTED BY MARION LAMBERT

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

DEAR Marion Lambert: I have recently been married. My time, before my marriage, was occupied in teaching. I always loved every bit of my work. It filled my time completely with mentally satisfying and stimulating activities. I am lost and restless. The time spent in housekeeping, tho full, seems so unprogressive. I want to do something which will make me feel worth while to some one (besides my husband) again. *C. B.*

Housekeeping *unprogressive?* Now, do you know, it seems to me that is about the last word to apply to housekeeping. It may be *difficult* if one has a large family and few conveniences; it may be *monotonous* if one is tied at home in a remote district; it may be any one of a dozen things. But *unprogressive!* Will you please sit down, Mrs. Ex-Teacher, review your knowledge of history and economics, and name me a business or a profession which has advanced more strikingly than housekeeping has?

Look at our washing-machines, our vacuum cleaners, our refrigerators, all our labor-saving devices. Look at our household budgets, our balanced diets, our abundance of printed material bearing on every subject connected with home-making. Magazines like Pictorial Review bring all the latest domestic-science information to us. The United States Department of Agriculture has quantities of leaflets to distribute. The radio helps us too.

Think for a moment of the way your grandmother kept house and what she had to work with compared with what you have. Even the homes with what we call "no modern conveniences" would look to her like very easy places to live in.

You just have not quite found yourself, Mrs. C. B. Perhaps I am not a good adviser for you, because I once taught school and I did not enjoy it, but I dearly love housekeeping. To me there always seem so many interesting things to do in a home that the days are not half long enough to do them all.

But of course you must make your home a part of the community. Hasn't your town anything in the line of club or church or philanthropic or political work that is interesting enough to be werth doing? If it has not, there is a field for your energy and ambition to function. Any community which hasn't those things certainly needs a woman like you to set things going.

Dear Marion Lambert: I have no wish to direct a "milk-bottle" or "rolling-pin" toward Just a Dad, but after reading his letter I simply have to tell my experience with whipping and not whipping. I had two children in the early years of my marriage and I thought I would bring them up just perfect. Every time they disobeyed I whipped them. They loved me through it all, and they grew up to be a splendid man and a fine woman.

But as the years went by I grew wiser. When the other children came along, some years afterward, somehow I did not find it necessary to whip them. I talked everything over with them, made pals of them. We spent a lot of time together, and, oh, the joy we all have in our home! My oldest boy is still at home; then there are a boy six years younger and two little sisters.

I am both mother and father to them, yet I am never too busy to stop for an hour on the lake or a hike with gun and dog into the tall timber. I wish I could tell you about how the boys and I crossed Mantrap Lake on the ice to a dance at a neighboring camp; but I know you haven't space. So here's wishing you all as good luck as I've had with "my gang," as the girls say. We all belong to the church and lead clean lives, too. So there! *O. O. R.*

Bringing up good children isn't just a case of whipping or not whipping, you see. It is a matter of true interest and devotion. This mother was loving, conscientious, and unselfish both with the children she whipped and the ones she did not whip. And all her flock knew this—as children always *do* know. And don't you suppose the fact that she went hiking, hunting, and fishing with them made them willing, possibly even anxious, to go to church with her?

Last month we printed a few of the letters we received from young women in reply to H. I. P.'s letter. A woman journalist who conducts a column in Dayton has most generously taken time to write us the following letter about a successful experiment in bringing lonely people together:

My Dear Marion Lambert: The letter from H. I. P. and its answers interested me greatly, and I want to tell you what we are doing to try to help the lonely and unadjusted young people of our city.

I have found much unhappiness in the world caused by the fact that so many young people do not have the opportunity of meeting their kind. There are many who do not care to go to the public dance-halls for companionship. It worried me a lot, so finally I worked out a plan which I thought would be worth the experiment. I tried it out, and it did work. I have gone on with it, and it has come to be rather an institution here. If the people who write you could get some one to work up the plan in their cities it might solve their problems.

I issued an invitation through my column for a party. To this party I asked all those young people in this community who found it difficult to make friends, and all those who were strangers or whose home conditions made it impossible for them to entertain friends at home. Forty-nine came. And the young woman whose letter had first set me thinking met a nice young man at that party and they are now married!

Since then I have learned much. I have had twenty-one parties in all, and I know of twenty-five weddings that have resulted from them. I have had as many as six hundred at one party, and never once have I had to speak to any one about improper conduct. Bad people are not the lonely ones, and I have had the really lonely ones. It has been interesting to watch some of them develop. Many of them keep coming to party after party. Those who were so shy they could scarcely speak now help me entertain the new ones.

We have had the highest and the humblest at these parties. An amazing number of splendid things have happened. Through a couple who came to see what we were doing I received a scholarship fund which is keeping ten young men and women in college who otherwise could not have gone. But best of all I have had the pleasure of seeing the young people have a good time, which after all was my purpose.

What I have done could be done in other places if only some one person would take the time and trouble to do it. Through experiment and experience I have learned how to do it now, and if any one should ask you for suggestions along this line I will be happy to pass along my recipe. *D. P. Y.*

It does seem to me that a good many towns might work out something like this. It is true that there must be one person of maturity, strong personality, and good judgment to head the movement; but hasn't every community at least one such person? If you want a printed plan for organizing a series of such parties write to me, and through the kindness of D. P. Y. such a plan will be sent to you.

Dear Marion Lambert: May I speak out in meeting and say what I have on my mind about the woman who must make some money but can leave home for only two or three hours a day? I had only the time after school closed afternoons, and I started selling egg-beaters. One day a woman who refused an egg-beater told me she had just had an electric refrigerator installed, the third one in our little town. Somehow it came over me that I might as well be selling electric refrigerators with a thirty-dollar commission as egg-beaters with a thirty-cent one.

I started right in to learn to do it. I worked through a local dealer, who handled and serviced the refrigerators while I canvassed the town. I first learned everything I could about using them. I can tell a woman the best way to make frozen desserts and give her a dozen new recipes. I can prove to her that the electric refrigerator is a real money-saver, and I can suggest ways for her to save the instalments out of her budget.

Really, selling household equipment is a woman's job, and I honestly believe the woman who can sell papers of needles can sell sewing-machines if she will give herself a chance. *M. M. T.*

Thank you, M. M. T. I believe you have the right idea. After all, if a woman is going to work, why shouldn't she look for a line which will bring some real money. There is so much new household equipment on the market; and who should be able to demonstrate and sell it if not a woman? Then there are automobiles, radios, and a host of other things in which women are said to be the deciding factors in buying. Life insurance and real estate are fields in which women have made records. A woman should look her locality over and try to find something which is being largely *bought* locally, but not *sold* locally.

We are deluged with requests for copies of the letter for the mother of the older child. One mother writes: "I had the letter on explaining life and birth to the little ones. If this one you offer now, for the older child, is one-half as good as the first, I shall again be very grateful to you. I know my thirteen-year-old daughter should be told many things, but I just do not have the words. I myself suffered bitterly for my lack of knowledge, and I want to spare her that."

If you have not had your copy of this letter, send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, for it.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

Mother! Send Your Child's Name

Receive this 50c Gift by Return Mail

Make a Vacation Sport of Health Building. See Your Child's Weight Increase a Pound a Week. See Twice the Milk Taken Without Coaxing; New Strength and Energy Come

AN UTTERLY NEW-TYPE FOOD-DRINK FROM SWITZERLAND THAT'S WORKING WONDERS ON CHILDREN

SUMMER should be used to *build up* your child's weight. Don't believe loss of weight during the Summer months is "natural".

You can build your child's weight a pound or more a week all during vacation, with this Swiss creation. And do it in a way the average child delights in.

Coming from Switzerland, the nation which has achieved so many great things for children, this discovery is new to America, but used for many years in Europe. It is called Ovaltine. Over 20,000 doctors are advising it.

A 50c shaker will be sent you Free with the 3-Day Supply offered below. Please accept it.

What It Is

Ovaltine is a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered, sugary, chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, *including, of course, the Sunshine Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system can absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

(NOTE)—Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations. Ovaltine is now made in 8 countries (including the U. S. A.) according to the exact original Swiss formula—to meet the demand from 54 different nations.

"They've Made Wonderful Gains in Weight and Color"

I've been using Ovaltine since it first came on the market for both my children, ages 5 and 7 years. Like many children, my little girl, now aged 7, was underweight and not very strong. She refused to eat breakfast or to drink milk and my little son was much the same.

Having read about Ovaltine in a magazine, I decided to try it. Both of the children loved it from the first, particularly the little girl. Now they both drink their Ovaltine regularly, warm in winter, cold in summer, and I feel that they are always sure of having enough food.

Ovaltine has built my little girl up into a strong robust girl, and has been splendid for the boy. They've both made wonderful gains in weight and color, all due to the constant use of Ovaltine. I've told many, many mothers about it both in Chicago, my former home, and here in Jacksonville.

Mrs. J. H. Frink, 2108 Frederica Pl., Jacksonville, Fla.

"He Gained a Pound a Week Last Month"

Leo is five years old, a very nervous child, and I was about discouraged trying to get him to drink milk when I noticed the advertisement of Ovaltine.

He quickly finished the three-day trial and we have purchased a large size can. I weigh him each week and he gained a pound a week last month. And his nervousness is decreasing wonderfully.

Mrs. Anthony H. O'Rourke, 37 French Avenue, South Braintree, Mass.

LISTEN IN!

"Ovaltine Plane of Dreams" every Monday night at 9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. A world-cruise of music and romance.

Featuring radio's most talented program director, Mr. Frank Black—over the N. B. C. Network. Consult the radio page of your local newspaper for the nearest station.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

MAIL *for* FREE SHAKER *and* 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. R-19
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine, and *free* Shaker.
(This offer not good in Canada)

Name .....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....
(One package to a person) 719-A

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

LEILA LEARNS

Continued from page 52

theater. "I sure do love these silly towns. Makes me sick to think of going home next week."

"Wandering foot," said Peter. "You've got a bad case. But you'd get good and sick of it."

"I wish I could try it."

"Had a good time?"

"Never had such a good one. And now I know Elaine Harrison, there are no thrills left."

"I can't see why," said Peter, admiring a new tie. "She's pretty, and she can act, but you've got it all over her for looks."

"Peter! If I ever thought— Know what she said to me last night? That my dad was her ideal. She kept me talking for an hour."

"Lucky the pater is vamp-proof."

"That's all you know about women. What time do we go in the morning?"

"Seven—it's a crime."

"It isn't—it's fun."

"Well, it will take us out of the hotel. What a joint!"

"We have the bridal suite."

"And no bath."

THREE days later they got out of a sleeper at the Grand Central Station. Their luggage was scratched and dirty, and they had the haphazard look of people on the move. Leila came down the car-steps almost into her father's arms.

"Your mothers are both waiting in the car," he said, "but I wanted to see for myself what was left of you."

"Dad," said Leila, "if you want the kick of your life get a job and go on some one-night stands. It's got Europe licked a mile."

"I'll remember," said Rufus. He took them through the waiting mob to where Jean Calder and Diantha waited in the car. Leila kissed her mother.

"Your clothes are funny, darling," said Jean to Leila, "but I never saw you look better. I thought maybe you wouldn't get enough to eat."

"Oh, they feed you, mater," said Leila, laughing. "Take you with us some day. It's better than a trip abroad and six Paris dresses."

"I had four seasons of it running—forty weeks a season," said Diantha, "with Peter tagging along, because I had no one to leave him with."

"How thrilling! Cute little Peter!" answered Leila.

"We're taking you all out home," announced Jean; "that's all right, isn't it?"

"Not for us," answered Leila. "Peter has a rehearsal to-night."

"After all this time?"

"Oh, yes," said Peter. "Everybody's fairly comfortable now. So to-night they'll stir us all up and worry us into fits."

"It queers our going with you, you see," said Leila, "but we'll see you at the theater to-morrow night."

"But you'll come out soon?" asked Jean anxiously.

"We surely will," promised Peter.

"Your mother and the mater seem great pals," said Leila, looking after the car. "I didn't even know they'd met."

"Parents don't stay put nowadays," agreed Peter as they climbed the stairs.

"Sounds silly, but I'd hate giving this up," said Leila as they opened their door.

"We can stay here," said Peter.

"No, we can't do that, but I've found out lots of things living in this darned little place!"

THE dress-rehearsal lasted from eight at night until four in the morning. It was chaos from the first curtain to the last. The actors lost confidence, and disaster loomed. Diantha, pencil in hand, jotted down suggestions for Peter as the hours dragged on. Leila sat in front and watched, but after endless discussions and alterations she made her way backstage. Elaine Harrison stood in her dressing-room door, her face white through her make-up. She smiled as Leila passed.

"Awful mess, isn't it?"

"It's a crime to do this to you," said Leila. "Aren't you tired?"

"Yes, but there's nothing to do but grin and bear it," said Elaine. "By this time to-morrow it will be all over."

Leila went into Peter's room and soon was sound asleep. She was there on his couch when the agony was over.

It was the opening night and Peter's room was a bower of flowers, but Peter didn't care. He was wondering, as always on first nights, why he was an actor. He determined, if he lived through the night, to leave the stage the next day. He refused to have any one in the room but his dresser, and Leila went off to sit in Diantha's box, with her family. Diantha, lovely in flesh-colored chiffon and pearls, looked calmly over the packed house.

"What amusing people!" said Jean Calder to Diantha. "I really must come to the theater oftener."

"Where does the amusement come in?" asked Leila crossly.

"Look at that large, dark person in yellow satin. She's combing her hair. She's been doing it for five minutes," said her mother.

"If you were sitting next to her, maybe it wouldn't be so funny!" said Leila.

"But I wouldn't, darling. I never sit in those ridiculous narrow seats."

Then the curtain went up, and Peter, tall and beautiful, came on, to a burst of applause. Elaine followed him in a moment, and the house went into a furor. Before they knew it, the curtain fell and, the first act was over.

"Not much applause," said Rufus, pounding away.

"There never was on the road," said Leila. "Wait and see."

"That Harrison girl is too beautiful to be true," sighed Leila's younger brother from the back of the box.

"Oh, don't fall in love again, dearest," said Jean plaintively.

"Don't worry—she wouldn't look at him," said Leila. "Turning down millions is her favorite indoor sport. Besides, she's got her eye on dad."

"What's that?" Rufus pricked up his ears.

"She told me you were her ideal," said Leila impishly.

"Better watch him, Mater."

"You're just teasing me——"

"Sh—the curtain's going up," said Rufus.

Tension was in the air. The play was well constructed, the interest cumulative. Finally it was over and the curtain fell on tumult. It rose and fell—on the company, on Elaine and Peter, and finally on each alone. The play was a success. At last the end, then back to round up Peter.

Elaine, the center of a group, turned quickly to Diantha. "Tell me the truth, and I'll believe it," she said.

"It is wonderful," Diantha answered.

In the limousine going to Diantha's for supper, with everybody talking at once, Leila snuggled against Peter. "I didn't hurt you this time, did I?" she whispered.

"My darling, what could I do without you?"

"I'm never going to butt in again, so help me!" said Leila.

DIANTHA slipped out of the boat-house, bathing-coat on arm, and ran down to the water, before she saw Leila. They were staying with the Calders' over the week-end. It was a warm Sunday morning, September pretending to be June. Diantha had waked, yawned, and started back to sleep, when she heard the swish of water. She slid out of bed and went to the window. The Sound lay whispering beyond the lawn. She slipped into her clothes and opened the door. Below, the big hall lay in sleepy silence.

She crept down the stairs and let herself out into the sunshine. She ran over the lawn, past the rose-garden, to the boat-house. She got into her swimming-suit, and out on the steps, and almost ran into Leila, perched like a small boy on the rail.

"Hello!" she said casually. "Doing the early-bird stuff too? You're a regular swimmer, if you like to do it by yourself."

"I like it any way," said Diantha.

"Me too. But you could have played a saxophone on Peter's ear without waking him."

"May I swim with you, or would you rather be alone?"

Leila looked at her a moment, then slid off the rail.

"Let's go," she said. She took a running dive, and shot like an arrow into the green depths. Diantha followed lazily. The world was very still as they came to the surface, and struck out with practised strokes. Diantha was a graceful swimmer, and Leila looked a reluctant admiration. She was headed straight out, and Leila, knowing the currents all her life, was suddenly startled at the distance between them.

"Better head back!" she called. "There's the devil of a current out there!" But Diantha didn't hear, and she quickened her stroke in pursuit. She opened her mouth to call again, but shut it suddenly, as Diantha swam, head on into a huge submerged timber, and sank, without a sound.

"Darn the woman!" said Leila as she dived. She came up and began paddling around the spot, and was just going down again, when Diantha came to the surface. Leila seized her and struck out. Then the current caught them and whirled them out toward open water. Leila knew better than to waste her strength with Diantha's dragging weight. But she could have cried with relief when Diantha opened her eyes.

"'Don't move!'' she said sharply. "We're caught in the current. It'll be all right—keep still."

"But — I —" began Diantha dazedly.

"You hit your head. It sort of knocked you out. Can you tell if you're hurt?"

"No, but you're carrying me——"

"I'm not using any strength. Turn and float when you can, but don't get away from me."

"What happened?"

"You swam out too far. I tried to tell you. There's a devilish current at certain times. Then you ran into a log, and here we are."

"What will happen?" Diantha asked.

"Darned if I know. If our luck holds we'll get a free ride. If not—well, it will. We'll wiggle to the edge of it and get clear. Then if the shore isn't too far we'll swim to it."

Leila looked at the whirling sky, and wondered if she would see Peter again. But she put the thought away. They would get back. God didn't do this to people. She struck out suddenly with her free hand. Diantha swept along beside her, eyes closed, head on Leila's arm.

"You haven't fainted?" she cried in panic. The dark eyes opened.

"No, head hurts a bit— nothing much."

"Think you could turn over and take hold of me?"

"Surely—why?"

"Going to swim a bit." She didn't dare speak the hope that they were being carried diagonally across the current. They turned together, and, holding Diantha, Leila swam with all her strength. She could have shouted as the pull slackened and she saw that they were making headway. She gathered all her force. There was a sharp struggle, and they were free, just beyond the danger-line.

"We're not out?" cried Diantha.

"We are! How do you feel?"

"Don't bother about me. What can we do?"

"Swim for the nearest shore."

"But it must be miles——"

Leila turned and looked at her. Her face was ghastly, and a smear of red oozed from the gay silk handkerchief around her head. She was swimming gamely as she held to Leila. The girl had a moment's sheer terror. Then she threw all her young strength into her stroke. They must come through! Suddenly Diantha clutched her and cried out.

"What is it?"

"Over there—surely—land——"

"What land is it?"

"Thank God! Talk about luck—Dad's little island. It's what I was praying for. I thought we'd been swept past it. Can you hang on a minute longer?"

"Rather—" said Diantha faintly.

Leila swam desperately for the tiny beach, and presently her knees grated on land. She put both arms around Diantha and half carried her to shore, where the strength suddenly went out of them both.

Half an hour later Leila opened her eyes and sat up. She was dry and warm in the hot sunshine, and the blood once more raced through her veins. She stretched her arms to the sky. She was in the same world with Peter. Which brought her to Peter's mother. Diantha lay as she had fallen. Leila dropped beside her, and Diantha opened her eyes. A sob choked the girl.

"Think you could sit up against this tree?" she asked shakily. "A little first-aid stuff—you—you hurt your head——"

DIANTHA nodded, and got to her knees. A sickening wave of nausea swept her, and she fell back against Leila.

"Awful nuisance—be all right in a minute——"

"Take your time." She untied Diantha's head-scarf with shaking fingers, and drew a sharp breath at the jagged cut on her temple.

"This is a funny little island dad bought for us to picnic on when we were kids," she said. "There's a little shack up the hill. Think you could make it?"

"Surely," said Diantha, her head spinning. She raised herself to her knees, and then to her feet. Leila's arm around her, she stumbled up the path among the trees, to the little cabin. Leila poking under a boulder, brought out a key and set it in the door. It gave rustily, and she half carried Diantha into the shadowy room. She threw open the windows to the sunshine, and ran into the back, coming to Diantha with a first-aid kit and a basin of water.

"What is it—magic?" asked Diantha.

"Not as Robinson Crusoe as it looks." She knelt beside Diantha, who lay back with closed eyes. "We use the place all Summer. Before it's boarded up you can find anything here. The boys turn it into a junk-shop."

"Is my head cut?"

"Just a bit. Think you could let me dress it?"

"What a lamb you are!"

Leila washed the ugly cut, and did a creditable job with plasters and bandages.

"There," she said. "That looks quite dressy. How does it feel?"

"Wonderful—nice, cool, smarty stuff. Where did you learn?"

"Red Cross. You haven't got any broken bones I could practise on, have you?"

"I will have if I do any more fool stunts. How far is it from home?"

"About four miles, I'm afraid."

"Leila you saved my life, you know—" She reached a hand to the girl kneeling beside her. For a moment Leila stared

Continued on page 58

RECIPES! RECIPES!

There may be some particular recipe that you would like very much to have which we have not included in our food department this month. After a test in our own kitchen, we shall be glad to mail the desired recipe if you send your request and a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Recipe Department, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

These photographs show you a new way to save dishwashing time

Pictures through glass dishpans* show how Super Suds dissolves instantly, completely, washes dishes faster . . . saves dishwiping.

Fast-Dissolving Super Suds

Slow-Dissolving Chips

Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

THESE photographs convinced thousands that Super Suds is the fastest dishwashing soap ever made! They were taken through glass dishpans.* They show for the first time exactly how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. And this is important. For no matter how much top suds a soap gives . . . it's the instantaneous rich soapiness in the water below that keeps water from getting greasy. Gives you the help you need *right at the start.*

Why instant dissolving is important

Slow-dissolving soaps can not give you this instant all-through-the-water soapiness. The camera proves it. It shows you that in spite of top suds, the water below the surface—down where the real job of dishwashing is done—is clogged with gummy particles that can't get to work, because they're not yet completely dissolved. While—in exactly the same length of time—in the Super Suds pan every tiny "bead" of soap has dissolved like a flash. You can fairly feel the rich soapiness that has flooded every drop of water in the pan.

Super Suds can give this instant down-to-the-bottom soapiness because it's soap in an entirely new form. It's not chips, flakes nor powder. It's tiny hollow beads . . . made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each tiny bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake.

4 times thinner. Dissolves 4 times faster

It's because Super Suds is so thin—so instant dissolving—that it cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 ways. (1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Get Super Suds from your grocer today. A big box costs but 10 cents. You'll enjoy its instant and complete dissolving. You'll revel in the quick, rich soapiness that only Super Suds can give.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

5946

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Benjamin Wagner Strawbridge is the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Z. Strawbridge of Philadelphia

BENJAMIN WAGNER STRAWBRIDGE

. . . a blithe soul out of Philadelphia

He can thank his mother's careful health régime for his boundless good spirits

LATER on, he may be interested in ship brokerage as his mother's family have been for years and years. Twenty years from now he may be zealous to play his part in Philadelphia's philanthropic life, like his father and his grandfather.

But right now, Benjamin Wagner Strawbridge, one year old last March, is wrapped up in just three things. A calico cat, a teddy bear—and *food*.

Cheeks aglow . . . eyes very blue . . . hair (what there is of it) very blonde, Benjamin wields a doughty spoon.

He's a cheery, amiable youngster—save in one respect. He refuses utterly to eat any cereal other than that one long thought of as the children's own—Cream of Wheat. The baby specialist told the family to give him Cream of Wheat and Benjamin takes the order literally.

"The baby has marvelous health," says Mrs. Strawbridge of her little son, "and we try to bring him up by rote. Cream of Wheat is a very definite part of our schedule."

Cream of Wheat is the baby's first solid food, the country over. When we asked 221 leading baby doctors in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, what they thought about cereal feedings, they *all* gave Cream of Wheat their approval.

They know, as mothers do too, that Cream of Wheat supplies in abundance the energy young children use up so fast. They know that its simple granular form is easily assimilated by inexperienced little stomachs. And that you can rely on it, even in the sultry summer months, for uniformity of quality and freedom from spoilage. The cost is very small—*less than one cent a serving*.

If your baby hasn't joined the ranks of enthusiastic Cream of Wheat eaters, and if he's ready for solid food, start him out now.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

CREAM OF WHEAT

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FREE—an authoritative booklet, The Important Business of Feeding Children—giving correct diets from infancy through high school. Send coupon today, to The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Dept. E-45, Minneapolis, Minn.

Name.....

Address.....

If sample of Cream of Wheat is desired, check here ☐

LEILA LEARNS

Continued from page 56

into the empty fireplace. Then she turned and laid her face against Diantha's arm.

"Didn't know you were such a darned good sport. Glad I happened to be around. Now we'd better get out of this. There'll be a devil of a row at home." She jumped up. "Pity there isn't a telephone here, with all the other junk."

"Is there any kind of a boat?"

"Maybe. Stay here while I explore. I won't be long."

When Leila's slim shadow disappeared, Diantha sank into the chair, faint with pain. Leila, rattling down over the loose stones, made for a tiny boat-house invisible from the water. A boat bobbed back in the shadows, but it was only an old canoe. She dragged it out. It had been painted and put in shape. She anchored it, and climbed back to the camp. Diantha had fallen asleep where she had left her.

ONE Sunday morning at the Calders' being very like another, Leila and Diantha were not missed until nearly lunch-time. Peter got up at noon, supposing Leila had left him to finish his sleep. A maid took a tray to Diantha, but found nothing strange in the empty room. The Calders' guests came and went as they pleased. But when luncheon brought no sign of either, inquiries began. Then it developed that neither had been seen since the night before. The meals passed, as such meals do, with bursts of talk, and long silences.

Finally Peter, rather white, excused himself and disappeared. He came back to report that Leila and his mother had left the bath-house in swimming-suits and not been seen since. Their clothes were in their dressing-rooms, and Diantha's cape still lay on the rail of the pier.

Before he had finished, Rufus began to issue orders. The fastest motor-boat, warm wraps, a vacuum-bottle of hot coffee. He snatched a coat and cap from a closet, and motioned Peter to do the same. Jean Calder, very white, stood with clasped hands, waiting. As they started she ran to Rufus beseechingly.

"You're not going to leave me behind!"

"It may mean a search—we don't know——"

"I'll do anything—never speak—keep out of the way—but I can't stay—don't make me——" He strode back to the closet, took down a woolen coat, and thrust her into it.

"Come along," he said briefly, and nodded to Peter, who followed them at a run. The boat was waiting, engine running, as they hurried onto the pier. It glided away before they could fall into seats.

"Where, Mr. Calder?" asked the mechanician.

"Straight out—then slow down and cruise around." He handed field-glasses to Peter and to his wife. "Take these and search. Sing out when you see anything."

LEILA laid her hand on Diantha's arm. "Hate to wake you," she said quietly, "but I came back to report."

Diantha was alert instantly. "You found a boat?"

"Only my old canoe. We'll have to make a try with it."

"Did you say four miles?"

"About that—I've only done it in a power-boat."

"Can we make it? I can help."

"I think we can, but it's up to you. I think we'd better get off. It may be weeks before anybody comes. There's only a bit of tinned stuff here. We haven't any clothes, and the others will be crazy with worry. It's early, and nice and warm. We're both lightweights, and I haven't done housework for nothing! Look at that muscle. I'd say it was more than an even break; but you're the doctor."

"Let's go. I'm game."

"I'll say you're game!" Leila disappeared again, and came back with a steamer-rug and an old sweater. "More relics. I'm going to paddle—me for the sweater. You're cargo—the rug is yours."

"But Leila, I'm going to paddle too—turn and turn about."

"Now, listen." Leila dropped on her knees again beside the chair. "I owe you something. You're a good sport—you'll let me pay." She put her hand out boyishly, and Diantha clasped it without a word. Leila locked the door, put the key back under the rock, and together they picked their way down to the shore. The girl tucked Diantha into the canoe, pulled on the sweater, climbed in, picked up her paddle, pushed off, and presently the shore slid away, and they slipped off into deep water.

TWO hours later, the glasses still glued to his eyes, Peter gave a shout.

"There—there!" he called excitedly.

"Slow down!" shouted Rufus as they spurted ahead. "You'll upset them!"

The bobbing black speck grew, sprang into middle distance. Then Leila's stiff fingers dropped her paddle for her father's hand, strained to meet hers. They held the little boat steadily against the bigger, and Leila turned, with blistered palms, to Diantha, lying so quietly with closed eyes.

"Diantha's asleep," she whispered. "Careful how you move her." She held up her arms to Peter, who lifted her gently to himself. "Some mother, Peter!" she said, her cheek hard against his, "and some sport! She can have me—if she wants me!"

THE END

SPREADING MY WINGS

Continued from page 19

a sea full of sharks. I have done all these, and I know.

Several years ago, as a partner of Paul Wegener, the famous German actor, who has his own company of players, I was in Constantinople giving a repertoire that was not only varied but extremely tiring, nerve-racking work. On the opening night, we arrived at the theater, dressed and waited for the bell. We waited half an hour. Then we called the manager of the house.

"When do we begin?" Herr Wegener inquired.

The manager pulled aside the curtain. There were two people in the house, sitting far back.

"We must wait for the audience," said the manager.

We waited. Every night we waited for the audience. They came when they felt like it, but they came. Sometimes we would start playing at ten o'clock, sometimes at midnight. We wore ourselves out waiting, and then playing, for those nocturnal theater-goers, but I liked it, because it was different and novel and somehow always a little exciting.

Later we took a ship for the northern coast of Africa, and on our second day out we dropped anchor in a little bay off the Island of Lesbos, or Mitylene, which is in the Ægean Sea, along the coast of Asia Minor. This was in April, and the weather was already terrifically hot. In spite of the fact that the Greeks there do not swim until July, I felt that I had to go in the water if only for something to do, and, once I had an idea, I was not long in carrying it out.

I put on a suit, dived from the ship's rail, and swam for twenty minutes in the warm water, reveling in the release it gave me and totally unconscious of the cries of "*Haifisch! Haifisch!*" which my friends on the boat were shouting for me. Not until I was again on deck did I learn that those waters were infested with sharks.

Every year when I have a little time I go alone to the Dolomites to climb with a guide those precipitous Tyrolean peaks in which geologists have long been interested. The Drei Zinnen are my favorites and they never fail to give me a thrilling experience.

Once in climbing a narrow and extremely dangerous cleft in which borings must be made for every step, I nearly met disaster when a wire snapped near the belt of my guide. It was several hours before we were able to get down to safety again, but at no time was I afraid. I enjoyed it, and I take pleasure in anything that gives me a feeling of intense living. That is why—and it is a good modern reason—I took to the air.

In Germany I write for newspapers and

Continued on page 60

Your poise and charm are safe with this *deodorizing* protection

Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

Because Kotex deodorizes . . . is inconspicuous . . . stays light and cool for hours . . . it is really necessary to your summer poise and comfort.

DON'T sacrifice your feminine charm one single day in summer. Kotex protects when daintiness is especially difficult.

All through every Kotex pad a wonderful deodorant is sprinkled. This deodorant is your protection. It is safe and gentle . . . soothing, even . . . yet deodorizes as long as the pad is worn. What a priceless comfort, particularly in summer!

Meantime, Kotex gives a degree of comfort that seems almost miraculous. This is largely due to its unique filler, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding.

Preferred by hospitals

Cellucotton is used by 85% of America's leading hospitals because of its many advantages. It is not cotton, but a cellulose substance which absorbs five times as much as an equal weight of finest cotton!

Do you realize what this means? It means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than any cotton pad, and give equal protection. Think of the difference in summer, when bulk and weight are so trying.

Kotex keeps its original delicacy an amazingly long time. It is made of sheer layers, laid lengthwise. These layers permit free circulation of air, and carry moisture quickly *away from the surface*. This method of absorption is important both to comfort and hygiene.

Round, tapered corners keep Kotex always inconspicuous. And you dispose of it as easily as tissue.

Insist on Kotex

Don't think for a minute that other pads are "like" Kotex, just because they bear a certain exterior resemblance. Superficially, Kotex can be copied. But in the things that count, Kotex stands alone.

Isn't it wonderful that this perfect protection is available to every woman in the United States, and at so little cost? Ask for "a package of Kotex" at any drug, dry goods or department store.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.

2 ***Kotex is soft*** . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

3 ***Safe, secure*** . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 ***Deodorizes*** . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 ***Disposable*** . . . instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

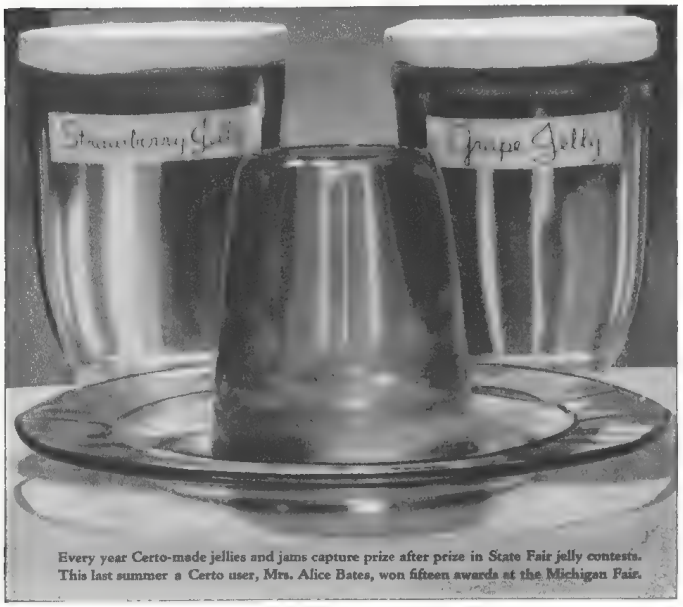
Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

PRIZE WINNING Jellies in 12 minutes!



Every year Certo-made jellies and jams capture prize after prize in State Fair jelly contests. This last summer a Certo user, Mrs. Alice Bates, won fifteen awards at the Michigan Fair.

Only* ONE MINUTE *boiling is necessary when you follow this magical, modern way

Now there's a glorious, easy, quick way to make prize winning jellies and jams.

A few minutes to bring to a boil . . add Certo . . boil one minute longer . . and there you are, scarcely 12 minutes after you start, triumphantly putting your jelly in the window to cool.

You count them and find . . half again more glasses! You've saved, you see, all the fragrant, steaming, fruit juice that used to boil away, and turned it into jelly.

And what delicious tasting, exquisite jelly it is, too. With the Certo short boil you capture all the tantalizing flavor and true color of the fresh, sun-ripened fruit itself.

WHAT IS CERTO? Certo is the natural jellying substance of pure fruit, scientifically extracted, concentrated and bottled. This jellying substance is so scarce in some fruits that jelly cannot be made from them by the old-fashioned way. With many others jelly can be made only with partly ripened fruit and after wasteful, tedious boiling.

Now in Certo this jellying substance *is* yours to use whenever you wish. With it you can make jellies from *any* fruit—even from strawberries and pineapple, yes, even from bottled grape juice! And, because with Certo you use the fruit at its ripest and best, your jellies take on an exquisite new deliciousness.

TRY IT—TODAY. Why not start today to fill your jam cupboard with a rainbow of gay, crystal clear jellies and tempting jams? Choose the fruit that is cheapest and ripest—and begin!

Under the label on the Certo bottle you will find 93 jelly and jam recipes, personally prepared and tested by Elizabeth Palmer, the world famous authority on jelly-making.

Please remember, these recipes are made for use with Certo. Follow every one of them to the letter and your jellies and jams will be greeted with all the honors due a master cook.

Certo, a product of General Foods Corporation, is sold by all grocers. More than 4,000,000 users endorse it. Go ask for your supply today.

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FREE Miss Palmer's new booklet, "Secrets of the Jam Cupboard," contains many recipes for exquisite desserts and salads using jellies and jams. Another of her booklets contains 93 tested jelly and jam recipes for use with Certo. The coupon at the right brings them both to you free.

Address Elizabeth Palmer, Home Service Dept., Certo Corp., Fairport, N.Y. (In Canada address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.) P.R. 8-30

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS . . FILL IN COMPLETELY

SPREADING MY WINGS

Continued from page 58

magazines. I find time to do so because I have always extra time to give to anything that makes my mind and body work. You will say that I must have exceptional energy to be able to do so much, but that is not entirely true. Love of life—that, I think, is the real explanation. And who, more than a woman, has greater cause to love life? Men do many things because they have always done many things. But woman—she has only begun to take part in all this feverish activity which marks the progress of humankind.

She has just found that she can run businesses, participate in politics, excel in sports, invent machines, create works of art, build sky-scrapers, fly, climb, explore, dig, run, play, work, and think. And she is doing it on a scale greater than ever before in history. Why should she not love life more than man?

Do you blame me for trying everything? I have been appearing in movies in Germany, and since I have become known as a flier, I have been playing parts which called for dangerous feats in the air. But I have never had a double, altho the directors again and again offered to put a man in my place for the more risky, sensational episodes which the scenarios called for. I enjoyed it too much myself to allow them to do that.

I like to fly a plane alone, to manage a balloon alone, to ride alone in my car at night. I like to do anything which puts me squarely on my own, and which makes me feel that I am in some measure a disciple of my destiny, if not its master.

Since coming to America in March with Baron Koenig von Warthausen, who recently took an "air-flivver" trip around the world, I have been profoundly impressed by the differences between Europe and America, and particularly by the opportunities which are here accorded women.

In Europe one has sometimes a feeling of being disliked and envied. People are often jealous of your success or else they become parasites on your fame. There is a general feeling of distrust and, instead of helping you, if you show any talent in any direction, they criticize you, block you, and make your life a succession of intrigues and compromises if you allow them.

But how different in America! If people like you in America, they stand behind you solidly. They offer you wealth, they give you their time and their thoughts, and make your success even greater. They turn you into a personality and set you up in a place where your ability is given full sway. Here I have found a most extraordinary willingness on the part of every one to make life more pleasant for every one else.

In my tour of this country I hope to be able to see all the principal cities and find out just what it is that makes the United States a nation of vivid and varied individuals. I want to find out, too, what this country thinks of the exhibition of planes, gliders, and models which I have brought from Germany—the Dorniers, the Junkers, and other makes.

I am interested in the country which has produced the man of the century. Do all of us fully realize what Lindbergh has done for aviation, not only here, but abroad? Every man, woman, and child in Germany knows Lindbergh and has made a place for him in their hearts. And can you think of any one in the world who has kindled the spark of imagination in every corner of the globe quite as brightly as he has?

Many others who have become famous in these times—the statesmen, the thinkers, the scientists, the inventors, the writers, the sportsmen—are personalities of a day, a week, a year. But Lindbergh—he will last for all time. You are a proud nation to have him and to say "He is ours."

IN COMPARISON with such men as Lindbergh woman's achievement in any field is insignificant. No woman, no matter how exceptional she may be, will ever quite reach the high places which are reached by exceptional men. And I say this, not as a traitor to my sex, but as one who has done almost everything man has done, and who knows the limitations and shortcomings which the feminine in us imposes.

Some day, I hope, before it is too late, I shall put aside my search for the superficial excitements of life, and experience that one great adventure which can bring a woman—but no man—closer than anything else to the source of all living.

GOLD MULES FOR GRANNY

Continued from page 21

mind, she has her old age ahead of her. I'll take her to live in my spare room after your father dies, and show her the world."

"But Father—" Polly cried. This was, suddenly, too much. Granny had tincture of tortoise-shell in her veins. Polly was definitely homesick.

As she leaped to her feet and started into the living-room, in response to an urgent need of privacy and misery, Granny intercepted her with a gesture, strangely authoritative, of her veined, finely drawn hand. "My dear, you must be a realist. Women always outlive their husbands, unless they happen to die in childbirth. They may as well steel themselves. It's a horrid arrangement, but it's the result of their marrying younger and living more normally. Any woman who finds herself going through the pearly gates ahead of her husband, may say thank you to God for a pleasant surprize."

Polly found her hand clutched in a grip of wire and satin. She was looking into Granny's dark, defiant, tearless eyes, and seeing twenty years of loneliness.

"Telephone, Miss Pauline."

BY THE time she came back Granny had recovered her insouciance. She was lying back perfectly composed, her hands crossed on her trig, old-fashioned waist, and the incongruous cigaret smoldering between her fingers.

"I'll have to run along," said the young girl. "Otis is stopping for me in ten minutes. We're going to some modernistic picture-galleries." Granny would approve of that fact. "He's very intelligent. He's at Princeton."

"Oh, yes," said Granny. "What's *he* like—tortoise-shell too?"

Polly laughed and hesitated. "No, he's too lumpy, too scratchy." She considered, but found no metaphor. "I'll send you a postal when I think what he's like."

"Let me feel those beads of yours," Granny commanded. Astonished, the girl stooped, and let the old woman's fingers caress the scarlet-china spheres around her throat. Granny's hand strayed, unemotionally, to the straight, smooth hair above Polly's ear; followed the muscle under the creamy skin, down from the ear to the collar-bone, and returned to the necklace.

"They aren't right," she said abruptly. "Not suave enough."

"Should *they* be tortoise-shell?"

"Oh, no, that would be pleonasm. Wait! Maggie, bring me the amber necklace. There, feel that. It's old, it's real. Feel that gentle surface; that's what I mean." She drew it through Polly's finger-tips. "That was living resin once. It has warmth. Try them on, child. Oh, they do bring out your eyes! You must wear them."

"But you're not giving them to me!"

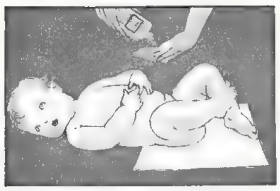
"I'll lend them to you if you really like them. I can't give them away because they were a present from your grandfather after your mother was born. Quite perceptive of him, wasn't it? Some day, when you come back, I must talk to you about your grandfather, and tell you all the things your mother doesn't know about him. It's very interesting, I've always thought, to know the real inwardness of the stock one springs from.

"Your mother was unlucky in that respect, because *her* grandmothers were both of the rose-colored-spectacle school, and they filled her head with family fairy-tales about high-born lineage. Perfect twaddle, not a tenth of it true. Of course, nobody but grandmothers and great-aunts are in a position to know the facts; and if your own grandmother won't mention the family skeletons, of course, the memory of

Continued on page 62

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

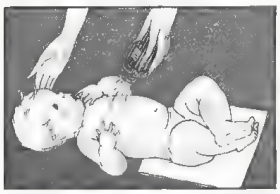
Is Your Sister-in-law's Baby More Popular Than Yours?



1. After the morning bath massage baby's entire body with Mennen medicated, sterilized baby oil.

2. Rub this delightful, pleasantly scented, soothing oil into the folds and creases of the skin to prevent chafing.

3. It will keep baby's body soft, smooth, and free from irritating chafing. The oil will not stain diapers, clothing, or bedding.



4. After wiping off the excess oil dust baby with Mennen Borated Talcum to keep him sweet-smelling, cool, and comfortable.

5. After every diaper change massage the buttocks with Mennen Baby Oil to waterproof the skin against urine and other matter. Then dust the diaper region liberally with Mennen Borated Baby Talcum to prevent any possibility of "ammonia diaper."

Would You Like to Make Your Baby the Most Popular Child in Your Circle of Friends? These Simple Directions Will Help Amazingly!

Of course you will not admit it, but you know your sister-in-law's little boy, while he is not half so good looking, is far more popular than your little girl. And why?

There is a reason why your Jane is cranky and John is not. And the reason is that Jane is uncomfortable—she is unhappy in her body—she is suffering from irritation that you can correct and prevent altogether if you will.

Her little body is hot with feverish chafing in the folds of the skin and her clothes irritate her.

Now, you can stop all that. Every morning after bathing your baby rub its entire body gently with Mennen Baby Oil—being sure to massage it into the folds and creases of the skin so that you will prevent chafing.

And during the day, after every diaper change, massage the child's buttocks with Mennen Baby Oil to water-proof the skin and to prevent the urine and fecal matter from clinging to and attacking the skin.

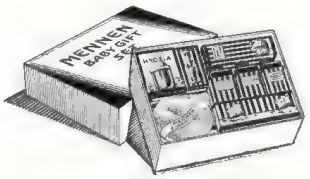
And be sure, after wiping the excess oil off to dust Mennen Borated Baby Talcum over the entire body and particularly into the "diaper region" to help correct and prevent "ammonia diaper" irritation.

Mennen Baby Oil is sterilized and medicated, pleasantly scented, and will not stain baby's diapers or clothing.

THE MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J., Toronto, Ont., Canada

MENNEN
BABY OIL
BORATED TALCUM

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!



This Mennen Baby Gift Box for Mothers

A charming gift for mother and baby—delightfully modern in design—containing the essential things every mother needs for the new baby. Price $1.50 at druggists, department stores, and gift shops.

Mennen Baby Talcum So Fine It Will Sift Through a Handkerchief

Mennen Borated Talcum is so fine it will sift through a silk handkerchief. Make this test yourself to prove the smoothness of this wonderful, medicated talcum designed especially for baby's skin.

Even picnics have their opportunities—and simple frocks their charm!

DOROTHY DIX *says* "ROMANCE *doesn't always demand Moonlight*"

Dorothy Dix

WHY is it so many girls think romance must wait for just the right moment? That moonlight, music, atmosphere are essential? *Romance is everywhere*—afternoons at the beach, hiking in the country—simple picnics—*all* have their opportunities.

But you must always look very dainty, colorful, attractive — your charming best!

You should know above all the significance of *color* in clothes. For you needn't wear expensive things if you know this secret.

Men Love Color

Men respond quickly to color—as the old saying goes, "It's color that takes a man's eye." Even on a picnic, where old clothes are called for, *avoid* faded blouses, color-dimmed prints. For the loss of original *color* in a garment means a corresponding loss of *allure*.

Let me give you two simple hints:

FIRST: In even your simplest frocks, choose very pretty, becoming colors.

THEN: Guard all colors from even slight fading.

When I say this, girls often reply that frequent washings—which daintiness demands—too often take the loveliness from colors. If that is the case, you have probably been using the wrong soap.

Ordinary "good" soaps are sometimes not good enough—and *some of the color goes with the dirt.*

To play absolutely safe, use Lux, which is made *to safeguard colors.*

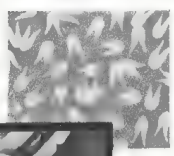
And Your Surroundings, too

Even the simplest home makes a lovely frame to your dainty, feminine self, if *everything*—from the cushions on the porch swing to the curtains in the living room—is kept *colorful as new* with Lux. Remember, men love color.

DOROTHY DIX

THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

Sample washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap—undeniably faded. Not actually ruined, yet it has lost the allure of joyous color.



Sample after 12 Lux washings—unfaded, live, vibrant as when it was bought, all the thrilling magnetism of color retained.

If it's safe in water . . it's safe in **LUX**

GOLD MULES FOR GRANNY

Continued from page 60

them dies out; and that's a great pity. Yes, take the beads with you, child."

"I'm so afraid I might lose them."

"It will do you good to worry about them a little. But don't take them too much to heart. If they get lost, I've had my fun out of them." I try to discipline myself out of clinging to the body of sentiment after the soul has gone out of it. For instance, I don't keep old letters; they weaken me."

"I notice," said Polly "that you have no family photographs around."

"I've really trained myself," said Granny with modest pride, "not to miss either your grandfather or your mother as much as I pretend to."

"Well, Granny dear," Polly still held the amber necklace against her throat, "be a good girl and behave yourself till I get back. You'll be safe in letting yourself miss me a little, because I'm coming soon. I really—I really love you; and goodness knows why—you don't love me."

"I find you very sympathetic," said Granny politely. "Maggie, ask the elevator-boy to take down Miss Pauline's bag."

After the girl had gone she sat immobile under her white-velvet robe until the taxi had exploded its way down the street, the cigaret dying in her fingers, the lorgnette lying across the letters in her lap. On her lips was a smile touched with triumph and impertinence.

When the taxi had conclusively gone she arose gingerly, and made her way into the living-room, with the robe over her arm, and stood carefully blowing away the smuts that had settled on it.

"Maggie! take this thing."

"Yes'm."

Granny tittuped delicately into her bedroom. There, with every evidence of dislike, she removed her gold-kid mules, wrapped them in black paper, and put them away in a new shoe-box; following which she put on gray padded satin slippers with felt soles. Over her breakfast-gown she drew a lavender lamb's wool wrapper. The tortoise-shell lorgnette went into a box in her top bureau drawer, and her gold-bowed spectacles were adjusted over her ears. She brushed her teeth free of the flavor of tobacco. Looking at herself in the bathroom mirror, she addressed her changed reflection: "Well, I hope you're glad you made a jackanapes of yourself." But she still showed the delighted malice of a successful jackanapes.

Now, with the living-room windows shut and the fire going, Granny set herself at a little lap-table by the hearth, and pushed aside the reference-books out of which she had lately been compiling a paper on George Eliot. She meant to write to her daughter.

"*My darling Harriet*——"

She laid down her pen and laughed, wondering whether Harriet's left ear had burned at breakfast-time.

"*Your sweet little child has just left here. She is enchanting. I told her she reminded me of tortoise-shell; but really she is like nothing so much as a freshly sawed pine board, so straight in grain, so square-cornered, so bitterly aromatic. So long as I can't have you and Henry near me, I am quite giddy with the pleasure of having her. Isn't it too bad that we don't outgrow the need of our descendants when our descendants outgrow the need of us!*

"*We exchanged no confidences; but I laid myself out to be nice to her, and I think she will keep coming back till she gets used to me. She will do me good; I find she spurs my inventive faculties. As to her running wild with the boys, I will do what little I can.*"

Maggie was in the doorway again. "You wouldn't like a nice dish of oatmeal yourself, now she's out of the way?" she coaxed.

"Yes, I should, and a hot cup of coffee. And then get the ladder and hang up the big colored photograph of my husband that we put out in the pantry. Oh, Maggie!"

"Yes'm?"

"What time did they get in? My watch had stopped."

"Around three-thirty, 'm."

"Did you get a good look at the young man when he called for her?"

"He's growing a mustache, 'm."

"He goes to Princeton. I don't suppose you found out his last name. Do you think they'd been drinking when they came in, Maggie?"

"Well, as to that I couldn't say, 'm. What am I to do with the velvet cover, 'm? Put it in the bureau?"

"Return it to the shop. It's too expensive to keep. When I have that much money I'll give it to the Missionary Society. They can send another one out on approval when Miss Pauline comes again. Maggie! did it strike you I was making a fool of myself?"

"Time will tell, 'm. You presented a very dainty picture, I'll say that, 'm."

"I wish my own grandmother could have seen me," Granny mused, with her first trace of compunction. "No such monkey-shines for her. She was a woman of iron, and when she put down her foot the earth trembled. She used to spend a quarter of the year with each of her children; and when she arrived we began behaving ourselves. Old age has lost its prerogatives. We're reduced to establishing our traditions by a display of whimsicality which is almost too easy."

NOW that she had succeeded, she was a little ashamed of the loops and circles in which she had enmeshed her granddaughter's unsuspecting youth. Her buoyancy was pricked, but she recovered it. "I didn't tell any actual lies," she murmured.

She took up her pen again; but at that moment Maggie set down the dish of savory oatmeal beside her letter.

JINGLE-BELLS

Continued from page 9

The work was not hard. One stopped at the touch of the whip, waited while refuse was being thrown on, till the driver lumbered to his seat. It was not hard, but by the time he reached the plaza, where the tall trees grew, he was too tired to swish his tail at the flies, too tired to hurry at the crack of the whip. It was not that he was so old, but he felt beaten.

ONE morning Jingle-Bells could not rise. No matter how he struggled to his feet, his knees sagged, and at last, with a pleading whimper, he fell back.

The morning after that a cart came for him. A horse is a horse. If it isn't good at one thing it must serve another.

Jingle-Bells's spirit had been broken. In a disinterested way he blinked at the houses that passed so quickly on either side of him—quicker and quicker, till their whirling made his head dizzy, and he closed his eyes.

Not even after the cart stopped before the bull-ring, and he was lugged out, was he fully aware that this concerned him. The hot smell of animals and men hardly penetrated his befogged senses.

But when he was being led in he heard it. Through the crowds came the music, blood of laughter, careless, cruel, glistening all eyes with its breath, touching all lips with its sword.

Shiny streaks glittered in response each time one of the performers moved, or raised jingling sleeves to shade his eyes from the sun, that hung like a baleful red globe. From that flooding blue light of sky, surging waves of excitement, smells, cries, ebbed, and beat, and ebbed, down to the arena. Flashes of teeth and laughter, sword and danger, pricked the nerves with a certainty of death.

Blood, and music, and men.

Tier on tier of faces and fluttering hands piled before him, as blurred as the noise that flooded the air.

A tremor shook Jingle-Bells's body as he waited for his cue. Behind him he could feel the five men bowing. He must wait before he could begin. He hardly saw the bull in front, pawing at the ground, as if to sharpen his hoofs.

With a glad whinny Jingle-Bells turned in the steps of the waltz.

Next month will appear "A Day in New York," by Lois Seyster Montross—the story that won the $1,000 prize in Pictorial Review's contest.

¶ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*

POSTSCRIPTS

Continued from page 13

like to know how he stands in his community, if he stands at all; and what his character is like, if he has any character; and if he has ever come up before you in court, and if he has, whether or not you convicted him.

I do not want you to take the responsibility of judging him as a prospective husband, because that, of course, is something that I can not dodge, altho I would like to very much. I just want you to find out something about the boy so that I can help my daughter make a reasonable decision. I have seen only his picture, and I must say that I was not impressed either way, so I am still unprejudiced.

I will appreciate any help you can give me, and if you do not want to go in for a thing like this I will gladly let you out of it.

Sincerely,
HOWARD K. WELLS.

Philadelphia,
January 5.

Howard K. Wells, President,
The Bankers Bank Co.,
New York.

DEAR HOWARD:

I am glad that you have called on me to help you out. It is a small thing to ask of me, and while I realize the responsibility, I only wish that you would ask me for something more difficult.

Fortunately, I happen to know Fred McClure very well. I was his guardian for the six years before he came of age, and he has been my secretary ever since, so I have not only been his employee, but I have also been his employer. Consequently I can speak without having to depend on some one else.

As a boy Fred was unusually brilliant, so when his parents died I had myself appointed his guardian, altho I generally would prefer to give the job to another party. I was interested in Fred, and that is why I did it.

His parents were respectable, while not wealthy or social, and they left him only a very moderate income, from which I was able to give him a moderate education, and then I was very glad to employ him in my office, altho he had several offers from other concerns.

He has not only been the greatest help to me by handling my personal affairs with unusual tact, but he has also handled my business affairs with uncanny foresight. He has built up a small but profitable practise of his own, and he has also taken a lively interest in outside affairs, where he is in great demand.

He has been head of the Boy Scouts, the Y. M. C. A., the Urban League, the Community Chest, the Civic League, and the Red Cross, and he was one of the founders of National Apple Week.

At present he is the head of the Young Men's Republican Club, and as soon as he is a few years older he can be elected Mayor or United States Senator without much opposition.

He is honest, trustworthy, ambitious, tactful, and extremely clever. He has great foresight, an ability to get along with people of all classes, and unusual talent in almost every line.

He will go far in my estimation, and I think you would be very fortunate to have him marry your daughter, because I have never yet come in contact with a young man I regard so highly.

I was also sorry to have missed you when I was in New York, but I may have another chance to get there in the Spring.

In the meantime please call on me if you want to know any more about McClure.

Sincerely,
TOM.

P. S.
He is also very modest.
T.

New York,
January 6.

The Honorable Thomas L. Winters,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

DEAR TOM:

I appreciate your letter very much, and I have no doubt that everything you say is true. In fact, I am afraid it is.

The young man McClure is certainly remarkable, and while it is flattering to know that a man of his excellence is interested in my daughter, I am more certain than ever that she should not marry him.

Helen is young, frivolous, scatter-brained, unreliable, unreasonable, and perfectly charming on account of her questionable characteristics, and I believe she has a very good sense of humor. It would be a mistake for her to marry a man of McClure's description.

In the first place, Mr. McClure is an extremely unusual man—almost a superman for his age—and I am afraid that he will either blow up or fade away before he is forty. I think it is alarming for any man to have as many good qualities as he has.

In the second place, if he continues as he has begun he will have so many interests that he will have to neglect his wife in order to satisfy his ambitions. Also if he is such a striking success he will attract many other women, who will find him an easy victim on account of his vanity. And I am sure that he must be extremely vain already or he would not be the leader in so many irrelevant movements.

If I am wrong about his vanity, I still have another reason. I am sure that Helen would kill him with her frivolity, and he would kill her with his unending efficiency. Apparently they were attracted to each other because they were opposites, but opposites should not marry each other. Either they would tear each other to pieces or one would completely dominate the other into desperation.

Furthermore, I can not believe that the young man has a sense of humor, for if he had he would not want to conquer the world before he is thirty. At least he should put it off until he is forty, so that he will have ten less years to wonder why he did it.

I hope you will see my point of view. I think he should not marry my daughter and I think she should not marry him. He should find some girl who is more like himself and one who would help him with his ambitions and who would be as efficient as he is. Otherwise his wife will be occupying a very inferior position.

I do not think for a minute that he is better than my daughter. I think only that she is different. She was born with a never-ending youth, and I know that she will be much happier if she is allowed to mature in her own way. I would hate to see her marry a man who is temperamentally unfitted to appreciate her charm. McClure has a great many good qualities, but I would have him trade them all for a sense of humor, because that is the only thing he lacks, and since he lacks it, he would never be able to appreciate Helen as she should be appreciated.

I hope you will tell the young man how I feel about it, and I hope you will soften the blow as much as possible. I have considered his happiness as much as I have considered Helen's, but I do not want her life to become artificially serious by living with a superman who has no sense of humor.

I am going to take Helen for a trip around the world, starting next week, and I hope I will see you soon after I return.

I am extremely grateful to you for the trouble you have taken.

Sincerely,
HOWARD.

P. S.

Furthermore, I am not especially anxious to have a United States Senator in the family. H.

Philadelphia,
January 7.

DEAREST, NICEST, FATHER IN THE WORLD:

I know you hate me for running off and marrying Fred, but I know you'll forgive me when you hear all about it. You see, we loved each other so much that we just had to get married. Fred wanted to write you, but I thought that it would be better for me to do it, because it is I who am your daughter, and not Fred, after all; or have you disowned me already?

It's a long story, so I'd better begin at the beginning. You see, when you first wrote to Judge Winters you didn't know that Fred was his secretary, and neither did I. And also you didn't know that Judge Winters was in California. Neither did I. But Fred did, and he handles all of Judge

Continued on page 64

Armour's new Star Bacon with the

Fixed★ Flavor

makes an instant hit. In all the world, no flavor like that achieved by Armour's new *"double-f"* process

AMERICAN housewives have discovered a new "star" of particular brilliance . . . Armour's Star Bacon, prepared by a new, improved method. A finer, more even-textured bacon whose very fragrance in the fry-pan whips the most jaded appetite to primitive frenzy. You just can't wait to get your fork into a slice of it!

What is this "double-f" process—this Fixed★ Flavor? It came about by an earnest desire on the part of Armour and Company to give you still better bacon. We began with the livestock itself, raising still higher the standard of selection.

Then we revised the cure and smoke process from start to finish. Some well-meaning friends advised us to let well-enough alone. Star Bacon was already the most melting morsel that ever decorated a dish, they said. But we were bent on "doing the impossible." Years were devoted to research, to perfecting that uniformity of fragrance and taste which we have called Fixed★ Flavor.

Let your family decide at breakfast tomorrow. After all, there are no words in Webster that can put *taste* in your mouth. But you will *know* the instant you remove the wrapping. When the fat sputters in the pan, and that glorious fragrance percolates through the kitchen, you will be more certain. And when, finally, your fork divides each marvelous mouthful, you will be convinced beyond question. Mail the coupon for "36 Ways to Serve Bacon."

★ ★ ★

Tune in the Armour Hour every Friday night at 8:30 eastern standard time, over any of 36 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company. Armour and Company, Chicago.

Even the cartons are new. You can see what you're getting through the window in the pound and half-pound cartons.

ARMOUR'S STAR BACON
with the Fixed★ Flavor

Dept. F-8, *Div. Food Economics*
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me free copy of "36 Ways to Serve Bacon."

Name_____

Address_____

© 1930

Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!

Her Hands *lovely as a bride's after 10 years' housekeeping*

1920

"..thanks to LUX in the dishpan," says Mrs. H. W. Simmonds

THIS attractive young homemaker has done all her own work, having her hands in and out of the dishpan three times a day—for ten years. Yet they are soft and white and smooth as when she was married . . . "thanks to Lux."

"Washing dishes with Lux leaves my hands lovely looking"—Mrs. Simmonds says enthusiastically . . . "so smooth and white and dainty."

When our mothers did their own housework they thought they *had* to have red, rough, dishpan hands.

A Great Discovery

But modern young homemakers know better! They themselves discovered in using Lux for their silks and woolens that the gentle, bland Lux suds worked the same magic with their hands as with their fine fabrics.

Among thousands of young wives interviewed in 11 large cities, we found 96 out of every 100 using Lux—to keep their hands lovely . . . in spite of housekeeping cares.

FAMOUS beauty shops — 305 of them — *advise* Lux for the hands! "With all our experience, we actually cannot tell the difference," they say, "between the hands of the woman who has maids to do all her work and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in the dishpan."

They know that ordinary, coarse soaps leave hands red and rough while Lux suds protect and soothe the precious beauty oils of the skin . . . keeping busy hands smooth, white, adorably young looking. Yet Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

1930

Thousands of women who were brides ten years ago still have hands as lovely as on their wedding day—thanks to the magic of Lux!

For lovely Hands . . Costs less than 1¢ a Day

POSTSCRIPTS

Continued from page 63

Winters's affairs, and even has a power of attorney (I'm pretty technical already, don't you think?) when the judge is away. So, Fred received your letter and it put him in a very embarrassing position, Father—you don't know how embarrassing it was—and I hope you don't ever do it again.

If you hadn't said that you were going to take me away Fred would have forwarded the letter to Judge Winters in California. But there wasn't time, and something just had to be done. Fred had often written letters of recommendation for Judge Winters, but he had never written one about himself, and he thought it was about time he did. He wrote several that he didn't send, and I've seen them, and I think that you got the most conservative one of all. I know that I would have written much higher praise than he did.

You see he was bound to be conservative because he was writing about himself. I hope you appreciate his predicament. And he didn't want to lie to you, and yet he wanted to put the deal over. You know how it is. So he thought the best way to win you over was to give himself so many good qualities that you would see how ridiculous it was and would have a good laugh over it.

I've told him so many times that you had a wonderful sense of humor, and that you liked a good joke better than any one in the world. So he wrote himself up in a grand way, and even added a postscript that he was very modest, to make sure that you wouldn't miss the joke under any circumstances. You can imagine his surprize when he got your answer!

He telegraphed me, and I met him in New York, and we talked it over. From your letter he figured that your only objection was that he had no sense of humor, and we figured that it was unfair of you to judge his sense of humor when you had just muffed a very good joke yourself. Of course, he has been head of the Boy Scouts, but he never knew all the Indian signs, and altho he *was* head of the Y. M. C. A. he never got to a meeting on time. And they elected him head of the Young Men's Republican Club just to keep him from being a Democrat, so you see he's not so bad after all.

So, after we talked it over, we decided that Fred was just the type of boy you would like to have in the family, so we got married right away before you would have time to change your mind.

So here we are in a hotel waiting for a word from you. We've only been married two hours, but already Fred has lost his watch and thinks he'd like to learn how to play a saxophone, so you can see that we're going to be very happy.

As ever, your affectionate, adoring, and grateful tho somewhat woozy daughter,

HELEN.

P. S. (Don't miss this one.)

As for Fred's being a U. S. Senator, he wouldn't think of it. Of course, he might be President some day, but that's another matter. Hope to hear from you soon.

Your daughter,

HELEN.

New York,
January 8.

DEAR HELEN:

I haven't a word to say. Come home at once and bring Fred with you.

DAD.

P. S. (Don't you miss this one either.)

I still have those steamship tickets, and, since I never like to travel with young married women, I hope you can get Fred to take my place—provided, of course, he isn't President already. D.

NEW PARTY MENUS

Continued from page 32

Sally Lunn

4 Cupfuls Sifted Flour
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Cupful Shortening
3 Eggs
½ Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Milk

SIFT together the flour, baking-powder, and salt. Separate the yolks from the whites of the eggs and beat separately. Add the sugar to the beaten yolks. To this mixture add alternately the flour and the milk, and then the melted shortening. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites and pour into a greased cake-pan. Bake in a slow oven for 45 minutes.

Chiffonade Dressing

2 Hard-boiled Eggs (Chopped)
3 Olives (Chopped)
1 Tablespoonful Green Pepper (Chopped)
2 Tablespoonfuls Pimiento (Chopped)
1 Teaspoonful Parsley (Chopped)
1½ Cupful French Dressing

MIX the chopped eggs, olives, green pepper, pimiento, and parsley with the French dressing and serve on lettuce.

VEAL-LOAF CIRCLES TOPPED WITH TOMATO ASPIC
MUSTARD PICKLES
ROLLED WATERCRESS SANDWICHES
FROZEN PEAR SALAD
GINGER PARFAIT — FROSTED LADYFINGERS
ICED TEA

Rolled Watercress Sandwiches

USE fresh bread, and cut slices as thinly as possible with a very sharp knife. Spread evenly with butter. Remove the crust. Arrange sprigs of watercress on the bread so that some of the leaves and stems are over the edge. Roll each slice closely, and see that the sprigs of cress protrude from each end. Fasten with toothpicks until ready to use. Cover with a damp cloth.

Frozen Pear Salad

1 Can Pears
2 Packages Cream Cheese
Salt to Taste
Chopped Nuts
Paprika

PACK the can of pears in an ice-cream freezer, or remove from the can, draw off the juice, and place in the freezing-unit of a mechanical refrigerator. Moisten the cream cheese with milk and add a little salt to taste. When ready to serve put a spoonful of cream cheese in each pear half. Sprinkle with the nuts, and garnish with a dash of paprika. Serve on leaves of lettuce with French dressing.

Ginger Parfait

¾ Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Water
4 Egg Whites
1 Pint Heavy Cream
½ Cupful Preserved Ginger (Chopped)

BOIL the sugar and water until the sirup spins a thread. Beat the egg whites until stiff. Pour the sirup slowly over the stiffly beaten whites, beating constantly until cool. Add the chopped ginger, cool, and fold in the cream, which has been whipped until it holds its shape. Freeze and serve in tall glasses.

HAM MOUSSE WITH HORSERADISH SAUCE
GHERKINS
ASPARAGUS-TIPS — DEVILED EGGS
OLIVE BUTTER SANDWICH
FRESH FRUIT SALAD — ORANGE BREAD
ICED COFFEE

Ham Mousse

2 Cupfuls Ground Ham
1 Tablespoonful Gelatin
¼ Cupful Cold Water
½ Cupful Boiling Water
1 Teaspoonful Prepared Mustard
½ Cupful Heavy Cream
2 Drops Tabasco Sauce

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve in the boiling water. Cool and add the ground ham, the mustard, and the tabasco sauce. Chill and stir in the cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mold and place in the ice-box until congealed.

Horseradish Sauce

½ Cupful Heavy Cream
4 Tablespoonfuls Drained Horseradish
Salt to Taste
1 Teaspoonful Prepared Mustard
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-juice

WHIP the cream until very stiff, and fold in the horseradish, salt, mustard, and lemon-juice. This may be served frozen.

Orange Bread

Grated Rind 2 Oranges
5 Tablespoonfuls Shortening
¾ Cupful Sugar
1½ Cupful Graham Flour
1½ Cupful Flour
1¼ Cupful Milk
1 Egg
6 Teaspoonfuls Baking-powder
1 Teaspoonful Salt

WASH the oranges and, without peeling, grate the outer yellow rind which contains the oil cells. Mix the dry ingredients, cut in the shortening, and add the grated orange rind. Beat the egg until foamy, mix with the milk, and stir into the flour mixture. When thoroughly mixed pour into a greased pan and bake for 1 hour in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

¶ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*

HOW PHILADELPHIA RESPONDED

Continued from page 2

My only answer to this argument is that there is a crying need for hostess-crusaders who will step into the vanguard with the others already there and lead society in a nation-wide march to the high road of respect for law.

From many States in the union and especially from the large cities—New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Miami hundreds of affirmative replies have come.

Of course, I have had many requests to make public the names of my correspondents, but in order to keep faith I have been constrained to reply that the names never will be divulged.

Every one to whom the letter was sent has been assured that her reply will be kept in absolute confidence, and I shall keep my word. The correspondence is kept in a personal safe in my home to which I alone have access.

All letters, both favorable and unfavorable, have been revealingly frank. "Unfavorable" persons write bluntly that they do not believe in prohibition. They claim it is doing more harm than good, is breeding disrespect for law, and can never be enforced as far as they are concerned.

Many of my correspondents, altho in the minority, acknowledge their incorrigible antipathy to prohibition, and tell me they admire my courage in trying to dry up fashionable parties, but expressing the doubt that I will ever get anywhere. At least they leave me in no doubt that I can expect no co-operation from them.

On the other hand, many replies have been received from both men and women telling me I am "on the right track."

The recent example of General Dawes in England will have a prodigious effect. With our blue-ribbon diplomatic post setting the pace of liquorless functions, American embassies and legations everywhere will give great strength to this society movement; and rest assured back of this movement is the motive really innermost in their hearts to stand by the American Constitution.

As for the younger generation and its place in the dry entertaining program—if the younger people are letting down the prohibition standards, the responsibility rests with their parents. If parents make a joke of prohibition, so will the children. That is to be expected.

All law enforcement begins in the home, for all the law-enforcement officers in the world can not wield the power for good that is possessed by mothers and fathers.

Unless society calls a halt, unless homes take the lead in observing the law, we are placing on our young people an undue and unnecessary burden. The parents must first prove that drinking is not smart and the children will be quick to follow their lead.

Every boy and girl old enough to mingle in society will be presented with a serious problem. In some quarters there are sneers at true modesty which the up-to-date youth is given to calling "old-fashioned." There is a letting down of standards—a breaking down of barriers—until that certain honor and chivalry which are the birthright of every well-born American boy are rapidly being lost.

If parents tolerate drunken guests whom they formerly would have shunned and ostracized, they are not leading their children on the high road of honor.

Prohibition is really a home question. We can not expect our children to be better than we ourselves are. If we make a joke of prohibition, so will they. If we patronize bootleggers, we can not censor them for doing the same. If we mock and violate the law, our children will do the same.

Society mothers are beginning to see the light. They feel they can not loiter to-day in facing their responsibility. They must go forward with the strength of their convictions. They know their children have wonderful capabilities and that it is up to the elders to live lives that will guide these children aright.

SURELY we can not let our faith fail us in a time when there is so much need for clear, straight thinking. There seems to be a searching on the part of some people for a new false freedom.

Are we to destroy the ideals of our country by teaching our children to seek this new selfish freedom which is denied to the working classes? This question can not be looked upon lightly, nor may we expect our children to pay for our selfishness.

I can not believe the American people are too spineless to stand by their own Constitution. After all, the great question of enforcement rests with the people themselves, and all law enforcement can begin most effectively in the home.

If we sneer at the law how can we expect our children to carry on as good citizens?

Society has shown a willingness to turn the tide. Society will prove it is no longer "smart" to break the law and enter alliance with lawbreakers.

The time is propitious. I have unbounded faith in the American society women, many of whom have a rich and splendid heritage of ancestry. The time has arrived when every American citizen, regardless of station, must search his own heart on the question of law observance.

OUR ILLITERACY PROBLEM

Continued from page 28

educated. But it is a necessary condition of education in other lines. Politically speaking, the illiterates are always a potential menace. Shut off as they are from contact with books and the press, they are either politically indifferent and apathetic or are ready subjects for demagogic appeal.

While no very dependable statistics are at hand, it is evident that health conditions are likely to be worse among them than among those who have access to information and who can be reached by campaigns like that against tuberculosis, for example. That illiteracy conduces to a low economic condition is self-evident. Speaking generally, only those whose ambition it is to learn to read and write, in spite of early handicaps, ever rise in the industrial scale.

I RECALL meeting some years ago a superintendent of schools in a large mining town in Pennsylvania. He had gone to work in a mine while still a lad. After he was twenty years old he woke up to the fact that all those who got ahead had had some schooling, while he could neither read nor write. He saw himself condemned to a life of drudgery underground. He came of sturdy Scotch ancestry. He left the mines and went to school. In an amazingly short number of years he had been graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and made himself an educational leader.

Such cases are rare. But think of what society would have lost if he had not awakened to the need of education then multiply his case by hundreds of thousands, and you can form a picture of the dead loss that comes from the low economic status that follows in the wake of illiteracy. The economic evil extends far. A few—but too few—manufacturers and merchants are alive to the situation and have publicly testified that they are willing, altho in relatively advanced portions of the North, to be taxed to improve school facilities in the South, because of the sure development of markets that would result from the spread of education.

It should not be necessary to cite these special points. The outstanding fact is that the existence of illiteracy on such scale as is found among us is not only a social blight but a reproach to our boasted pride in our public-school system and its efficacy. Something has to be done about it, unless we are willing to confess that our boasts are merely empty talk. It will have to be done on a large scale, and in organized ways.

The first step is to analyze the problem, to break up the illiteracy evil into its component parts, in order that each factor may then be dealt with separately and by the agencies most appropriate to do it. In the rough, there are three parts, as we have already seen. There is the negro problem, the problem of immigrants in industrial centers, and the problem of the native whites of rural regions, where people live in isolation, and with few and poor schools.

Continued on page 73

..and you'll like the way Postum helps you

HERE'S a drink that is *doubly* delicious in summer! Postum in the cup—Postum iced, in a frosty glass. *Try it both ways. . . .*

Try Postum in the cup tomorrow morning, when you need a hot drink to "wake you up." Its fine fragrance will stir your sleepy appetite—so be quick with the cream and sugar! Watch the rich brown color lighten to gold as you pour in the cream—then taste that wonderful flavor! Mellow. Smooth. Ah yes . . . you'll want a second cup!

Iced Postum has the same delicious flavor. A refreshing drink on hot, sticky days. A drink that cools and cheers you—without causing the ill effects that so often result from drinking caffein beverages. *That's* the real news about Postum. Hot or iced, it won't harm you—as caffein drinks may now be doing. Postum won't set your nerves on edge, or make you sleepless. It won't give you indigestion or headaches. *Postum contains no caffein.*

Made from golden grain!

Made from roasted whole wheat and bran, Postum is entirely wholesome. Let it take the place of caffein beverages in your diet, for thirty days—*then* see how much better you feel! Thousands of people who have made this test, tell us that they "feel like a different person," and Postum is now the favorite mealtime drink in more than *two million* homes! You'll want to make it *your* lifetime friend, too.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer—or mail the coupon for one week's supply, free, as a start on your thirty-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

How to make Iced Postum
(with milk or water)

Dissolve eight level teaspoons of Instant Postum in half a cup of boiling water. Mix with 5 cups of cold milk (or cold water). Sugar to taste. (If water is used, sugar *and cream* to taste.) Serve with cracked ice.

This is a sufficient quantity for four tall glasses. More, or less, may be made in the same proportions. The attractiveness of either drink is increased by putting a tablespoon of whipped cream on the top of each glass—or by beating into the drink, with an egg-beater, a heaping tablespoonful of vanilla ice cream for each glass. If ice cream is used, no cracked ice is needed.

It's easy to make children love milk now!

Instant Postum made with milk looks and tastes "grown-up"—and children love it! Even children who don't like plain milk, love the flavor of this delicious drink. Let your children have the benefits of this healthful, nourishing drink. ©1930, G. F. CORP.

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P.—P. R.-8-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM.....☐ *Check which you prefer*
(prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL.....☐
(prepared by boiling)

Name_____

Street_____

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Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *General Foods, Limited,* Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

"Smooth Skin a Girl's most Appealing Charm," *say* 45 Hollywood Directors

Hollywood · Broadway · European Stars · 9 out of 10 use Lux Toilet Soap

Lois Moran, *charming Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin marvelously smooth."*

Fay Wray, *delightful Paramount star, says: "It helps give the skin a wonderful smoothness."*

Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood

Billie Dove, First National's appealingly lovely star, says: "*A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether or not she is a motion picture star. I use Lux Toilet Soap and find it delightfully pure and refreshing.*"

Billie Dove.

Madge Bellamy, *ever so popular a star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves the skin smooth as a rose-petal."*

Doris Kenyon, *attractive young star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such lovely smoothness."*

CHARMING SKIN—smooth and clear and soft! The girl who has it attracts people wherever she goes. There's a subtle appeal in it that always sets hearts to beating a little faster.

"People *love* the beauty of smooth skin," says Mervyn Le Roy, First National's famous motion picture director. Like 44 other leading directors he has found this out from long experience with gauging just what it is about a girl which will most surely touch the hearts of millions of people.

• • •

"To a screen star," he goes on to say, "a flawlessly smooth skin is a supreme necessity. Her public adores it—her director demands it. No art of the make-up man can simulate skin-beauty under the merciless test of the close-up. Every star I know has rarely lovely skin."

But lovely skin never remains "rarely lovely" unless it has the most intelligent care. And the charming Hollywood screen stars long ago found out that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin exquisite.

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use this delicate soap—and every one of the great motion picture studios has made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

The Broadway stars, too, have long been enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap—so daintily fragrant and white. And now, in the capitals of Europe, the beautiful screen stars have eagerly adopted this soap which keeps the skin of their sister-stars in America so flawlessly smooth.

NEVER WERE the lovely actresses more appreciative of Lux Toilet Soap than since talking and singing pictures have become so popular. There are more close-ups than ever in the talkies—and every close-up demands a practically perfect skin if a star is to hold the public heart.

If you aren't one of the millions of women who are using Lux Toilet Soap, you'll be delighted to find how smooth and soft it keeps your skin.

It is made just as are the finest toilet soaps of France—and its caressing lather is luxuriously generous, no matter how hard the water.

Use this dainty soap for the bath, too—and for the shampoo, as the stars of stage and screen do. Order several cakes—today.

Lux Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢

¶ *Refuse substitutes; buy the advertised brand every time!*

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MIDSUMMER WEAR

AFTERNOON **EVENING**

. . . But a few short weeks remain for this hectic whirl of living twenty-four hours a day along this coast, at Cap d'Antibes, before we need to consider returning to Paris and the formal activities of social life there. Though the pace is apt to be a bit wearing, it is grand for the morale and highly diverting. The smart woman finds this picturesque life in fisherman's jeans and Basque costumes absolutely right for daytime, but you need only one glimpse of the imposing garden parties held high up on the verdant hills to realize how quickly the athletic young fisherman is transformed into a picturesque edition of feminine elegance, just as the couturiers intended them to be. Organdie frocks are high fashion now, with sashes, appliqué of new embroidery and much beruffled chic that proclaim their Parisian origin.

The beautifully landscaped gardens of Madame de C.'s château have established that hostess an enviable reputation for delightful and original entertainments on a grand scale. At the soirée given in honor of Count R——, the entire garden was turned into a veritable fairyland for Mademoiselle A—— in a modern revue that afforded striking contrast to the old world garden. Dark-toned evening gowns in net, lace, marquisette and chiffon were a new note and contrasted with the numerous light taffetas and crêpes. Grecian types were outstanding, while the all-white gown of stiffened net created a new note of formal elegance.

Colette Cartier

5345—This late afternoon frock, with its deep cape outlining a V décolletage, was chosen by Miss Ellen Barr ——, the lovely American débutante who is spending the Summer at Cap d'Antibes. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅜ yards 39-inch fabric. Width 1¼ yard.

5346—For tea Comtesse d' ——, whose famous château is the scene of many brilliant gatherings, wears this gracious frock with its long skirt and flared sleeves. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 16 requires 5⅞ yards 39-inch print, ⅜ yard plain. Width about 3¼ yards.

5345 5346 5369 5368

5369—One of the most striking gowns seen at the Casino at Le Touquet is this one, worn by Madame André ——, with its slightly draped corsage and its series of skirt flounces. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¼ yard.

5368—This gown was selected for its flattering wing-like draperies and peplum flare by Miss Edwina ——, a popular member of the younger set that dances nightly at Antibes. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 5⅝ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 2¼ yds.

VIVID FABRIC CONTRAST IN NEW RESORT MODES

. . . With the wealth of new fabrics at her command Paris makes effective use of contrast for each costume. Printed frocks have plain capelets or lingerie details and plain frocks are trimmed in contrasting shades. Some ensembles are in two shades of one material, others in contrasting materials, and still others carry out contrast in accessories.

5343—The flare of the capelet is repeated by a low-placed flounce, introduced just above the knees. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch print, ¾ yard 39-inch plain for the trimming. Width about 2⅛ yards.

5350—Jacket. 5332—Skirt. Sponsoring redingote lines. Jacket—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Skirt—Designed for sizes 27 to 40 waist. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch novelty material. Width of the skirt at bottom about 1½ yard.

5325—A crisp little frock featuring box-pleated flounces and an engagingly frilled U neckline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch dotted fabric, ⅝ yard 39-inch plain for trimming. Width about 2¾ yards.

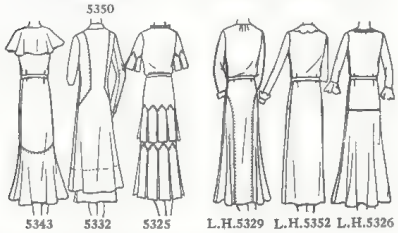
Paris—Gerline 5343 | Jacket—5350 Skirt—5332 | Paris—Mirande 5325

DIGNITY IN SLENDER MATRON FROCKS

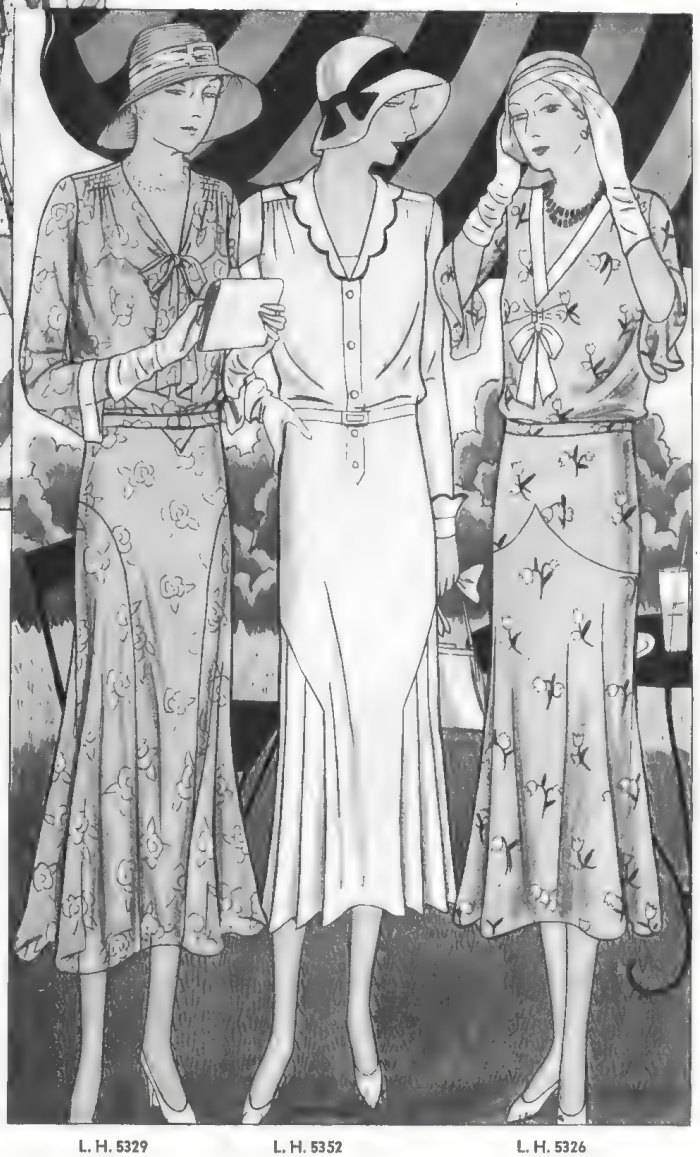
5329—Larger-hip. A sheer frock with flattering curved hip and pointed bodice seaming. Note sleeves. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 4 yards 39-inch print, ¼ yard 39-inch plain for chic contrast. Width about 2¼ yards.

5352—Larger-hip. Scalloped collar and cuffs, and pleats diagonally grouped trim a well-bred frock. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch fabric, 2⅝ yards bias binding for the scalloping. Width about 2¼ yards.

5326—Larger-hip. A frock well suited to the mature figure, softened by a vestee and flared sleeves. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch print, ¼ yard 39-inch contrasting for trimming. Width about 2⅛ yards.



5343 5332 5325 L.H.5329 L.H.5352 L.H.5326



L. H. 5329 L. H. 5352 L. H. 5326

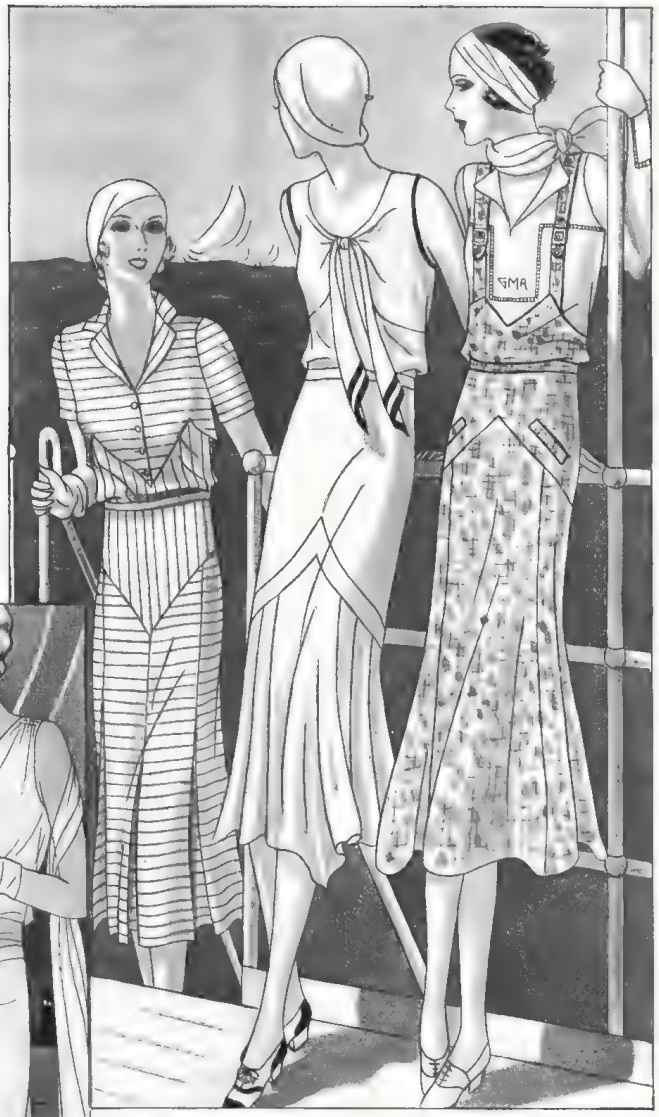
YOUTHFUL, SWAGGER LINES FOR SEASIDE SPORTS

. . . To the gratification of all smart women, a sharp distinction has been drawn at resorts this year between daytime and evening clothes. Frocks to play in are interesting, sportslike and very trig; and after the sun goes down appear brilliant, romantic gowns, draped and fringed, reminiscent of former periods and as feminine as Paris.

5341—The bolero of this engaging frock is stitched in front and dips in a point to button on the belt in back. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch striped material. Width about 1⅞ yard at the bottom.

5337—Contrasting binding adds sprightly touches to this pleated frock with its curved seaming. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch material, 1⅝ yard binding. Width about 2½ yards at the lower edge.

5323—Blouse. 5327—Skirt. Flared suspender skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42 each. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material for blouse, 2⅜ yards contrasting for skirt. Width about 2⅜ yards. Monogram 558, 3 inches high.



Paris—London Trades 5341 5337 Blouse 5323 Skirt 5327
Monogram 558

Wrap 5347 Frock 5281 Paris—Yvonne Carette 5322 5336

LONG-LIMBED REGAL TYPES FOR FORMAL EVENINGS

5347—Wrap. 5281—Frock. The short wrap is perfect with the new ankle-length frocks. Designed for sizes 14 to 42 each. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material for wrap, 4⅝ yards fabric for gown. Width of gown about 4 yards.

5322—Fringe and a bow-trimmed girdle typify the authentic Paris gown. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch material, ⅓ yard 4½-inch fringe, 3½ yards 2-inch fringe for the trimming. Width about 3 yards.

5336—Long, sculptured folds reveal the classic inspiration of this graceful gown. Designed for sizes 14 to 40. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch material, 1⅞ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width of slip about 1¼ yard at the bottom.

THE TAILORED IDEA IN CASUAL TOWN OR COUNTRY FASHIONS

5313 5335

SPORTS STRIPES

5338—Stripes lead in silk and cottons for active sports frocks, and this sleeveless model features the use of opposing stripes in the deep yoke, diagonal skirt encrustation and buttoned tabs. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 1½ yard at the lower edge.

NEW NECKLINE

5324—This daytime frock may go anywhere at all and be distinguished by its charming neckline, its little epaulets and the arrangement of its flat-topped godets. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch material, 2¼ yards two-tone binding. Width about 2¼ yards at the bottom.

TAILORED TABS

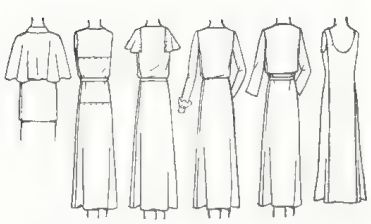
5351—Tab detail outlined with piping on the tuck-in blouse and skirt seaming that terminates in pleats, give a nice swagger feeling to this tailored frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch dotted fabric, ¼ yard 39-inch plain, 3 yards binding. Width about 1⅜ yard.

TWO IN ONE

5331—Suit. 5187—Frock. The skirt and bolero jacket may be worn into town and taken off on arrival in the country. Designed for sizes 14 to 42 each. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 39-inch fabric, 1⅜ yards braid, 3¼ yards 39-inch print, ⅝ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width of frock about 2⅞ yards.

5313—A charming little sleeveless jacket to wear with sports, town or afternoon frocks that vaguely recalls the nineties in the turn-down collar of its elbow-length cape. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch fabric, 1⅛ yard lining. Velvet or crêpe are smart.

5335—A strictly tailored princess slip, fitted by full-length seaming, whose U neck and supple, unbroken lines adapt it perfectly for wear under sports and tailored frocks. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch fabric. Width about 2 yards around the bottom.



5313 5338 5324 5351 5331 5335

Paris—Gervais 5338 5324 Paris—Marcel Rochas 5351 Suit 5331 Frock 5187

SEMI-SPORTS FROCKS ACCENTED BY VIVID ACCESSORY DETAIL

CHIC CONTRAST

5349—Printed and plain materials are attractively combined in this ensemble with its short-sleeved frock and its new three-quarter length coat. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch dotted, 3⅛ yards plain, including lining. Width about 1⅜ yard around the bottom of the skirt.

DIAGONAL SEAMS

5342—The sophisticated swing of the diagonal seaming encrustation is rendered more effective by the use of well-placed buttons and by the pleats introduced at the side of the skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material, ⅛ yard contrasting. Width about 2¼ yards.

A SQUARE NECK

5339—This becoming tailored frock is altogether new and distinguished from its crisply contrasting collar to the hem of its cleverly seamed and pleated skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material, ⅜ yard 39-inch contrasting. Width about 1½ yard at lower edge around the bottom.

POLKA DOT CHIC

5348—This unusual frock is cut in a low opening to disclose a jaunty, polka dotted vestee. The skirt is caught up slightly at the closing by tucks. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch material, 1⅛ yard dotted, 12⅞ yards braid. Width about 1¼ yard at the lower edge.

5320 5330

Paris—Claire Any 5349 5342 5339 Paris—Schiaparelli 5348

5320—Paris designs an individual hat to match each of the new sports frocks, and this one, with its lifted brim, would be effective in any of the season's sport fabrics. Designed for head sizes 21, 22 and 23 inches. Size 21 requires ½ yard 36-inch material, ½ yard ribbon for trimming.

5330—The newest and gayest accessories are the matching bags and scarfs in vivid colors that add sparkling contrast to the simple white or pastel sports frocks. Scarf and matching bag require 1 yard 39-inch striped material, ⅜ yard 39-inch lining, ½ yard 18-inch buckram.

5349 5342 5339 5348

SPRIGHTLY LINES AND COLORFUL FABRICS FOR YOUNGSTERS

. . . Summer won't seem half so warm to active modern youngsters who wear these very smart clothes made in such charming and colorful fabrics as are shown in the balloons at the left.

1. Denvale, a charming dimity print from Borden Fabrics. 2. A very new and unusual treatment of the dot theme in a Peter Pan voile. 3. Aristo Batiste, from Pacific Mills, is a demure flower print. 4. A yellow and brown allover floral pattern in Celanese Ninon. 5. Lintan, from Fruit of the Loom, is a smart linen print. 6. A dainty new flower design in printed Flaxon. 7. Wyandotte, an A.B.C. rayon piqué for swagger sports coats. 8. A Cheney Brothers' silk in a modern plaid. 9. An Aberfoyle Fabric check in a novelty weave.

5333—Full-skirted frock with gaily bound capelet collar. Designed for sizes 1 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 39-inch dotted, ¾ yard plain, 1⅞ yard bias-fold tape to trim the circular capelet.

5340—The contrasting yoke extends in shoulder caps. Designed for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch print, ¾ yard plain, ½ yard binding for trimming. Initial 543, 2 inches high.

5316—Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 54-inch material, 1⅛ yard 39-inch lining for coat, 1⅛ yard 36-inch print, ⅜ yard 36-inch plain for the contrasting trim of this ensemble.

5344—The skirt, widened by four inverted-pleats, joins the bodice in a novel outline. Designed for sizes 8 to 15 years. Size 14 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material, 1½ yard ribbon. Colored transfer 13077.

5321—Flared shoulder capelets and a peplum flounce contribute vivacious charm. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch material, 1⅝ yard bias binding, 2⅜ yards ribbon.

5328—Double-breasted coat with smartly scalloped capelet and cuffs for the young fashionable. Designed for sizes 2 to 7 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch material, 1⅛ yard 39-inch material for lining.

5334—A dainty, girlish frock with frilly ruffles and a deep flounce. Designed for sizes 8 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch plain material, ⅝ yard dot, 1¼ yard ribbon. Transfer 12812, b. or y.

Pep for flavor
Bran for health

PLUNGE into work or play with zest. Keep fit and healthy with Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

Just taste these *better bran flakes.* A marvelous combination. All the glorious flavor of PEP. All the food-strength of whole wheat. And the healthful properties of bran. There's just enough to be mildly laxative—to help keep you fit and regular.

Ideal for summer-time breakfasts. Cooling for lunches in the heat of the day. With milk or cream a wonderfully balanced food for the children's supper. You'll say Kellogg's are the best bran flakes you ever ate.

Sold in the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

PEP BRAN FLAKES

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative.* ALL-BRAN *—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.*

OUR ILLITERACY PROBLEM

Continued from page 65

Prevention is always better than cure. One necessary measure is to prevent the development of illiteracy among those now of school age. This task falls in part to the formulation and effective execution of adequate compulsory school laws. Our American habit of paying more attention to getting laws placed on the statute-books than to their subsequent administration counts. Compulsory-attendance laws will always be poorly enforced, however good they are on paper, when they are not supported by public opinion in the communities affected by them.

A general campaign for enlightenment of sentiment in backward communities is needed. Here too there is a vicious circle. The communities and groups that most need enforcement are just the ones that have least interest and care about the laws.

In spite of all agitation for the abolition of child labor, the factory and shop still remain the enemy of the school and a distinct abetting cause of illiteracy. The failure of the amendment to the Federal Constitution giving Congress power to regulate child labor is one of the causes why the movement for the liquidation of illiteracy has not made more headway.

The fact that in addition to 10,000,000 illiterates there is another 10,000,000 who are near illiterates proves that three years or so of schooling is not enough. The beginning must be made with improvement of existing school facilities for the young, and seeing to it that all children go to school and remain there long enough so that there is a genuine effect.

THIS measure, however, only prevents the young from growing up illiterate. It does not take care of those beyond school age. Here there is room and demand for both private philanthropic effort and for public activity.

Mrs. Stewart's moonlight schools and the wonderful work they have accomplished show what one person, with the ardent supporters she has gathered about her, can do in elimination of illiteracy in rural regions. The work of Dr. Talbot, with his "Self-help" primers and readers that have an illustrated vocabulary of words most familiar to factory-workers in their daily occupations, is suggestive of a line of attack useful in industrial centers.

The whole administrative problem, however, needs more attention than it has as yet received. It ought to be possible to work out a proper division of labor among municipal, county, and State units, assigning to each its proper function, and providing from the proper sources the necessary funds.

The scheme would have to be flexible. In big manufacturing centers the local municipality must take the initiative. In rural districts the county is the natural center. In both cases there should be auxiliary help from the State. In the cities particularly there must be ways found to secure the active co-operation of industrialists and those in charge of manufacturing plants. With an aroused public opinion there would be no difficulty in developing a flexible and effective program which should wipe out in a few years the reproach of illiteracy.

The question of federal aid and of the extent and manner of federal participation in elimination of illiteracy opens up a disputed field. It is practically, even if not logically, bound up with the moot question of a representative of education in the President's Cabinet.

Altho this idea has been indorsed by large numbers of organizations, including not only the National Education Association but the Federation of Women's Clubs and the American Federation of Labor, it has never gone through.

Aside from fear of undue interference on the part of authorities of private and parochial schools, and from trivial objections such as having to add another leaf to the table around which Cabinet members sit (an objection actually urged from high quarters), the chief obstacle is dread of bureaucracy and of centralization.

IF THE adoption of the proposed measure were to lead to any centralized control of public education, I should, however reluctantly, be obliged to oppose it. I believe that the vitality of our school system is dependent upon its close connection with local needs and interests. A centralized system like that of France is wholly foreign to our spirit and traditions.

I do not think, however, the objection is well grounded. Any move in that direction would be met with so much jealousy and opposition from the States which felt their prerogatives encroached upon, that it would surely fail. I think we also can count upon enough common sense to forestall any attempt at making the move.

In as far as a federal Cabinet of Education is connected with the question of federal aid to do away with illiteracy, the argument, I believe, is all in its favor. I am obliged to resort again to a few figures which indicate why such aid is needed if there is to be organized effort to eliminate illiteracy and its attendant evils. We are again in the presence of the vicious circle. The States and communities that most need funds to carry on the campaign both of prevention and of abolition are usually those least able to afford it. While, for example, the average of one-room schools for the country at large is 28 per cent., it varies in different States from less than 4 to 58 per cent.

The percentage of efficiency in providing school facilities for children under fourteen varies from 36 to 75 per cent. in different States, the highest percentage as a rule being found in Far Western States. To take a single example, children in South Carolina had a few years ago but 58 per cent. of the opportunity to attend school of those in New Jersey. If we took counties instead of States the variation would be enormously greater.

These differences are largely connected with a difference in financial resources. The per capita production of wealth in five States having the greatest educational efficiency was double that of the five States having the lowest rating.

The five richest States had, according to the census of 1920, an income per child of three and a half times that of the five poorest; the saving accounts of the gainfully employed increased in a ratio of seven to one, while the amount spent in the well-to-do States was fifty dollars per child annually, against eleven dollars per child in the poor ones. While the evil is more or less concentrated in localities, it is nation-wide in its effects. Where one member suffers, the whole body suffers with it. Resources to cope with the evil are also unequally distributed.

It is a measure of justice as well as of generosity that those most able to help should co-operate with the weaker States in doing away once for all with the evil of illiteracy.

This co-operation can be brought about only through the medium of the federal government.

But the sole responsibility does not lie with it, nor should anything like the whole burden be put upon it. We must have organized endeavor all along the line.

Service

The Pictorial Review Home Bureau will be glad to furnish free information on any subject of interest to home-makers. Please send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, with your inquiries, to Home Bureau Service, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

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Aged 6 Months in the making

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GINGERY ✓ *GOLDEN is spirited and gingery, with quick energy in its dancing bubbles and full-flavored goodness.*

MILD ✓ *PALE DRY is mild and delicate — a peerless blender in mixed drinks — a favorite among modern ginger ales.*

EXTRA DRY ✓ *SEC is dry, very dry. So unusual in flavor as to have made millions of friends who find its distinctive characteristics irresistible.*

You will find your favorite among them. Try them all and see. Perhaps, like many a hostess, you will find it best to have more than one type of Clicquot Club in your refrigerator. Your guests . . . the family . . . children—all have different preferences. And every bottle in which Clicquot Club is sold is *brand new.* For purity's sake, no bottle is ever used a second time.

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The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from WEAF and associated N.B.C. stations at 9 P.M., New York time.*

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Generous trial package... 10¢ ... write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT'S NEW—the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10¢.

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 25

when Jenny announced to Wilbur that now they must go up to Holt. She must, she said, have a look at the house that Ian had taken.

Wilbur had expected her to take to her bed and remain there at least a week. This unseasonable burst of energy could mean but one thing. She had fresh plans. He sighed.

"But don't you think, Jen, that you should give yourself a rest? Just a day or so. You've been going pretty hard, you know."

She had, she admitted, been going very hard. She should take a rest, but it was out of the question, with the number of things that there were to be done. Ian and Claire were to be gone only three weeks. Therefore, they must start in the morning.

"Go and see about the trains, Wilbur. Now."

THE next evening found them in the Station Hotel in Holt. It was raining. The hotel was cold. The pompous grandeur of its mid-Victorian drawing-rooms was a refined version of hell. Jenny would not touch her dinner. The restaurant, she insisted, "smelled." Wilbur had developed a touch of flu. As she got him into bed with a hot-water bottle she managed to make all these things accountable to Ian. If it were not for Ian they would not be in this wretched place.

Wilbur sighed and asked her to close the door. He knew that mood. No use attempting to argue with her. Early the next morning she appeared at the foot of his bed.

"I'm off," she said, "to look at that house. You don't want to come?"

He shook his head, and she left him with the *Saturday Review*. When she returned, at noontime, she announced:

"It won't do. It won't do at all. It's just what I feared. No furnace. One bath. Stables right smack under the kitchen windows. And where the servants are expected to sleep I can't imagine. The pantry was the only place I could see. No possibilities——"

"I know it, my dear." He met her surprized gaze with equanimity. He felt too ill to care. Obviously she had conceived some new plan. "I'm afraid you'll have to look around for something for them yourself."

"That's just exactly it," she said. "Everything falls on me."

He smiled. Whatever it was, it was going to cost more than he had first imagined. He knew her so well he could follow her mental peregrinations without the slightest effort. She was smarting from the failure of the wedding. In some unfathomable way it had not quite come off. He could have told her that a week before it happened, but she would have accused him of opposing her. He had known the whole show was a mistake, the thousands of roses, the ribbons, and all the rest of it.

"Do you realize, Wilbur," she said to him, "that not one person there in St-Margaret's complimented me on the decorations? Not one."

"They were too dazzled, Jen," he replied.

She smiled and patted his hand, which amused him immensely.

"Would you mind asking them to send me up a cup of broth? Ah, thank you, my dear. No, that's all I want."

The wedding, she admitted to herself, lunching alone, had been a tremendous disappointment. Somehow, somewhere she had made a mistake. But where? Ah! It came to her, and she wondered why it had never occurred to her before. Claire should have had bridesmaids. That was it! No bridesmaids. If she had known a week ago what she knew now she would have had them! Well, that was over and past.

But this other affair, this matter of Claire's house, this was her opportunity to show these supercilious English! She must find a house—a house that would wring cries of admiration from every one of them. Claire must have a house bigger than Lady Kitty Lloyd's house, as big, yes, as Steyning itself!

All that afternoon she scoured Holt and its purlieus in a hired limousine, harrying the timid house-agent to the verge of desperation. She came back to the hotel for tea. Wilbur asked her had she found anything. She shook her head, went to her room, and dined in bed.

The next day she was up and out before the chambermaids had finished scrubbing the lounge. The agent had a fresh list of addresses. Holt itself had been exhausted. Jenny now set out to comb the countryside.

"Well!" she triumphantly informed Wilbur that night. "I've found the place. I'll tell you about it a little later." She took an elaborate bath, ordered a semibanquet sent up to their rooms, and became most solicitous about his health. "Wilbur dear, how're you feeling? D'you think you'll be well enough to-morrow to come out and see the house with me?"

He said he thought he would. As a matter of fact, he was rather curious to see just what it was that she had discovered. But this asking him to come and see it, to help her decide, was a mere gesture. It was going to cost him a gallant sum. Nevertheless, he went.

Twysdale House was one of those large brick-and-stone mansions that appeared in all parts of England during George III's dotage, and that bear such a strong resemblance to the later pictures of that sovereign. A shallow, pallid portico, rather like a loose, old face. High, wide blank windows that stared vacantly over lawns set with ornamental shrubs.

At the time of its erection Twysdale had been a considerable estate. Succeeding owners had sold off all the land except a matter of some twenty acres. There still remained, however, a walled fruit-garden, quite a lawn, a tennis-court, stables, and an impressive driveway with entrance-gates. It was these gates which had fetched Jenny. Monumental affairs, topped with heraldic beasts clutching escutcheons in their paws. By comparison, the gateway at Steyning was puny.

"But, my dear Jen," Wilbur exclaimed, as he stood in the square hall, "Claire and Ian don't want a house the size of this! Heavens, woman, it's a hotel! How many rooms are there, anyway?" he asked the agent.

"Wilbur dear," Jenny interposed, "It's not a large house, really, you know, not as large houses go in England. Just come into the drawing-room and see how beautifully it all opens up. And, Wilbur, just look at the furnishings." She twitched back the slip on a drawing-room chair to reveal a glimpse of Birmingham Beauvais. Her other hand waved attention to the horsehair affairs in the dining-room. "Antiques, my dear, and all absolutely of the period. Why, in America this furniture would be worth thousands."

"How many bedrooms are there?" Wilbur asked Skaggs, the agent.

"Several." Jenny sprang to the foot of the stairs to block his ascent. "Wilbur dear, you're sure you're not taking more cold? It's rather chilly in here, you know. What do you think, now that you've been all over the house, about our going on?"

"Perhaps," he said, "we'd best be getting on. It is chilly in here."

ALL the way into Holt Jenny sat on the edge of the seat, humming to herself. She was happy. She was delighted with herself. "I'm so glad you like the house," she told him on the way up to their rooms.

"Now look here, Jen," he said, when they were once in their rooms, "this house business is none of our affair. Ian has taken the sort of house he can afford. He knows what's suitable to their position better than we do. We know nothing about England or any of these people. Now, my dear, don't think I don't admire you for having found this house, but I will do absolutely nothing about taking a house for Ian until he's been consulted."

An ominous silence. At last, in a deathbed voice, she asked: "Are Ian's wishes, then, to be everything? Am I to have nothing to say about my daughter's future? Do you mean to tell me, Wilbur Watson, that you are content to stand by and let that man take her to live in a tumbled-down tenement simply because it has stables?"

"Just where is this tenement he has taken?"

"Over there. Behind the station," she lied, "in a dreadful part of town."

"Oh, really? I thought he told me it was just across from Lady Kitty Lloyd's house."

She refused to answer that.

"I can't understand you, Wilbur. These

Continued on page 75

Who will tell the young wife

the truth about FEMININE HYGIENE

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(Print name and address plainly)

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 74

English people seem to have completely bewitched you. Not that I don't like them. I like them all. Every one." She moved away, toward the window. Out came her handkerchief. Through her tears she stared over the dingy roofs. Presently, with a stifled sob, she retired to her room. At dinner-time Wilbur went into her room to inquire if she were going down to dine. He found her in bed, a bottle of smelling-salts clutched in a reproachful hand. But before he went to bed that night she called to him.

"Oh, Wilbur, I told the agent to bring all the necessary papers here to the hotel in the morning. Will you see him, or must I?"

"Now look here, Jen. I told you before. I refuse to lease any house until we've consulted Ian."

She turned her face to the wall with a low wail. "He must consult Ian. I mean nothing. It is all Ian." She suddenly sat up. "Is everything to be sacrificed to that man's wishes—your daughter, your wife, everything?"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake!" he murmured dully, and went back to his own room. The next morning he signed a two-year lease for Twysdale, and drew a check for the first six months' rent.

"And what disposition will Captain Bulteel," inquired the ubiquitous Mr. Skaggs, "care to make of the other house, do you fancy?"

"How should I know what Captain Bulteel intends to do with that house?" asked Jenny haughtily. "You will have to take that up with Captain Bulteel himself. I would never presume to interfere in any of my son-in-law's arrangements."

WILBUR was at Victoria to meet Claire and Ian. Jenny, he said, refused to hear of their going to Curzon Street, "And as we are still inhabiting the favorite London abode of Her Royal Highness of Aosta you might as well join us. I've rather begun to wish that good lady would cut short her African big-game hunt and pay England a visit. Otherwise I see no prospect of our ever getting home."

Jenny was in bed, and had been ever since her return from Holt. The discovery of Twysdale coming atop the wedding had been too much for her, had robbed her of the strength to do aught save lie in a semi-darkened room from time to time, ordering Lucullian meals. In bed, too, she had the advantage. No man can argue with a sick woman. Ian, she knew, would demur about Twysdale.

The actual instant of meeting was dramatic. Jenny infolded Claire in outstretched arms.

"My baby! My little girl! Oh, how I've missed you! I've thought of you every moment of the time. Claire dear, are you happy? Tell mother." Then with a brave smile dewed with tears she seemed to become aware of Ian. "Well, Ian, aren't you going to kiss me? And how was Italy? Now tell me all about it. What! You didn't go to Como, after all? Why, how was that?"

"We decided, just as we were getting into Milan, that we'd do the hill towns instead, so we went on to Florence," said Claire airily.

"Mercy! What a change of plan!" Jenny smiled on Ian. "I'm surprized at you, Ian. I've always understood that Englishmen were so reliable. Changing one's honeymoon in the very middle. Well, I never!" She shook her head and, rolling about amongst her heap of pillows, drew forth a sheaf of photographs. "Well, here's something nice for you, dear. A surprize. Mr. Watson's and my present to Claire."

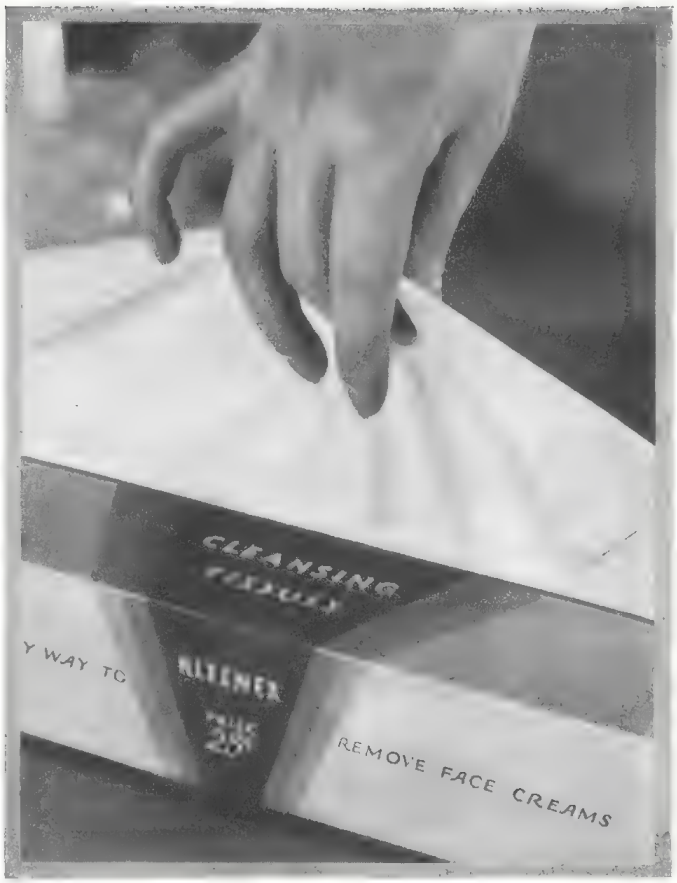
"Oh, my dear!" Claire was impressed. "Isn't it stunning! Has it a name?"

"It's a place called Twysdale House. Outside Holt." Ian said. "Larrisfort's place. Been empty for years. No one'll take it. Too inconvenient." He stopped. The look in Jenny's eyes froze his larnyx.

She reached out and took Claire's hand. "It's your father's and my going-away present to you, dear. Your father's taken it for two years. Don't you like it, Claire? The gates. See! Bigger even than the gates at Steyning; aren't they, Ian?"

Wilbur drew his son-in-law into the valet's pantry, the only room in all the royal suite which he could really call his

Continued on page 76



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BONCILLA CLASMIC PACK

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 75

own. "I want to explain about this," he began.

"But, sir," said Ian, "you don't realize what the up-keep is on a place like that. Why, a place like that takes eight or nine house servants besides the outside people. We really can't——"

Tactfully as possible Wilbur made it clear that Ian need have no anxiety on that score.

"But, sir, I can't allow you to do this. Don't think me ungrateful, but, frankly, Claire and I don't want that sort of an establishment. You must understand that for a chap in my position it would be the worst possible taste. It just won't do, that's all!"

"My boy, I understand perfectly. But as a favor, allow me to do this. Mrs. Watson is a very difficult woman. She has set her heart on this house for Claire. I want her to go back to America. The sooner she sees Claire settled as she wishes her to be the sooner——"

"But, hang it all, sir, that old barracks has been a white elephant for years. You can't heat it. Claire'll be ill with the cold. Now, this other house, it's small, I admit, but it's just the thing we want."

"I know. But, my dear boy, when Mrs. Watson makes up her mind—" He smiled sadly. A waiter had appeared to announce dinner. "We'll go into this again, later."

Jenny had not felt able to descend to the restaurant. They dined in their rooms. As she entered the salon, leaning heavily on Claire's arm, Jenny looked at Ian and Wilbur. So Ian was making objections. Ah, well, let him object.

"Claire has just been telling me the dreadful experience she had in—where was it, dear? Oh, yes, Sienna. Really, Ian, I'm surprized at you. Taking an innocent young girl to a place like that. What a place to select for a honeymoon! Wilbur, has Ian told you about it? A riot broke out in the streets around their hotel. They had to call out the troops. In the middle of the night. And the proprietor of the hotel broke into their rooms and ordered them to get up and leave."

"Oh, now, it wasn't as bad as all that," began Ian.

"Possibly not for you, Ian." Jenny offered him a smile. "But you must remember we are not all professional soldiers, calloused to murder and bloodshed. Waiter, this soup is cold. Take it away. We none of us want it. Claire dear, I do hope that when you're at Twysdale you'll get a good cook. Sometimes I doubt if there's such a thing in England."

TWYSDALE! She had got it into the conversation. Would Ian take her up and let her vanquish him, now? Ian said nothing. That piqued her. Ah, well, she would make him speak, and forthwith made several allusions to Twysdale. Still nothing from Ian. He might never have heard of the place. Jenny's face became grim.

"Aren't you pleased about Twysdale, Ian?" she asked. "Mr. Watson was so happy when we found it. He said, 'This is just the house for Claire!' Those were his very words. I'm surprized at your attitude, unless, of course, that is the English manner of accepting a gift."

"Well, you see"—Ian cleared his throat—"it's been sprung on me rather suddenly. I already have one house in Holt. Twysdale, you know, would take an awful lot of keeping up. Awful lot of servants. Eight or nine."

"Eight or nine! Mercy! But what for? Your poor father, Claire, I don't believe he realized what an expense an English son-in-law was going to be." She said it deliberately. Then quickly, in false confusion, "I mean, how expensive living is in England. Nine servants! And what else must one have in England, Ian? Nine servants! Goodness me!"

It was a game she could play indefinitely. She rolled her little eyes from Claire to Ian and on to Wilbur. Not once did she falter.

"I really think," Ian began urbanely, "it's rather ridiculous our even considering such a place as Twysdale. I don't believe you quite understand all the conditions, Mrs. Watson."

Jenny had become rigid.

"I at least understand that you very evidently do not care for my choice. Why not? Be frank with me as I am with you. Just why is it ridiculous?"

"So large. Every one knows I haven't the income to run a show like that. The people one knows aren't taking places like that any more. It's only rich Americans——"

"Yes!" Jenny bit her lip. "Go on! Rich Americans. Yes, what about them? Go on, Ian. I am curious to hear the rest of it."

"Oh, Mother, for Heaven's sake, let's have one meal in peace! We've only just this minute arrived, and you begin——"

"Yes. I begin what? I don't understand you. I merely want to know Ian's objections to Twysdale. Certainly Englishmen are too accustomed to marrying rich American girls and living on their money for that to be an objection. Look at the Duke of——"

"Jen!" Wilbur so seldom interfered that she stopped. Her voice sank to a whimper.

"You're all against me. A family divided against itself."

THE remainder of the meal she sat staring glassily at the far wall, occasionally producing a tear, but eating heartily. Wilbur and Ian strove to spin a cocoon of conversation about her silence. The instant coffee had been served she retired to her room. Claire turned to Ian.

"Now, darling, listen. Never, no matter what she proposes, argue with mother. Never oppose her! I mean, one never knows to what lengths opposition may drive her. Isn't that so, Father?"

"And so"—Ian tried to smile—"to please your mother we should go and live in a house we don't want, because she liked the gate-posts? Oh, come now, darling, that's absurd."

"Dear. Please. Stop it, for to-night, anyway. I don't care where we live. Oh, Father, really, why did you ever let her do it?"

Behind the closed doors of her bedroom Jenny was telling a page: "Now see that this goes off to-night. It's most important!" She handed him a telegram notifying Mr. Skaggs to sublet Captain Bulteel's house.

Sibyl's telegram, that she was expecting Claire and himself down on Friday, for the remainder of his leave, had given Ian a sort of balance. Friday. Only two more days, he told himself. Surely he could put up with Claire's mother till then. But once they were quit of her, once out of this accursed suite— He nodded. That would be the end of her interference.

To fill in the time Ian and Wilbur took Claire to Tattersall's. She refused to look at anything save hunters from the Prince of Wales's stud. To Jenny the money being spent on horses was sinful waste. Twysdale was her one interest.

"But don't you want a great big lovely house, dear?" she asked Claire. "After all the pains I went to find you one. A great, big, lovely house where you can entertain?"

Yes, Claire wanted it. But not unless her allowance were sufficient.

"That," said Jenny, "will be arranged. Your father is prepared to be most generous. That is, if Ian doesn't dissuade him."

Wilbur's affection for Ian was not at all to Jenny's liking. "Really," she said, several times, "it's Ian this and Ian that from morning till night."

But the Twysdale matter was still undecided. So Jenny developed a new angle of attack.

"You know," she told Wilbur, "the idea of their forcing us to take that great, enormous house. Yes, forcing us!"

"Oh, come now, Jen. Don't try to tell that to me."

"But they have!" she persisted. "When Ian took that other house there was no end of suitable small houses in Holt. Now, I don't mean to say it was Ian, but Ian and Lady Maitland between them. Why, Wilbur, it's all plain as day! They none of them have any opinion of us. They think Americans are just made of money and no good for anything else. And now all these horses. I declare, I can't see where it's all going to end."

The tortuosities of Jenny's mind were a maze in which Wilbur had no intention of losing himself. This new exposition amused him. But just how would Jenny work it all out?

That evening Ian walked into their sitting-room with a letter. He was, apparently, quite calm.

"Just what," he asked pleasantly, "may

Continued on page 77

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 76

I ask, does this letter mean? Who authorized Skaggs to sublet my house?"

"Why," Jenny fidgeted in her chair, "I did." She met his smile with two hard beads of eyes. "I didn't want you to be left with it on your hands. You don't want two houses, Ian. Oh, dear, I'm afraid you're provoked with me. Why, Ian, my only object was to save you annoyance. I was afraid that other house was making you hesitate accepting Mr. Watson's gift. Oh, dear!"

There was a minute of silence, broken only by a profound sigh from Wilbur. So this was how Jenny had managed it! Ian slowly tore Skaggs's letter into shreds.

"In the future," he said, smiling steadily, "I wish that you would let me arrange my own affairs. Ready, Claire? We're dining at eight, you know, dear. It's past that now."

Jenny sank back into her chair. The insolence, the effrontery of him! Daring to defy her! Ah, well, he would not forget this night. Wilbur had come quietly across the room.

"Sort of overstepped yourself, eh, what, Jen?" He gave a little chuckle. "But he took it very well. Very much of a gentleman. I don't believe I've ever seen a man angrier."

It was three days before Jenny addressed Wilbur, except through the medium of a waiter.

As they drove through Berkeley Square, Claire said to Ian: "Mother'll never forgive you for telling her to mind her own business. And you did it so calmly, dear. She was completely taken aback."

That Ian had been furiously angry had not occurred to Claire. To her anger meant a scene.

"My dear girl, much as I am prepared to respect your mother, I'm not prepared to have any one run my affairs. The unmitigated gall of her writing Skaggs to let my house! 'Pon my word, I was never so angry in my life."

"I know, dear. I know. She's irritating, but if only you'd used a little tact."

"Tact! What else have I used for the last three months? And what good has it done us? Have a person run out and send telegrams in one's name. Why, that's unethical."

"Yes, dear, but listen. You don't understand. I told you you couldn't oppose her. We might as well take Twysdale. Why not? After all, what is life but compromise, anyway?"

"I fail to see it. The whole thing's preposterous."

"Oh, Ian dear, really, please don't let's discuss it any more."

IAN had said nothing to Claire about any special reception at Steyning. As a matter of fact, he did not realize the limitations of Claire's experience. An English girl would have known what to expect. Claire merely thought Sibyl was having a house-party for them, and Ian did not appreciate into what an unknown world he was taking his American wife. Except for that first visit to Steyning, he had never seen her save in hotels and restaurants. There she always appeared wonderfully. It never occurred to him that she would not appear equally well in any situation.

Going down in the train from London he said something to her about having a word or two to say. "The tenants and villagers, you know. They'll all be there. Silly show, I grant you, but they've always done it. May even have the old coach out. It's an old English custom, you know."

Claire had had no faintest notion what he was talking about.

The delegation—men who had served under Ian in France—who greeted them as they got out of the train was her first shock. She thought they were a crowd of rowdies.

"Oh, Ian! What's the matter? Are they drunk?"

The station-master stepped forward and handed her a bouquet of roses, with a little speech.

"Oh, my dear! Oh, Ian! Really. I'm simply overcome," was all she could find to say. She wanted to laugh. It was the most ridiculous farce she had ever witnessed. They were escorted through the station with cheers. The road outside was crowded with people. More cheers. A few hats

Continued on page 78

WHAT! SCRUBBING AND BOILING IN A STEAMING KITCHEN ON SO HOT A DAY? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU HOW TO SAVE ALL THAT WORK
I'LL TRY YOUR WAY NEXT WEEK, MURIEL

NEXT WASHDAY
YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT RINSO, MURIEL. I DIDN'T SCRUB OR EVEN BOIL... AND THE CLOTHES LOOK WHITER THAN EVER
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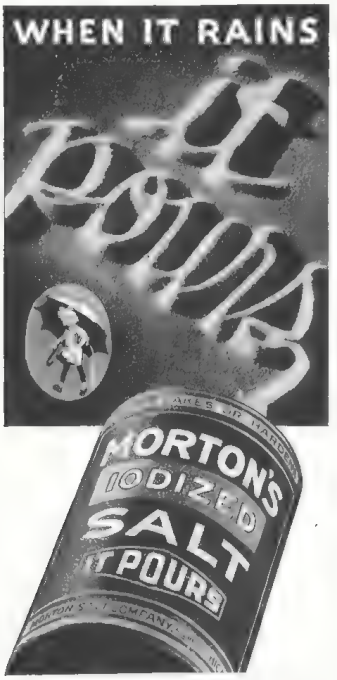

IODIZED TO PREVENT GOITER...ALSO PLAIN

THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 77

thrown in the air. An old-fashioned open landau, garlanded with asters and late Michaelmas daisies, the coachman with a white favor in his hat, drove up in front of them. Half a dozen pairs of hands reached forward to help her into the carriage. Other hands began unhitching the horses.

"Oh, Ian! They are taking the horses. But why? You mean that they're going to pull us themselves?" She half rose. "I'm going to get out. I won't have them do it."

"Claire dear," he held her arm, "you seem to have lost all your self-control. These are the tenants, you know, dear. Our people. Smile at 'em. Say something. Wave your hand. Bow!"

"I can't. Oh, honestly, Ian, I've never felt like such an utter fool in all my life. Just like the queen." Through the village. Up the avenue. Over the gate-house an arch of evergreens with WELCOME! in red berries, on it. More people. Claire buried her face in the station-master's bouquet. "Oh, Ian, I simply can't bear it!"

THAT, home-coming was, perhaps, the bitterest disillusion of Ian's life. He had dreamed of it for months. Bringing Claire, his beautiful wife, home to Steyning! And she was so utterly inadequate. No faintest notion what the cheers and flowers meant. To her it was ridiculous buffoonery.

They finally reached the porch. The men dropped the shafts. More cheers. Sibyl and Colonel Bulteel were standing on the steps. The colonel gave Claire his hand.

"Welcome home, my dear." He kissed her on both cheeks. "And now will you make a little speech? Oh, just a word. That's all."

"A speech! Me!" With a scream of laughter she tore herself away from him and ran inside the house. "Oh, my dear! Oh, and I've dropped my bouquet in the drive! Oh, honestly! What an experience! Why didn't somebody tell me?"

The Lloyds, the Ashtons, Allie Baillie, and a strange man and woman were standing in the hall.

"Well, how are you?" Lady Kitty came forward, holding out her hands. "Didn't they give you a marvelous welcome?" She put her arm through Claire's. "Come on, the rest of you; let's hear Ian's speech."

Above the roar of cheers, as Ian finished his speech, Claire heard the strange man ask her:

"Can I fetch your bouquet?"

"Oh, no. Don't bother," she said, and smiled at him. "It's just a bunch of funny little roses some man at the station gave me."

A slim, gray-haired woman, whom Claire had noticed by the fireplace as she had come in, turned, and tossed the end of her cigaret into the embers. Claire saw Alistair Baillie touch her arm.

"Oh, come now, Lady Victor," he whispered. "Really. It's not so bad as all that."

Lady Victor laughed. "Perhaps not, but my word, what a little dud!"

Lady Victor Darley—born the Honorable Millicent Hope—was a very pretty woman of fifty who did not look within ten years that age. Very slim. Very smart, in an English fashion. A rather difficult person for strangers. Very shy. Rather abrupt. Extremely outspoken, and often in terms not in general use since the Tudors. She particularly mistrusted Americans. She could never place them, and that annoyed her. But a tremendous friend, and the most considerate person in the world to servants and tradespeople.

Married at nineteen to Lord Victor Darley, younger brother of the Marquis of Glamorgan, matrimony brought her little save a magnificent, unfaithful husband and twin daughters. But when he died her behavior was all one might have expected. A memorial service in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and deep mourning for a year. The next season she brought out the twins and married them. With those acts her maternal obligations, she felt, ceased.

Occasionally she threw open her town house, to give a ball, but principally she stayed in the country, breeding dogs and hunting. Rather a pathetic little figure, Lady Victor, even wearing the great tiara with the pearls her father had given her on her wedding-day. Still believing, if not in the divine right, at least in the royal enclosure, and always defending her lost world from the onslaughts of the "barbarians."

"Take me up," she said to Connie Ashton. "I s'pose I must meet her. Poor Sib. The poor colonel."

"Now, Mill. Really." Connie Ashton knew the vehemence of Lady Victor's antipathies. "Don't feel that way about her. The poor child's rattled, that's all."

Sibyl, Ian, and Colonel Bulteel had come into the hall. The villagers had departed. Tea was brought in. Every one sat down. Claire was still in a state of nerves. She realized that she had failed, and tears of vexation gathered, and would have been shed, had not General Mackenzie sat down beside her.

"I take it you don't have this sort of show in the States."

He was old, but at least he was a man. Claire brightened at his sympathetic interest. "Oh, never! Thank Heaven." She bit into a muffin. "I'm still so upset. I mean my hands are actually shaking. That mob rushing at one."

"Claire dear," said Sibyl, "how d'you take your tea?"

"Cream and two lumps. Oh, thanks so much."

And save for this general no one was paying the least attention to her. They were all around Ian. Lady Victor had taken his arm.

"Matrimony," Claire heard her saying, "appears to agree with him, eh what, Colonel? Have you ever seen him looking fitter? And at that, after a honeymoon in *wagon-lits* and in that blood-stained town of Paris, too. What a place to spend one's honeymoon! Paris. I thought you were going to Como. What happened? Roof leak, or something, so you had to leave? I don't like Italian hotels. Still, even Italy's better than Paris."

"Oh, my dear!" Claire shrilled. "I don't agree at all. I think Paris is the only place in the world. I'd love to live there. It's so much more amusing than London. I mean, there's really nothing to do in London at night. Now, is there? But in Paris——"

"Yes, I know. All Americans are mad about Paris. Or at least, so they tell me." Lady Victor's voice was indifferent. "I know whenever one goes over it's always full of 'em. Of a certain sort. The crowd who just go in for clothes, and meeting a duchess, and don't do anything. Has any one ever heard of an American hunting in France? But perhaps the French won't let 'em."

Lady Victor felt her first impression of Claire becoming intensified. Fancy walking into an English house and saying there was nothing to do in London! What a little stupid! Lady Victor glanced toward Claire. What aberration had prompted Ian to marry her? Suddenly she pulled herself up short. She must be polite. Must keep one's opinions to oneself. With the intention of being gracious she tried to sit down beside Claire, but Claire refused to move. With a sigh Lady Victor went back to Alistair Baillie and the fireplace. Major Ashton joined them.

Claire arose. What right had this woman to monopolize all the men? "Sibyl dear," she interrupted Lady Victor, "if you don't mind, I think I'll go up to my rooms. I'm really rather tired." She smiled at the Ashtons and at Colonel Bulteel. To General Mackenzie she said, with an arch smile, "And now don't forget what you promised!"

"A promise!" said Lady Victor. "I say, Hector, what have you promised?"

Claire could have struck her.

"I am to have the pleasure of taking Mrs. Bulteel in to dinner."

"Oh, is that all?" Lady Victor gave a quick shrug, and turned back to Ashton. "Well, as I was saying——"

GOING up the stairs, Lady Maitland took Claire's arm. "Don't mind Mill, dear. She's a sort of *enfant gâté*. But a darling. We all adore her. Tho at times, I grant you, her language——"

"D'you mean Lady Victor? Oh, my dear, you don't have to explain her to me. I've known masses of women like her at home. The country-club type. About forty-five!" Sibyl bit her lip, trying to control herself. This alien! This creature of another world, who saw, and heard, but had no idea what it meant. But then how could Claire have been expected to respond to a speech from the tenants? The poor child had been terrified.

Continued on page 79

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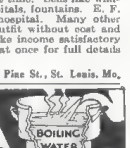

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 78

Claire and Ian had been given the rooms Jenny and Wilbur had had. Sibyl heaped fresh coals on the fire and twitched the curtains.

"Now, have you everything you want, dear? If you haven't just ring. The maid's name is Margaret. And I'll send you Fletcher to help you dress. About eight. And Claire"—Sibyl paused on the threshold—"we're having a ball in the servants' hall to-night. And they'll expect you to say something."

"A servants' ball! My dear! What fun!" Claire had sunk down in a chair by the fire. "But please don't ask me to make a speech. I can't and I won't. I don't care if it's the custom or not."

"But, Claire dear, they'll be so bitterly disappointed. You don't understand. They look to you as Ian's wife, as the future mistress of Steyning."

"But I'm not the mistress of Steyning. If I were," she said, "I'd never have that Darley woman inside the door."

THE rest of the house-party were already in the hall when Claire appeared. She had waited, purposely, to make a late entrance. It was a half-hour since Ian had come into her room. She had sent him away. It was no moment for any one to kiss her and rumple her hair. To-night her appearance was of enormous importance. She was determined it must be so effective as to eradicate the ignominy of her arrival. More than effective. Dazzling. She came halfway down the stairs and paused on the landing.

The four other women, in dresses so simple as to be nondescript, were standing round the fireplace. The frumps! She glanced down at her own frock. It was backless. A skirt of row upon row of glittering jet fringes, and shoulder-straps. Over her arm she carried an enormous Spanish shawl, pink roses the size of dinner-plates embroidered on white silk, and also fringed. She arranged herself, then leaned across the banister and called out: "Am I late? Oh, dear, I'm so sorry! I never know which gong is which." She waited a moment, till every one should have looked up and got her tableau, and then ran down the stairs.

"No need to hurry so, my dear. You're not late. No, really," said Colonel Bulteel. He took her arm, hoping to quiet her.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" She smiled and twitched her shawl about one shoulder. But her smile began to fade. Every one was going on talking quite as if nothing had happened. No one exclaimed. Her father-in-law was the only man who had made a move in her direction. Not one of the women so much as glanced at her dress. Sibyl made room for her in front of the fire. That was the only stir her appearance had created. The blood surged up into her head.

"Oh, Alistair," she called, "let me have a cigaret, will you?" Lady Victor snapped open her case. Claire glanced at it, an ugly, old-fashioned thing. "No, thanks, Allie'll give me one of his." She smiled at Baillie and dropped her lashes while he held a match. Then she reached up and arranged his tie. "You poor boy. You should have some one help you dress."

For a moment Lady Victor stared, then turned to continue talking to Major Ashton.

"Yes, I saw him out in Cannes last Winter. Sandra was playing round with that Australian. No, it wasn't that Greek. That was Jean Arran." Every one had gathered about her, to Claire's frantic annoyance. "Well, naturally I never met him, but he seemed fair enough. Big, common-looking chap. Handsome, you know."

"Who're they talking about?" Claire asked Major Ashton.

"Lady Alexandra Agar."

"Oh, the one who's just gotten a divorce?" eager to show that she knew what they were discussing.

"Just been divorced," corrected Lady Victor. "Bad lot, Sandra. Bad blood, her whole family." She turned to Claire. "You may run into her up in Holt. She has a place near there. North Overton. Pretty little blond thing."

"Poor Alexandra," said Lady Maitland gently, "I feel so sorry for her. She's never had a chance."

"Sorry for her? Humph!" That amused her ladyship. "They had to close her canteen and put her out of France during the

Continued on page 80

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 79

War. Oh, now, my dear, I know all about her."

Dinner was announced. Colonel Bulteel took Claire in on his arm.

As they crossed the hall Lady Victor asked Alistair, "I say, effective entrance, wasn't it? Tell me, was she ever on the stage? Does she sing, or dance, or anything?"

"Oh, no. Oh, absolutely not."

"Well, Sib may do something with her," said Lady Victor.

Claire found herself with Mackenzie on her left. "And now," he said pleasantly, "tell me how you like England."

"Oh, I'm crazy about it. But I hate dinner without a cocktail. Don't you? When I have my house in Holt I'm going to serve cocktails before lunch and dinner both."

"Oh, really!"

"And I'm not going to let Ian keep the men out in the dining-room for hours and hours, either. I think the way English women have to sit twiddling their thumbs in the drawing-room while the men——"

"Granted, my dear lady, but just how do you propose to change matters?"

"Why, simply go out to the dining-room and tell them to come in."

"Oh, no. No, really. If anything could ever bring about a revolution in England that would."

"Honestly? You mean it?" Claire stared at him. "But why? I don't see why."

Mackenzie shrugged. Claire turned to talk to Alistair Baillie.

"Well, who ever would have imagined last year, in Cairo, that we'd ever meet like this? I think it's awfully amusing. Don't you, Allie?" She waited for him to answer. He was a very shy young man, and this situation promised to get beyond him. What did she mean by making trouble?

"Alistair," Claire said gently, "d'you remember the night we went out to the Mena House to see the Pyramids by moonlight, and the sand-storm came up, and Miss Bulkley was so frantic about your not bringing me home till six in the morning?"

"Oh, quite." His collar was choking him. How could he forget it? That was the night he had proposed to her.

Claire watched the blood run up into the roots of his blond hair.

"Alistair, tell me, why were you so horrid to me after that night? Yes, you were."

"Oh, no. Really. You're mistaken. I say, are you going to be up round Holt by Christmas? We're planning a jolly good show with the Northern Command lot—" Lady Victor was listening to every syllable.

"Alistair," Claire said, with cloying persistence, "you let Lady Bothwell gossip to you about me. I know you did. And that hurt me terribly, because I thought it was understood we were always going to be friends. But now that I've married Ian, and we're all to be together in Holt, I s'pose I must forgive you."

SHE had leaned her elbows on the table. One hand played with her rope of imitation pearls; in the other she rested her cheek. Ian was looking at her as he listened to Con Ashton's account of a shooting-party in Perthshire. Claire raised her champagne-glass toward him and smiled.

"I say, Ian!" It was Lady Victor calling across the table. "Did you see Derek Barran in Paris? Didn't he do a portrait of Claire?"

Derek! Lady Victor knew him!

"No, I didn't. Sorry, too. Good sort, Derek."

"Oh, one of the best. Some one said he was having an affair with some American woman. I say, Claire, d'you know who the American was Derek Barran was having an affair with?"

A glass globe suddenly descended on her, isolating without concealing her. She forgot her pose. "Why," she stammered, conscious of every one looking at her. "Why, no. Why should I?"

"No reason. Just fancied you might have run into her round his studio." Lady Victor, her curiosity dissatisfied, turned to Major Ashton.

"Most fascinating chap, Derek," remarked Mackenzie.

"You think so?" Claire wet her lips.

Continued on page 81

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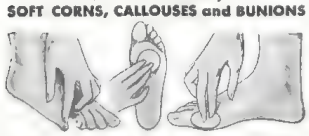

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 80

"He's terribly rude, and drinks frightfully." Her breath came more easily.

The rest of the house-party had long since gone to their rooms. Sibyl was alone, sitting before her bedroom fire, chin in hand, staring at nothing.

"What a fiasco!" she murmured.

She had planned so carefully the people who would be at Steyning, the reception, the tenants' supper, the servants' ball. The arrival. She grimaced. No schoolgirl could have shown less poise. No conception of what it represented. Feudal England. No idea of what was expected of her. Refusing to acknowledge the tenants' welcome when just a word, just one gracious gesture, would have been sufficient. Poor child! Pathetic! Completely wrapped up in herself. No regard for any one's feelings. That scene, on the landing, before dinner. So crude. Obvious. And the ball! Claire, so uneasy. Shrill. Staccato. Refusing to dance with old Evans and having to be told she must. Poor old Evans.

Those incessant "My dears!" That nervous laughter. That restless gesturing. Her leaving the ball and going up-stairs with Alistair.

"Oh, my dear, you don't mind. My feet hurt. Every one's stepped on them. Not one of those creatures knew how to dance. You don't mind our coming up here, do you, Sibyl? Should we go back? What! It's over? Oh, Allie! How dreadful! You should have told me."

Alistair. All men were idiots. Just a nice-looking boy. A baby. Kits and Lloyd had been furious at him. And Mill, too. Millie would tell him off.

Lady Victor had come into Sibyl's room after they had all come up-stairs.

"Pretty little thing, isn't she? Beautiful, really," she had said to Sibyl. "May need a bit of coaching here and there, but, pshaw! That's nothing. We've all seen wild fillies that made good hunters after a year or two."

A good sort, Mill. Best in the world. Never let a friend down.

But one did not wish one's friends to feel they must stand by one. It was that, just that! They had all seen it. How could Ian have married that little manikin? And Claire was not even polite to him. But there must be another side to the girl.

"I must be patient with her," said Sibyl. "Tolerant. Oh, I wish I knew how to help her. It's just that she's young. She doesn't understand."

ON THE other side of the house Claire lay in her curtained bed, staring at the reflection of the fire dancing on the walls. She was alone and angry. The whole day had been horrible. That ridiculous performance at the station, and then, because she wouldn't make a speech, making her feel just a fool. Oh, they were all so smug, so self-satisfied, all of them, Sibyl, too. Supercilious. Their ways the only ways. And whoever did not conform made to feel a rank outsider.

"I won't" she had told Ian, "and no one can make me do anything I don't want to do. I don't care. Why shouldn't I go up into the hall to have a talk with Allie? I've known him much longer than I've known you. And why was it rude to stop letting a lot of valets and chauffeurs walk over my feet and go up to the hall? Oh, how ridiculous!

"Well, I don't call it much of a compliment to be given a servants' ball. I think they're dreadful. And Lady Victor. I think she's too awful. The most vulgar woman I've ever seen. Talked to the servants as if they were friends. And not one of them mentioned my dress. Not one of them said I looked well or danced well or anything." She burst into tears. "Oh, go away. Go away. I'm tired. It's been the most dreadful day I've ever spent in my life."

Ian had lingered at her door, inarticulate, while Claire, her back to him, watched him in her mirror. Would he apologize? Her vanity was torn to shreds, her opinion of herself wrung dry.

"Dearest, to-night, the night we've come to Steyning—. Claire, don't let's quarrel. Claire darling, if you knew what it means to me to have you here at last."

"I don't care! Just wait until I'm in Twysdale. I'm going to show them. Stupid

Continued on page 82

disfiguring hair growths permanently destroyed— (not merely removed)

The undergrowth must also be removed in order to prevent a bristly regrowth

Applied as easily as cold cream, *ZIP* gets at the cause.... the roots.... and in this way *permanently destroys* hair growths. So simple; so rapid; and so *pleasant to use* since special provision has been made in its preparation so as to avoid any semblance of pain or discomfort. It is a favorite with stage and screen stars as well as Beauty Specialists for face, arms, legs, body and underarms.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where the hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 81

old frumps! Why, if Lady Kitty or Lady Victor went into Ciro's or the Café de Paris or anywhere no one would even look at them, not even the head waiter."

Claire did not come down till noon. The hall was empty. In the morning-room she came on Sibyl and Lady Kitty, the latter busy knitting a sweater of weirdly unbecoming shades of maroon and gray. Where, Claire inquired, was the rest of the party? Gone, Sibyl told her, to the meet.

"Ian, too? Without telling me!"

She had been asleep, Sibyl explained, adding that she knew Claire had been tired and thought she might want to rest an extra bit. The explanation failed to mollify. Planning things behind her back and deliberately leaving her at home! She was convinced Lady Victor was at the bottom of it. All through luncheon she sulked, and only brightened when Sibyl announced that they were driving over to Shooter's Bridge to collect their party.

It was Claire's first English meet, wasn't it? Sibyl asked as she and Claire and Lady Kitty drove off in the Bulteels' car. Claire nodded. Having been told the whole of the county was turning out for the affair, Claire had dressed herself for Longchamps.

"Aren't you afraid you'll ruin your frock and those shoes! The lanes are awfully apt to be muddy, you know. Sure you wouldn't care to change?"

Claire shook her head. Did they expect her to get herself up in tweeds and brogues and a sweater such as they were wearing?

A road that ran between wide, bare, brown fields. Clumps of trees. Thickets scorched with frost. A soft blue sky. Air that had the bite of ice. Hedges. An occasional gateway and a drive. The walls of a park and a glimpse of a white house set far back. Claire asked who owned the various places. They told her names, and she instantly forgot them.

"Will they all be at the bridge?"

"I dare say. Most of them."

"Oh, I'm so glad I wore this Chanel model. Don't you like it? Don't you think it's smart? This new belt effect."

"Very pretty."

Tepid praise. Either they did not know smart clothes or they were both jealous.

A turn in the road. A stream. A bridge and a red-brick farmhouse. Around it a milling mass of men, women, horses, carts, and limousines. Grooms and gentlemen, ladies and tenant-farmers. The whole countryside turned out to run after the hunt. The red coats and white breeches of the men made amazing spots of color in the shifting crowd. The women, in their habits, made Claire think of crows.

"Well, hello there. Just in time!" called out Lady Victor as they drove up. In one hand she held a sandwich, in the other a cup of tea. "I say," to Claire as she got out of the car, "you are dressed. Careful! Mind the mud!"

"Oh, my dear!" Claire had sunk in, ankle-deep. She gave a scream.

Stuffing her sandwich into her mouth, her ladyship held out a hand. "Reggie," to the man beside her, "where're your manners? Help a lady in distress. You'd never have got off with the Virgin Queen. Oh, Mrs. Bulteel, Sir Reginald Somers. Where's Ian? I say, Ian! Your wife's just cast a shoe. Serves her proper, coming to a meet dressed up like a Paris model. But we'll learn her. We'll get her turned out like a proper lady yet. You know all these people, don't you?" to Claire. Claire had never set eyes on any of them, but before she could say so Lady Victor had her by the arm. "You want your tea, don't you? Ian, I'm going to give Claire some tea. Righto! We go in here."

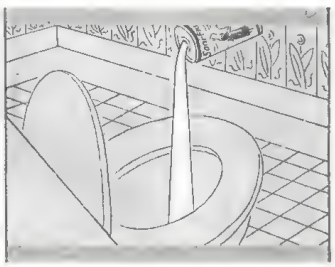
CLAIRE let herself be dragged away. Her resistance had been demolished. She could have screamed with mortified rage. Her shoes, her beautiful Perugia shoes, were ruined. And to have Lady Victor, of all people, rescue her!

They were in the farmhouse kitchen. More men in red coats. More black, crow-like women.

"I say!" said Lady Victor. "Tea! Some one give us a cup of tea. Oh, thanks! Here you are." She gave Claire a cup. "Now you're all set. Oh, hello there, Harry! Oh, Mrs. Bulteel, Captain Manners. And Lady Edwina Spicer. And Mrs.

Continued on page 83

What could be simpler?



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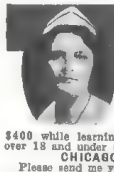

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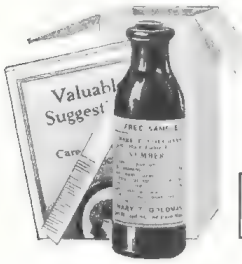

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 82

Bill Curran. You two should know each other. Both from the States."

Claire tried to smile and be gracious, but the tea had scalded her lip. Such attractive men. Marvelous-looking—the women she ignored—but they all merely bowed and smiled and turned to Lady Victor. She was speaking a jargon of which Claire could not comprehend a syllable.

"Had to pull up, that was why."

"Tumble that Con took. Nasty."

"Tears the mouth out of any beast. Shouldn't ride, Con."

Never in her life, Claire thought, had she been quite such an outsider. She stared out of the window at the grooms leading away the horses. A stream of country people were wending their way over the bridge, blocking the way for the motors with a muddle of carts and bicycles. But no one seemed to mind. No one was impatient. No angry sounding of horns. They were all one. One race. Understood one another. Only she was out of it. The foreigner, amongst all these good-looking men and rather frightening women. So arrogant and indifferent, these women. So sure of themselves.

"Frightful crush, isn't it?" Claire glanced up. It was one of the women—a tall, blond creature—Lady Victor had just introduced. "D'you come out often?"

"No. This is my first meet."

"Oh, really." The woman smiled in a friendly way. "Well, aren't you mad about it? I love it! The noise and the movement and the color. So vital! These gorgeous horses, and the men. Only time, really, one ever sees English people galvanized out of their decorum. Yet it's the most English thing in England. And how they all adore it."

"I s'pose it's amusing enough," said Claire, "if you know the crowd. Personally, I hate looking on."

The blond woman gave a little laugh. "Oh, well, they're an easy lot. You'll know them all in a fortnight. Oh, here's Lady Maitland."

"So this is where you are," said Sibyl, pleasantly. "We searched all over for you. Where's Millie?"

"I've no idea. She brought me in here, and then disappeared with some men."

"Oh, well, she's somewhere about." Apparently unaware of Claire's vexation, Sibyl began talking to the blond woman. "Oh, hello there, Ethel! I see you've met. How about luncheon Sunday? You and Bill. Oh, Claire, mind your wrap!"

Some man, elbowing through the crowd, jostled against her with a tray.

Ian appeared, more animated than she had ever seen him.

"Hello there, old dear! Hello, Ethel! I say, Sib, I've called up the car. Where's Lady Kitty? Oh, here she is. Now we're all off."

The four of them got in the car. Ian and Sibyl and Lady Kitty commenced talking horses and people. Claire stared out of the window. Her shoes were ruined. Her frock was stained and not one of them cared. She held herself obstinately silent. Presently the conversation languished. Night had fallen. She leaned forward to speak to Ian. He had gone to sleep!

"Well, what d'you think of an English hunt?" asked Lady Kitty blithely.

"I've never been so bored in my life," she said without turning her head.

FOR a time, after she got home, Claire was undecided whether or not she would appear for dinner. But hearing Lady Victor, on her way down the hall to her tub, stop at Ian's door to discuss the day's run, Claire made up her mind she couldn't stay in her room. They might not miss her!

Lady Kitty had the gray-and-maroon sweater out when Claire came down into the hall.

"Clever young thing, Kits," said Lady Victor from her seat on the sofa. "I say, Kits, if ever there's a revolution in England and we're all run out, you can go across to the States and hire out as a lady's maid. Could you get her a good place, Claire? Wouldn't lots of your people snap at a maid like Kits? Neat, clean, industrious, sober, daughter of a hundred earls."

Evans had come into the hall to announce dinner. As Claire went into the dining-

Continued on page 84

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 83

room with Major Ashton she said, in a whisper, that she had never met any one like Lady Victor.

"Millie's a character," he told her. "A privileged person. There's no one else in the world quite like her. Couldn't be. She takes knowing, I grant you, but an awfully good sort."

Claire turned away and tried to make conversation with her father-in-law. He always made her uneasy. So large, and distant. Vague. Old-fashioned. Still, one must talk to some one. But henceforth she would never sit beside him if it could be avoided. He was so difficult.

THEY were at dessert when Lady Victor called down the length of the table.

"Oh, Claire, Ian tells me you want some horses. I've got two that would be just the thing for you. How much does she weigh, Ian? Never can tell 'bout Americans."

It was too much. They could ignore her, yes, and they could talk about things she did not know about, but no one was going to tell her what she should do and buy.

"Well, there's one thing you can tell about them," she retorted the length of the table, "they're not always trying to sell some one something. I am getting all my horses at Tattersall's, from the Prince of Wales's stud."

"Oh, are you really?"

They took it so calmly. Too calmly. Claire waited till she saw Sibyl about to rise, then called out, "Oh, Sibyl, has Ian told you that father's taken Twysdale House for us?"

"Twysdale House!" said Sibyl, looking at Ian with a puzzled expression. "You mean that place of Larrisfort's?"

"That brick house on the Hull road? The one with the comic gates?"

"I say, Ian, you'll die of the cold. You can't heat the place. Got no central heating," Lady Victor added her bit.

"And a frightfully expensive place to keep up," said Connie Ashton gently.

Claire had at last stirred them. At last every one's attention!

"That's what every one's said. But I told father I didn't want it unless he'd give me enough to run it, do it properly." She paused. "How much do you think I'll need, Con?"

Mrs. Ashton looked frantically about.

"Why, really, my dear, I haven't a notion, not the faintest notion."

"Well, how much would you say, Colonel Bulteel? I mean five thousand, or ten thousand, or what? I don't want to be greedy, and still I don't want to ask for too little."

"I really couldn't say. Not the sort of a thing one can guess at offhand, you know." He was so taken aback at this news of Twysdale his mind refused to function. Why had not Ian told him?

"Oh, Sib," came the voice of Lady Victor, "you going to the Holboroughs' affair for the Spains? Seventeenth, isn't it? What the devil does the woman want to give a ball during Christmas holidays for?"

Sibyl had risen. The other women followed her. Claire walked sulkily into the morning-room. Lady Victor was talking about this stupid ball as if it were the most important thing on earth. What people!

"Not taking Claire. Of, of course. She's not been presented yet. Well, but still it might be arranged."

"Would you care to go, dear?" Sibyl inquired smoothly.

"Why, I really couldn't say. D'you think it will be any fun?"

Connie Ashton had reached the limits of her endurance.

"My dear Claire," she said with considerable asperity, "when one is asked to go to a ball to meet the King and Queen of Spain it is not a question of 'fun.'"

Claire spent the remainder of the evening in the billiard-room with Alistair Baillie. At eleven o'clock Ian joined them.

"All to bed," he announced with a yawn.

She refused to go to bed. Ian could go on if he chose. She was not sleepy. She intended, she said, to finish her game of billiards with Alistair. Sibyl came to the door, then Lady Victor and Colonel Lloyd.

"Is this," Claire asked, "the famous English country life that one's always hearing so much about?"

"That, or something very like it," answered Lloyd.

She flung down her cue and walked out into the hall. What people!

"Come on into my room, dear," said Sibyl, "before you turn in." She pushed a chair up in front of the fire.

Claire sat down. She was angry. Every one going to bed when she wanted to stay up.

"I say, darling." Sibyl put her hand on Claire's shoulder. "Now don't think I'm carping, but, you know, you were a bit saucy with Mill at dinner. I mean——"

Claire looked up sharply.

"You mustn't mind a bit of ragging, dear. It's an English way of showing one's fond of a person. Doesn't mean what it says. Mill, for example——"

With a slow shrug Claire had risen.

"Frankly, Sibyl, I've never cared very much for women. I like men ever so much better."

"So do we all," Sibyl answered. "But that's just one of those things one doesn't make too obvious."

Claire drifted toward the door, to stand a moment with her hand upon the knob.

"Well, good night, dear," she said, and went on to her own room. Ian's room was dark, filled with the sound of heavy, rhythmic breathing. Asleep! Asleep! Asleep! Every one! She sat down in a chair by the desk and reached for a pen. The clock in the gate-house struck the half-hour. Stealthily, like a timid thief, she drew out a sheet of paper and began to write:

Derek darling, do forgive me for not having written sooner to thank you for the beautiful lilies——

WHEN Claire came down the next morning she found every one ready for church. Church! The idea had never entered her head. She had no intention of going. But her going was so taken as a matter of course that she found herself in the avenue, walking beside Lady Victor—after all, if the men were going, too, it would be no fun staying home alone—but making no slightest attempt to respond to Lady Victor's efforts to be pleasant. Lady Victor was talking of the people Sibyl had invited for luncheon.

"Odd, your not knowing the Currans. I had an idea they were very well known in the States. Come from Frisco."

"At home," said Claire, "no one ever says Frisco. It's considered vulgar. We say San Francisco."

"Do you really? Well, that's that. But as I was saying, she's that blond girl I introduced to you yesterday, the one I saw you talking with. Awfully good sort. Most popular Americans who've come over in years. His aunt, you know, married de Chanaleuille. Great pal of ours, Jean de Chanaleuille. But they didn't hit it off. Finally Jean had an affair with Yvonne Chapuis. You know, the actress. Comédie Française. Terribly nice woman——"

"Oh, my dear!" said Claire. "But what did his wife do? Did she know?"

"Bessie? She didn't care. Tiresome woman, anyhow. Dreadful snob. Yvonne really loved him. Was beside him when he was killed in the war."

Claire's head whirled.

"Wasn't she popular over here, the princess? I mean, to read about her at home, it always sounds as if she'd had everything. Whenever she comes over they have tremendous parties for her in San Francisco."

"How awfully nice of them! Bessie'd love that. Awful snob, Bessie. But there's nothing snobby about Bill or Ethel. And so natural. I hate Americans who try to be English. Silly as one of us trying to be Yankee."

"Mrs. Bill Curran's grandfather," said Claire, "was a common Irish immigrant. I know people who know them well. And her grandmother took in washing."

"Fancy that." Lady Victor shrugged. "How amusing of her! Wager she did a good job of it." They had reached the church. Lady Victor guided Claire into the Bulteel pew, opened the hymnal, and pushed half the book into her hands. The service had already begun.

At luncheon Sibyl put Claire between Lord Athelstane and Bill Curran. Athelstane, a large, blond man, tried to make himself agreeable. Did she hunt? Was she going to hunt? Was she getting

Continued on page 86

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 84

any horses? Had she ever hunted in the States? He had gone over the year before. Long Island. Stayed with some cousins of the Currans. Oh, absolutely. He'd been mad about it. Great place, America. Did she know Long Island at all? Stiff country, some of it. Not as stiff as the Irish country, but stiffish.

"Spent all my time getting on again," he told her.

She laughed. Giggled, rather. The presence of the Currans had made her self-conscious. True, they had been most charming to her when they arrived, particularly Ethel Curran. Greeted her like an old friend. But at any moment they might say something, ask some question that would show that she had never known them, or any of their kind, at home. She glanced down the table. Ethel Curran and Colonel Bulteel, and the colonel more animated than Claire would have believed possible. Talking. Laughing. Actually laughing! She bit her lip.

It was their money. That was why all these people made so much of them. The money that took hunting-boxes at Melton, or whatever the name of the place was. And villas on the Riviera. And yachts. Their money. How the English courted a little money!

SHE turned to Bill Curran, who was between herself and Sibyl. He was describing some Greek monastery, to which one ascended by rope ladders hung against a cliff.

"Ever been down in that part of the world?" he asked her. She shook her head, reminded suddenly of Derek Barran. This man was like him. Curiously like him. Suddenly he smiled. "You know, we've met before!"

"Oh, really?" Her voice was unsteady. "Where?"

"In Paris. Now, just a minute and I'll tell you where. The Deux Magots. Remember? You came in by yourself. And asked the *garçon* if Derek Barran had been in. And we told you we'd just seen him at the Noctambules. Did you find him finally?"

"No," she said, and wet her lips. "No, I didn't bother. I didn't really want to see him. I just thought " She reached for her wine-glass. Her hand shook so the wine spilled down the stem. What to do? Should she get up? Leave the table?

"So convenient, the Two Maggots." Curran was talking. She could hardly hear him for the thrumming in her ears. Should she tell him not to say that he had seen her? She hesitated. Some one might overhear her. "Ethel and I used to nip over from my aunt's when we couldn't stand the Hôtel de Chanaleuille any longer."

SHE must speak. Must answer. "I've never heard of it. Was it awful? The Hotel Chanley?" She had herself a little more in hand. "Do tell me more about Greece," she said. "I've always been mad to go there. Wasn't an American almost made queen or something?"

"Almost is right." He turned back to Sibyl. "D'you know what we're going to do next year? Take a Breton fishing-smack, crew and all, and go tuna-fishing off the Coast of Spain. Derek Barran, you know him, don't you? Goes there every year. Great pals with all the *marinspêcheurs.*"

"Derek? Oh, rather. I've known him all my life." It was Sibyl. "What an awfully sporting thing to do! So much more amusing than wasting the Summer in Deauville."

"What d'you think of it, Mrs. Bulteel? Ever been down there in Brittany?"

"No. Never." Her accent had become extravagantly English. "But Derek Barran used to talk about it, when he was doing my portrait. Tuna-fishing! It sounded too ghastly. I can't imagine any one giving up a chance to go to Deauville for that! I mean it seems so vulgar wasting one's time with a lot of ignorant fishermen."

"Well, of course," Curran smiled, "it's all in the point of view, now, isn't it?"

She nodded. "And I detest common people. That's why I like it so much better over here than in America. Don't you?"

"But would you call Derek vulgar?"

What was he trying to make her say?

Continued on page 87

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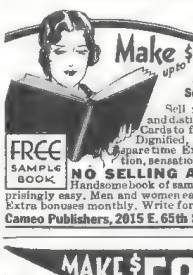

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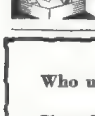

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THE SILVER SWAN

Continued from page 86

"Yes, rather," she answered, staring at the table-cloth. "I mean you never know any one like that at home."

His easy laughter, as she rose to follow Sibyl out of the dining-room, disconcerted her.

She was still disconcerted when she reached the morning-room. Ethel Curran took her coffee and came across the room to sit down beside her. Claire drew into herself apprehensively.

"Did you finally find your party yesterday? Wasn't there a crush in that kitchen, tho!"

"Yes, wasn't there?" Claire could hardly be civil. "Some one simply ruined that Chanel model of mine. Spilled jam all down the sleeve."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Ethel Curran smiled, determined to be friendly in spite of Claire's frigidity. There was something wrong here. The girl seemed completely out of it. "And there's no place to send anything but Pullar's, in Perth." She paused, to add naively, "You know, yesterday I had no idea you were an American."

Claire brightened. "Yes. I know loads of people take me for French or Italian. I've been abroad so much."

THE men were coming in. Claire's vivacity returned. She made a gesture toward General Mackenzie, determined to be rid of this woman who might patronize.

"Oh, General," she called, making a place beside her.

Mrs. Curran had risen and was talking to Colonel Bulteel. Allie Baillie and Major Ashton had gathered round her, too. They were going on with some conversation held over from luncheon.

"No," Claire heard her saying, "I'm not going to tell you anything about it. You've got to come over and see it for yourself. Why don't you, all of you?"

"What's she talking about?" inquired Claire.

"A Wild West Show affair. A round-up, I believe you call it."

"Oh!" Her face was a mixture of disdain and bewilderment.

"I was telling your father-in-law about Pendleton. Ever been there?" Ethel Curran tried to include Claire. "Oh, well, do go, some time. A crowd of us took a private car and went up last Summer. Divine show. Most amazing riding in the world. Indians. And cowboys. Out in those bare, yellow hills. With thousands of people, from all over that part of the world, in high boots and sombreros, and green and red and purple shirts. Now really, Colonel, if you'll promise to come, Bill and I will meet you in New York. What d'you say? Now, why not?"

Claire stared at her father-in-law. The old idiot! Simply hanging on every word this woman uttered.

"Have you ever been there, dear?" asked gentle Connie Ashton.

"I've never been west of St. Louis," said Claire haughtily. She looked around for Ian, and beckoned to him. He put his arm around her.

"I say, old thing, if ever we go out to the States we must take in all these shows."

The inevitable round that invariably follows luncheon at an English country place. The gardens. The stables. The conceit of people, thought Claire, who imagined that every one who came to their houses was interested in their horses and shrubbery!

Lady Athelstane set off with Sibyl. Claire heard her gabbling on. Lady Victor, Alistair, and the two colonels were together. Claire hung behind the others with Bill Curran.

"I hear you're going to Holt," he said. "That's not so awfully far from us. You'll have to come over, you and Ian, and stay with us for some of the balls."

"Oh, that sounds terribly nice." She blushed with pleasure. Now one was getting on. Being invited places.

"You'll like Holt."

"Really." She smiled. "As a matter of fact, what I want to do is take a flat in London."

"I know just the place!" Lady Athelstane abandoned her examination of a rhododendron and attached herself to Claire. "In Cork Street. Most central. Awfully jolly little place. Nineteen guineas the week. I had it last season." She turned to Sibyl. "The devils made me take a two years' lease, and of course I've no use for it during the Winter, and can't possibly afford to hold it idle. But it's just the thing for you."

Ian had joined them, coming up from the stables.

"Oh, Ian," Lady Athelstane called out, "your wife says she's looking for a flat in town for the Winter. I've just mentioned my little place."

"I'm quite sure it wouldn't do," said Claire loftily. "I would never want to live in a back street. What I had in mind was one of those apartments in Piccadilly, opposite the Ritz."

WITH a smile Ian said he did not believe that they were really very interested in flats. Twysdale House would hold them for some little time to come.

Claire had turned away. That hellish woman! Eavesdropper! And Ian. Humiliating her before every one, saying they did not want a flat.

"D'you really want to see the horses?" she asked Curran. "Oh, no, don't let's go down to the stables. They are so much more important over here than human beings, it seems."

"Proverbial, you know, how serious the English are about anything connected with sport." He glanced back at the house. "Wonderful place, this. I can't tell you how much I envy you."

"But it isn't mine." She was leading him toward the walled garden. Inside it was a bench. One could sit down and talk undisturbed. "And it's so old. Needs so much doing over. I don't know if we can ever afford to make it modern."

"You wouldn't want to make it modern!"

"Well, not exactly modern, but, you know, fix it up nicely. Baths, you know, and that sort of thing. Tell me," she asked, "are all English house-parties like this? I mean, is this all that happens?"

Continued on page 88

Prices of Patterns

These patterns may be obtained at stores throughout the world, or they will be mailed at the price mentioned, postage free, if you write to The Pictorial Review Company at any of the following addresses: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 560 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 417-423 Camp St., New Orleans, La.; 32-34 N. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford St., Boston 11, Mass.; 200-206 S. Market St., Chicago, Ill.; 263-267 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, 2, Ontario, Canada; 3-5-7-9 Heddon St., Regent St., London, W. 1, England.

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5332	35	1/–
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5335	35	1/–
5336	65	2/–
5337	45	1/6
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5348	50	1/6
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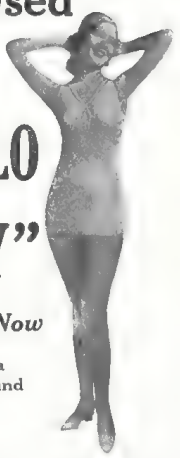

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Continued from page 87

"Usually, unless there's an affair or two on in the house."

"But doesn't it bore you simply to tears?"

"If it did would I be here?"

"But it's all so set, so formal."

"That's why I like it. Every one's so natural and so decent. Such a handsome, healthy lot. And so serious. I get a terrific kick out of 'em."

"But so dull!" She was leaning against the garden wall, her hands behind her, kicking the gravel of the pathway. She had expected him to be sympathetic, personal, and he was being neither.

"No, not dull. A little childish, perhaps, and very safe. You see, Mrs. Bulteel, they're playing a game with certain fixed rules. Things you can and things you can't do. And every one's got to conform."

"I hate conforming. I want to be myself."

She was beginning to bore him. Such old stuff that, about wanting to be oneself. The admission that one was a misfit.

He nodded toward the house. "That is this England. If you don't want to do it don't join up. Naturally, there are other crowds. But the real England, the thing that's held the empire together——"

"Oh, my dear!" Claire gave a shrill laugh. "What on earth do I care about the empire? Shall we go back and see what's become of the others?"

AS THE Athelstanes and Currans left, in the formers' motor, Claire barely nodded to Ethel Curran, or her host or hostess. But when she said good-by to Bill Curran she smiled and held his hand a moment.

"And now don't forget about the balls this Winter, will you? Truly!"

As the motor drove off Lady Victor announced that she considered Ethel Curran the nicest American she had ever known. "I always said that she belonged. So nice to other women. It's a great point." She turned to Connie Ashton. "That was the great thing about Alice Albemarle. Always so nice to other women."

"Who was she?" Claire asked.

"A friend of King Edward's, dear."

"Then why did she have to bother with women?"

"Because," said Lady Kitty, "she was extremely clever."

Sibyl had planned that they drive over to Littlehampton for tea. In two cars. Claire flew to change. When she came down again Lady Victor had Alistair and General Mackenzie in her car. That woman!

Hills. A river. Beech-woods hung with the tattered remnants of bronze foliage. Hazy, golden sunlight. Villages with clumps of lavender flowers against bright-pink brick walls. A steeple. Henna roofs. More steeples. A town scattered over both sides of a hill. A long, steep street cobbled in gray stones and crowded with people. A great building, with high stone walls, sprawled upon the summit of the hill, staring over the town toward the sea. Walls with trees behind them. Towers. A gateway like an illustration to a fairy-story. High up, against the sky, a vivid, many-colored flag.

"The Royal Standard," murmured Lady Kitty. "Oh, of course, the Princess Mary's down here with them. This is Arundel, Claire."

THE name meant nothing. She turned to stare back at the castle and the crowd gathered round the entrance. The sunlight blazed on the flapping standard.

"Is it a private residence? Really. My dear! Who lives there?"

The Norfolks, some one said.

"D'you know them?" she asked her sister-in-law. Sibyl nodded. "Well, then, why don't we go in? I mean, if you know them at all well. But why not? I think it would be fun. I'd like to see what she really looks like."

Their explanations meant less than nothing to her. She did not speak again all the way to Littlehampton. All during tea she sat looking angrily out the window across a withered garden at the sea.

Going back to Steyning, she insisted that Alistair Baillie sit beside her. She was, she told herself, entitled to some small amusements, no matter what they thought about her.

As Lady Victor drove back with the Lloyds she remarked, "Bad-tempered little thing, isn't she? Needs a good heavy hand. Afraid poor old Ian isn't up to it. He's too kind-hearted. Hasn't the foggiest notion what he's let himself in for."

Colonel Lloyd shrugged. "Oh, not so bad as all that, Mill. But we've all got to take her in hand. Help her along—gently."

Lady Victor shook her head. "I give 'em just a year, unless they have a baby. That may help, but if she gets in with Sandra Agar up in Holt, she's done for. Couldn't stand the pace."

"Poor Sandra," murmured Lady Kitty. "I'm awfully afraid this last divorce has finished her. Such a pretty thing, wasn't she? D'you remember the ball her grandmother gave her at Crichton House years ago?"

"Quite. And I tell you that crowd of Sandra's is just what Claire's looking for! You'll all have to keep a sharp eye on her."

CLAIRE was changing for dinner when she heard Sibyl's voice at her door. As Sibyl came in and wandered over to her dressing-table, Claire assumed a defensive attitude. Sibyl was going to scold her about her behavior. Such lovely things, said Lady Maitland gently, examining Claire's lapis-and-gold toilet set; but then she was so pretty she should have lovely things. Sibyl sat down and Claire drew her *negligée* more closely round her, wondering how Sibyl would begin her reprimand.

It was an awful chore, said Lady Maitland casually, meeting a lot of new people. Personally, she hated it. She hoped she had not planned too much for Claire on this first visit. Claire smiled. Too much! Presently Sibyl rose, and said she must go and dress for dinner.

"Oh, Claire, I've just heard from George Crichton. It's been arranged. We'll go to the first court."

"Sibyl! Oh, Sibyl! How perfectly darling of you!" She sprang to her feet and put both arms around her sister-in-law. "Oh, Sibyl dear! Really! I'm so thrilled. Oh, my dear! We're really going! When?" She hardly listened to what Sibyl was telling her. "Oh, I'm so thrilled! Really! I'll have Molyneux make my dress. White velvet. Don't you think I'd be gorgeous in white velvet? With silver embroidery. Silver and rhinestones. A lot of glitter. Otherwise white's so dead. And I'll get mother to make father give me a tiara. He can afford it. He'll have to afford it."

She peered at herself in her mirror.

"And, Sibyl dear, once a person's been presented they're asked everywhere, aren't they? I mean, to all the smart balls; and all the smart magazines run their pictures and everything, don't they? Dear," kissing her, "I just don't know how to tell you how perfectly darling I think you are to me."

AT DINNER Claire was radiant. The whole world had changed. She was going to court, in white velvet with rhinestones and a diamond tiara.

"What d'you think?" she announced to the table at large. "Sibyl's presenting me at the first court. Isn't that thrilling!"

"Is she really? Well, fancy that!"

"When is it, Sib? Some time in May?"

"Want the lend o' my train, Sib?" Lady Victor inquired. "Only been used twice. Wore it to the coronation, and when I took Gladys three years ago."

What people! who considered it the height of good form never to show any interest, the least enthusiasm, who treated the most important events as the merest matter of course and shattered all one's big moments. Trains. Tiaras. They all had them.

Claire turned to Colonel Lloyd and asked him if it was not most important that she be presented this, her first year in England; that is, if she expected to be asked anywhere.

"You planning on doing the season?" he inquired.

"Why, yes."

"What about Ian? Leaving him up in Holt?"

"Oh," she laughed, "I hadn't thought of Ian. Yes, I s'pose I will, unless you'll be a lamb and give him a lot of leave."

The fourth instalment of "The Silver Swan" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published August 12th. If you prefer to read this serial novel all at one time keep those issues in which it appears and read the whole story later on.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST

ART AND POETRY

Page

Cover Design
McClelland Barclay

Sanctuary—Verse
Hildegarde Fillmore . . . 24

SERIALS

Leila Learns (Concluding Instalment)
Violette Kimball Dunn . . 14

The Silver Swan (Third Instalment)
E. Bertrand Collins . . . 22

FICTION

Jingle-Bells
Rada Bercovici 9

Can't Cross Jordan by Myself
Wilbur Daniel Steele . . 10

Postscripts
Justin Sturm 13

Gold Mules for Granny
Isabella Holt 20

SPECIAL ARTICLES

What is Behind the "Just as Good"? 1

How Philadelphia Responded
Ruth G. K. Strawbridge . 2

Keeping Up with the Times
Corinne Lowe 4

Spreading My Wings
Antonie Strassmann . . 10

As a Woman Builds Her Home
Genevieve Parkhurst . . 26

SPECIAL ARTICLES—Continued

Page

Our Illiteracy Problem
John Dewey 28

Catering to Beauty
Doris Lee Ashley 44

Just Among Ourselves
Marion Lambert 54

HOME-MAKING

Beauty in the Bathroom
Ethel Davis Seal 31

New Party Menus
Louise Burton 32

Food for the Gods
Margery Oliver Beem . . 34

Lazy-Weather Meals
Ellen Duke 37

Fish with Foreign Frills
Florence Taft Eaton . . 38

Sheer Loveliness 40

Causes of Undernourishment
Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge . 46

FOR THE CHILDREN

Dolly Dingle
Grace G. Drayton 53

FASHIONS OF THE MONTH

Pages 67 to 72

In allocating page folios, numbers 17 and 18 were unavoidably omitted in this issue.

VOL. XXXI. No. 11

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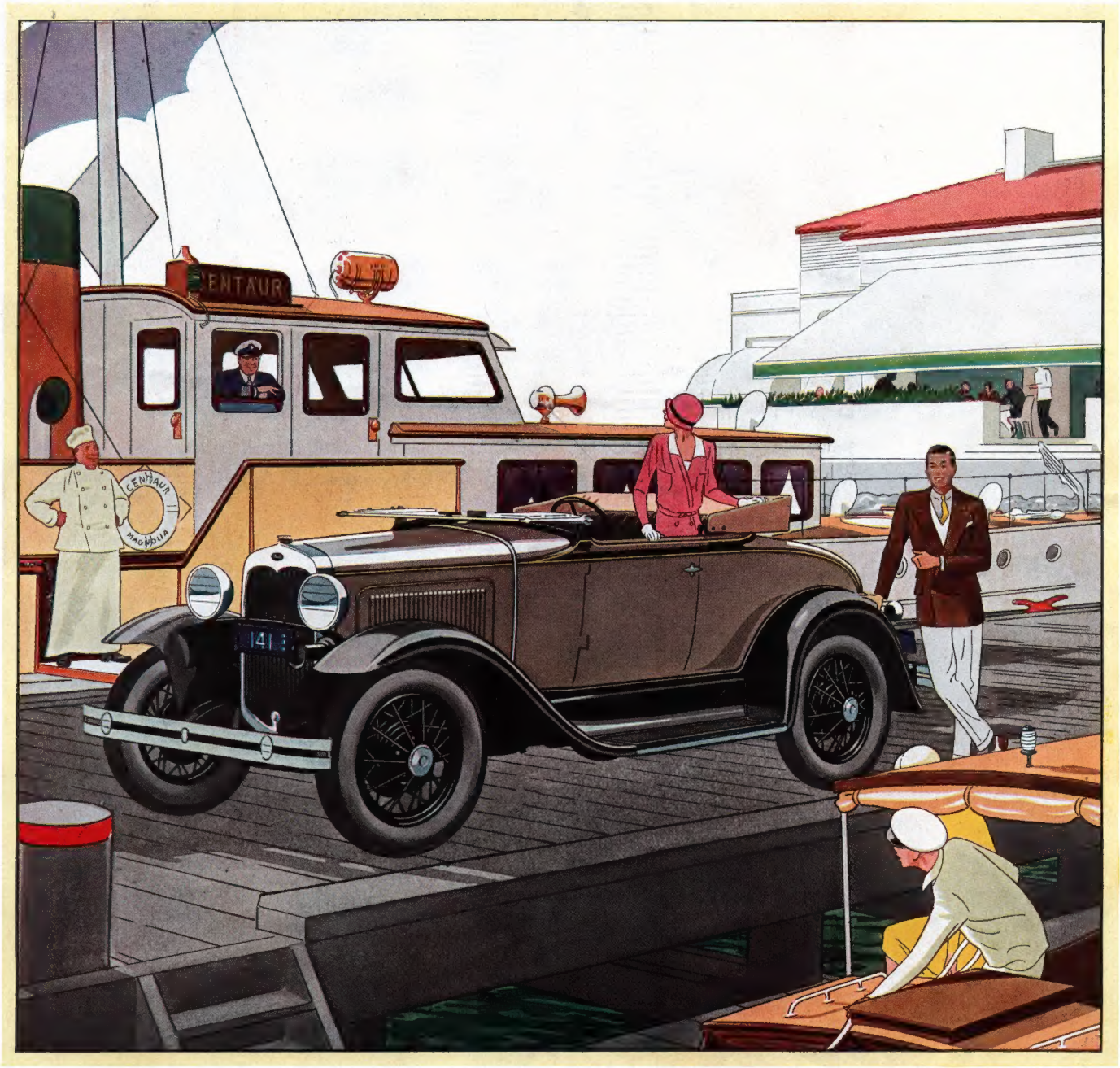

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